Church and Sunday School Hymnal Supplement

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Church and Sunday School Hymnal
Supplement

A Collection of Hymns and Sacred Songs, Arranged as a Supplement to Church and Sunday School Hymnal

Compiled by the Following Committee, Appointed by the Mennonite General Conference

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Mennonite Publishing House

SCOTTDALE **PENNA.**

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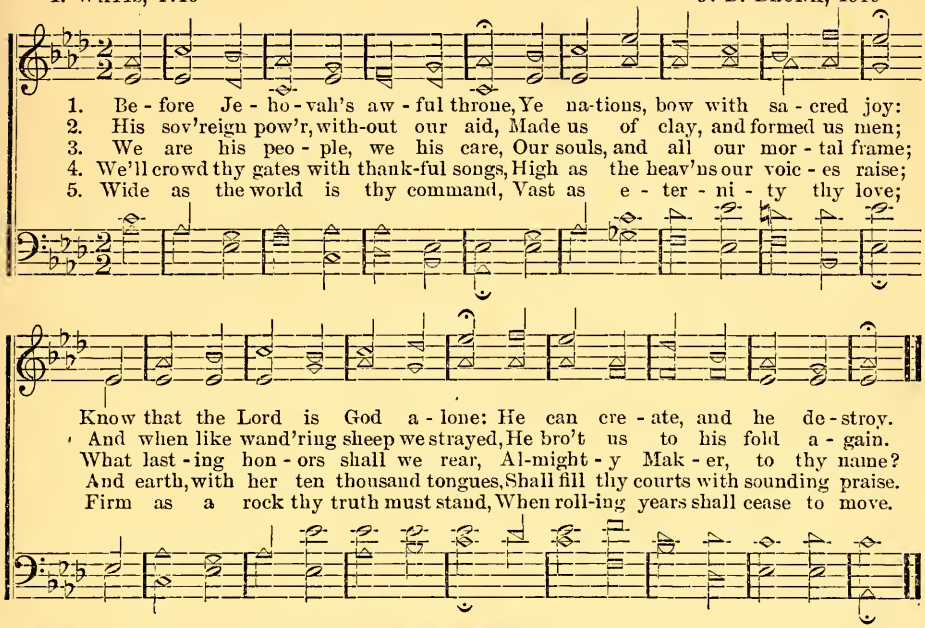
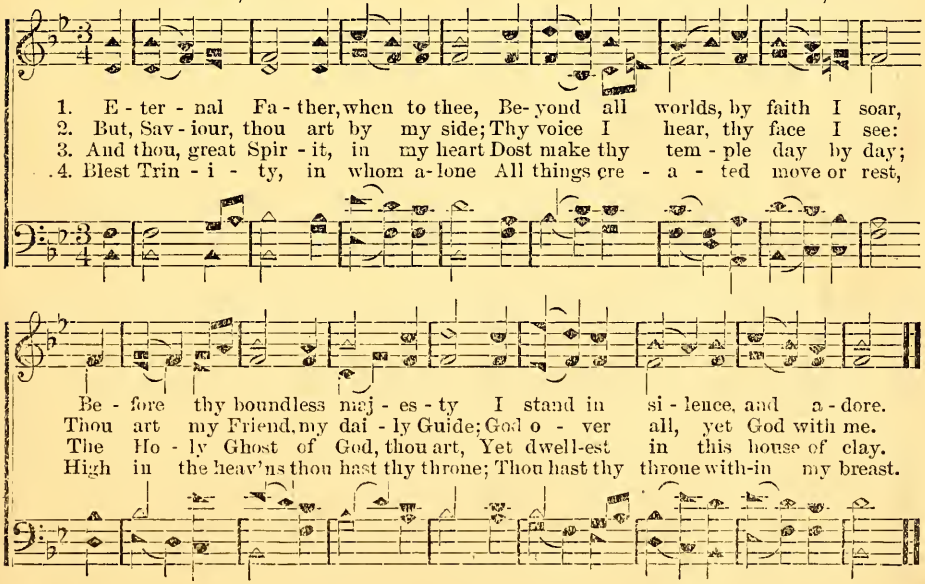
413 Watts

I. Watts, 1719 — J. D. Brunk, 1910

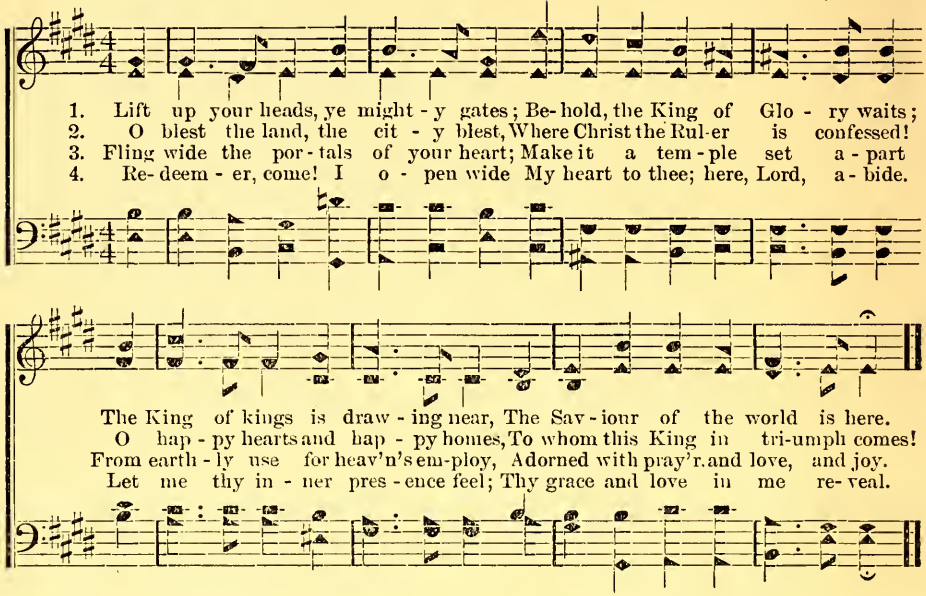

1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na-tions, bow with sa - cred joy:
2. His sov'reign pow'r, with-out our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men;
3. We are his peo - ple, we his care, Our souls, and all our mor - tal frame;
4. We'll crowd thy gates with thank-ful songs, High as the heav'ns our voic - es raise;
5. Wide as the world is thy command, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty thy love;
Know that the Lord is God a - lone: He can cre - ate, and he de - stroy.
And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed, He bro't us to his fold a - gain.
What last - ing hon - ors shall we rear, Al-might - y Mak - er, to thy name?
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand, When roll-ing years shall cease to move.

414 Wareham L. M.

Hervey D. Ganse, 1872 — William Knapp, 1738

1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, when to thee, Be-yond all worlds, by faith I soar,
2. But, Sav - iour, thou art by my side; Thy voice I hear, thy face I see:
3. And thou, great Spir - it, in my heart Dost make thy tem - ple day by day;
4. Blest Trin - i - ty, in whom a-lone All things cre - a - ted move or rest,
Be - fore thy boundless maj - es - ty I stand in si - lence, and a - dore.
Thou art my Friend, my dai - ly Guide; God o - ver all, yet God with me.
The Ho - ly Ghost of God, thou art, Yet dwell-est in this house of clay.
High in the heav'ns thou hast thy throne; Thou hast thy throne with-in my breast.

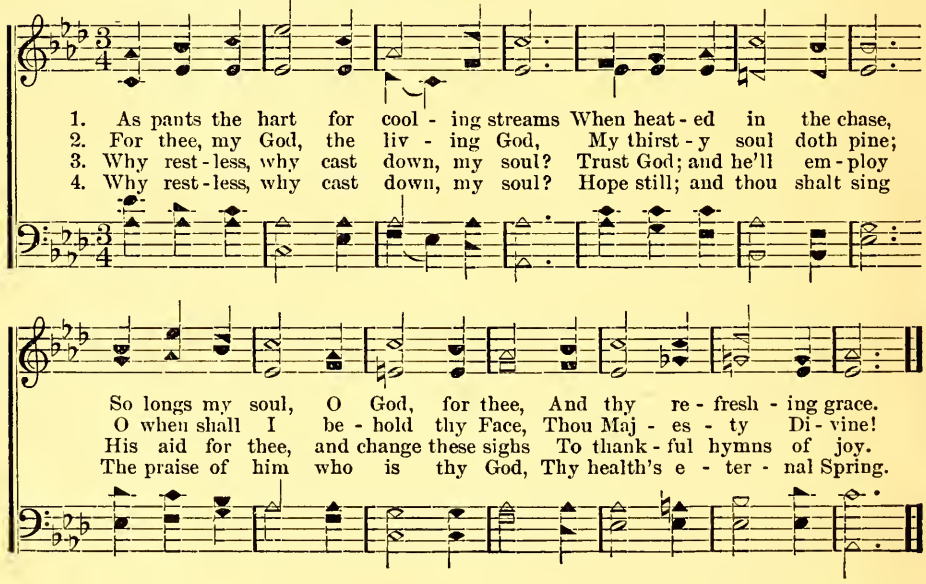
415 Sefton L. M.

GEORG WEISSEL, 1642 Tr. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1872


1. Lift up your heads, ye might - y gates; Be - hold, the King of Glo - ry waits;
2. O blest the land, the cit - y blest, Where Christ the Rul - er is confessed!
3. Fling wide the por - tals of your heart; Make it a tem - ple set a - part
4. Re - deem - er, come! I o - pen wide My heart to thee; here, Lord, a - bide.
The King of kings is draw - ing near, The Sav - iour of the world is here.
O hap - py hearts and hap - py homes, To whom this King in tri - umph comes!
From earth - ly use for heav'n's em - ploy, Adorned with pray'r and love, and joy.
Let me thy in - ner pres - ence feel; Thy grace and love in me re - veal.

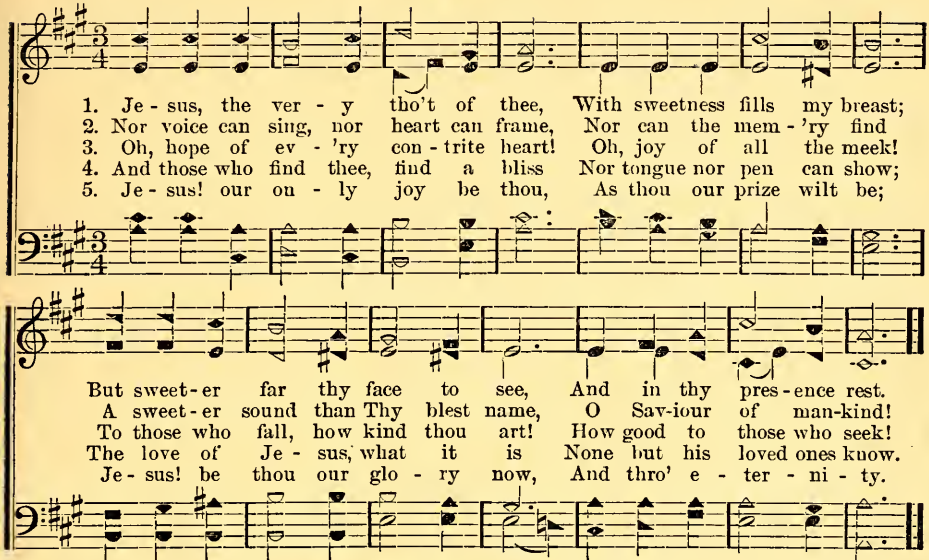
416 Beatitudo C. M.

TATE and BRADY'S New Version, 1696, 1698 JOHN B. DYKES, 1875

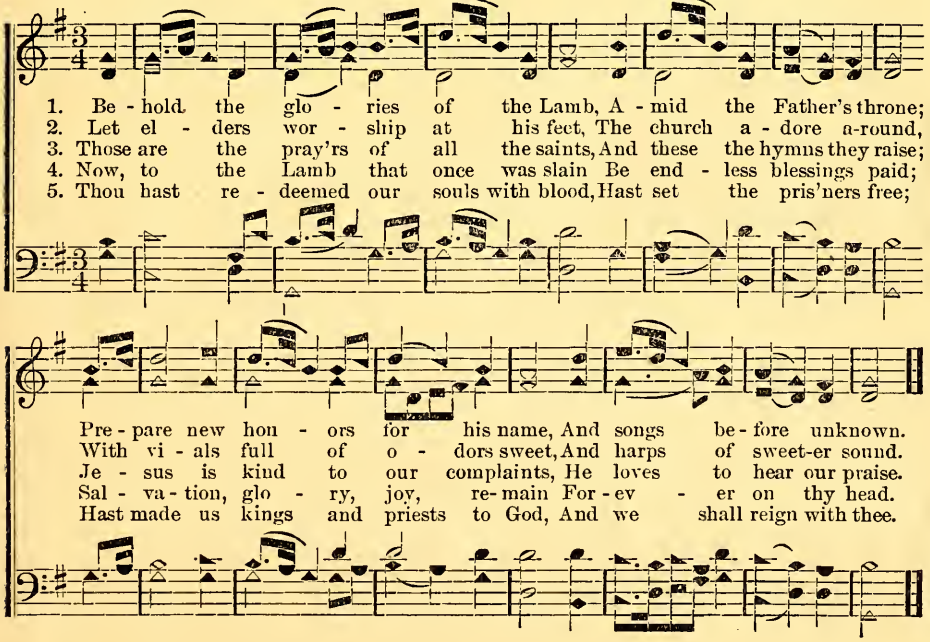

1. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams When heat - ed in the chase,
2. For thee, my God, the liv - ing God, My thirst - y soul doth pine;
3. Why rest - less, why cast down, my soul? Trust God; and he'll em - ploy
4. Why rest - less, why cast down, my soul? Hope still; and thou shalt sing
So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re - fresh - ing grace.
O when shall I be - hold thy Face, Thou Maj - es - ty Di - vine!
His aid for thee, and change these sighs To thank - ful hymns of joy.
The praise of him who is thy God, Thy health's e - ter - nal Spring.

417 St. Agnes C. M.

E. Caswall Tr. John B. Dykes

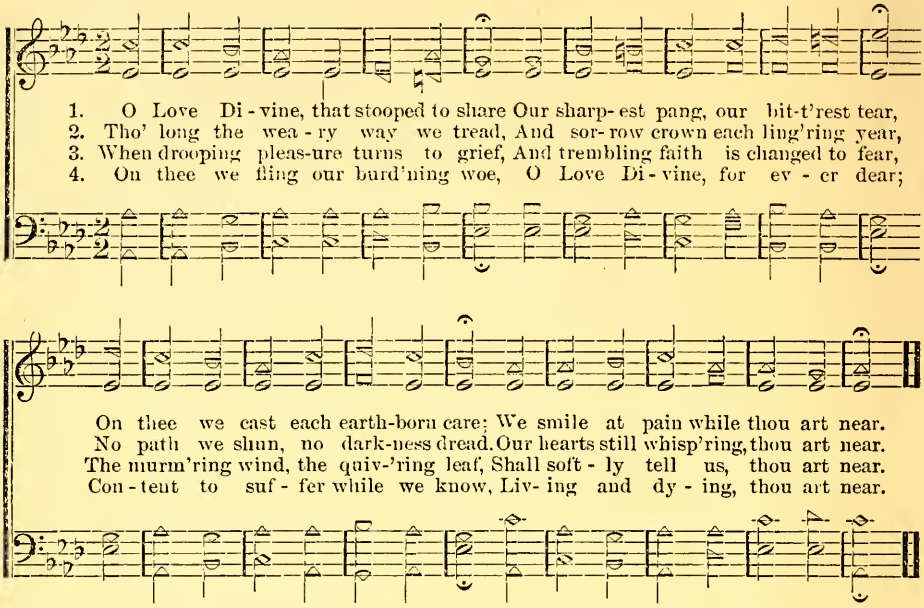

1. Je - sus, the ver - y tho't of thee, With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweet-er far thy face to see, And in thy pres-ence rest.
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find
A sweet-er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav-iour of man-kind!
3. Oh, hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart! Oh, joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art! How good to those who seek!
4. And those who find thee, find a bliss Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Je - sus, what it is None but his loved ones know.
5. Je - sus! our on - ly joy be thou, As thou our prize wilt be;
Je - sus! be thou our glo - ry now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

418 St. Martin's C. M.

Isaac Watts, 1706 William Tans'ur, 1735

1. Be - hold the glo - ries of the Lamb, A - mid the Father's throne;
Pre - pare new hon - ors for his name, And songs be - fore unknown.
2. Let el - ders wor - ship at his feet, The church a - dore a-round,
With vi - als full of o - dors sweet, And harps of sweet-er sound.
3. Those are the pray'rs of all the saints, And these the hymns they raise;
Je - sus is kind to our complaints, He loves to hear our praise.
4. Now, to the Lamb that once was slain Be end - less blessings paid;
Sal - va - tion, glo - ry, joy, re-main For-ev - er on thy head.
5. Thou hast re - deemed our souls with blood, Hast set the pris'ners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God, And we shall reign with thee.

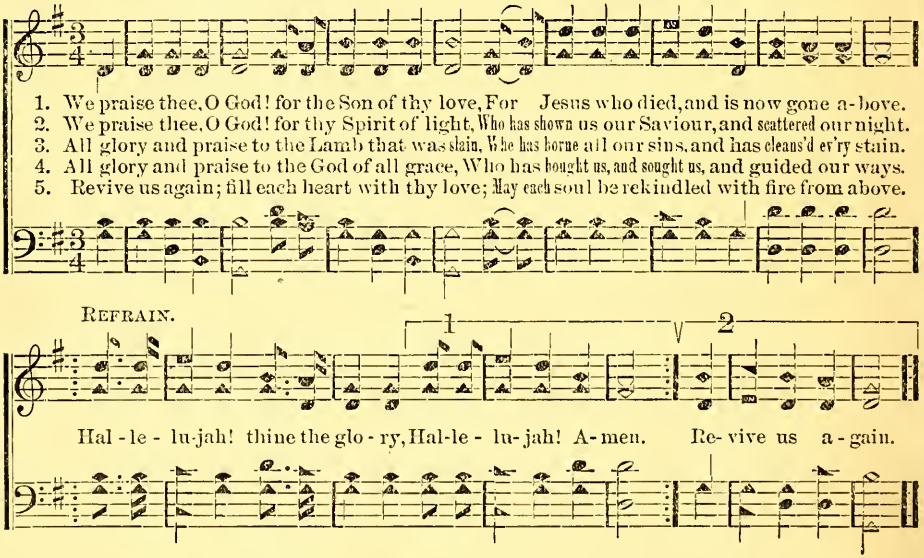
419 O Love Divine

HOLMES — J. CLAUDE BRUNK

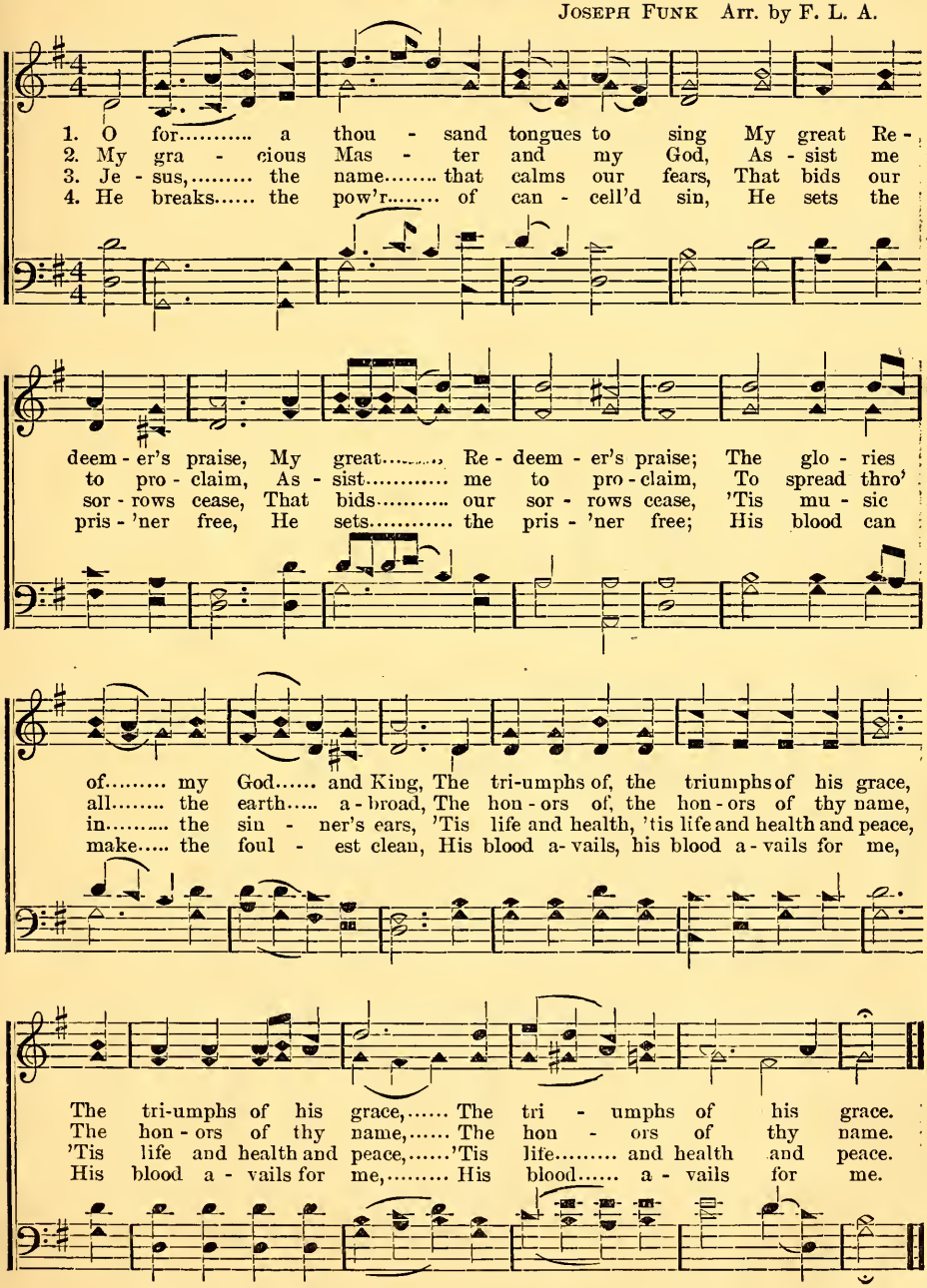

1. O Love Di - vine, that stooped to share Our sharp- est pang, our bit-t'rest tear,
2. Tho' long the wea - ry way we tread, And sor- row crown each ling'ring year,
3. When drooping pleas-ure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear,
4. On thee we fling our burd'ning woe, O Love Di - vine, for ev - er dear;
On thee we cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while thou art near.
No path we shun, no dark-ness dread. Our hearts still whisp'ring, thou art near.
The murm'ring wind, the quiv-'ring leaf, Shall soft - ly tell us, thou art near.
Con - tent to suf - fer while we know, Liv- ing and dy - ing, thou art near.

420 We Praise Thee, O God

Dr. W. MCKAY — J. J. HUSBAND

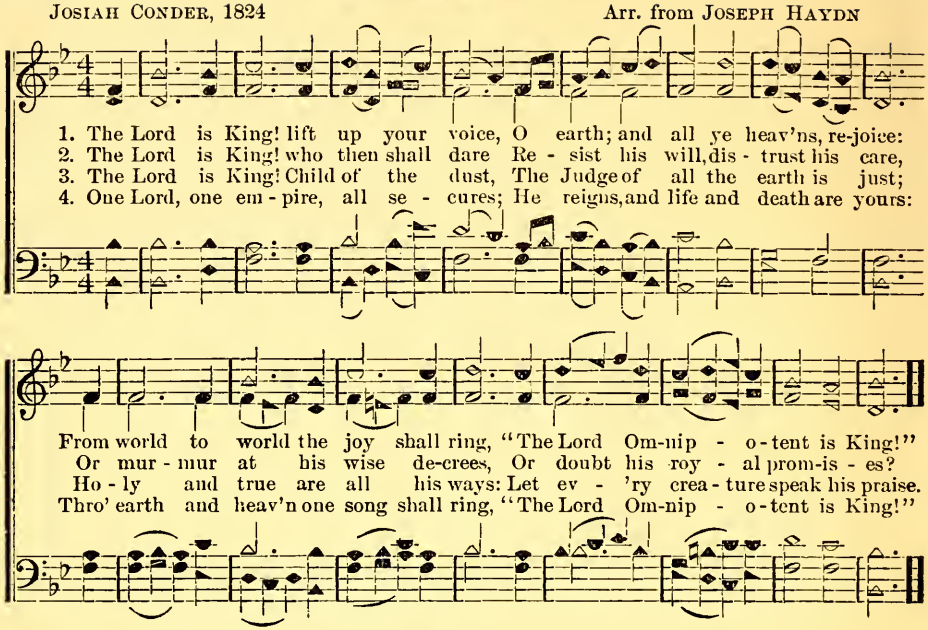

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone a-bove.
2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins, and has cleans'd ev'ry stain.
4. All glory and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
5. Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.
REFRAIN.
1
2
Hal - le - lu-jah! thine the glo - ry, Hal-le - lu-jah! A-men. Re- vive us a-gain.

Lingham C. M.

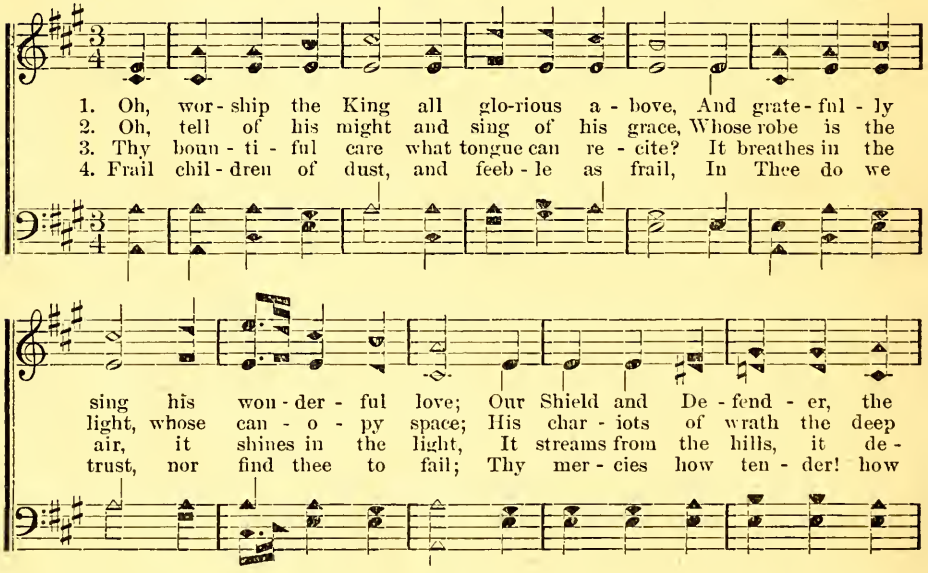
Joseph Funk Arr. by F. L. A.

1. O for..... a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re -
2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me
3. Je - sus,..... the name..... that calms our fears, That bids our
4. He breaks..... the pow'r..... of can - cell'd sin, He sets the
deem - er's praise, My great..... Re - deem - er's praise; The glo - ries
to pro - claim, As - sist..... me to pro - claim, To spread thro'
sor - rows cease, That bids..... our sor - rows cease, 'Tis mu - sic
pris - 'ner free, He sets..... the pris - 'ner free; His blood can
of..... my God..... and King, The tri-umphs of, the triumphs of his grace,
all..... the earth..... a - broad, The hon - ors of, the hon - ors of thy name,
in..... the sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life and health, 'tis life and health and peace,
make..... the foul - est clean, His blood a - vails, his blood a - vails for me,
The tri-umphs of his grace,..... The tri - umphs of his grace.
The hon - ors of thy name,..... The hon - ors of thy name.
'Tis life and health and peace,.....'Tis life..... and health and peace.
His blood a - vails for me,..... His blood..... a - vails for me.

422 Creation L. M.

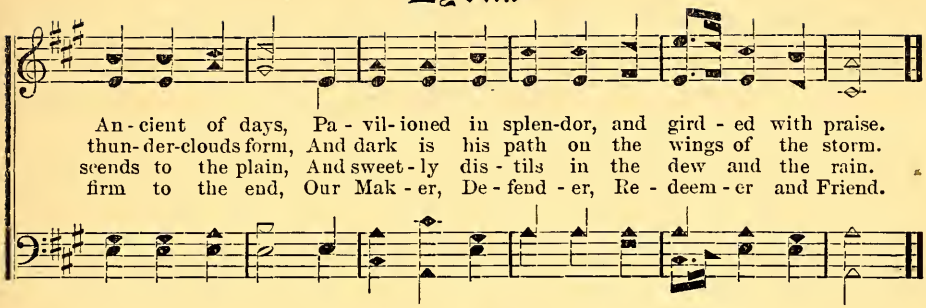
JOSIAH CONDER, 1824 — Arr. from JOSEPH HAYDN


1. The Lord is King! lift up your voice, O earth; and all ye heav'ns, re-joice:
2. The Lord is King! who then shall dare Re - sist his will, dis - trust his care,
3. The Lord is King! Child of the dust, The Judge of all the earth is just;
4. One Lord, one em - pire, all se - cures; He reigns, and life and death are yours:
From world to world the joy shall ring, "The Lord Om-nip - o-tent is King!"
Or mur - mur at his wise de-crees, Or doubt his roy - al prom-is - es?
Ho - ly and true are all his ways: Let ev - 'ry crea - ture speak his praise.
Thro' earth and heav'n one song shall ring, "The Lord Om-nip - o-tent is King!"

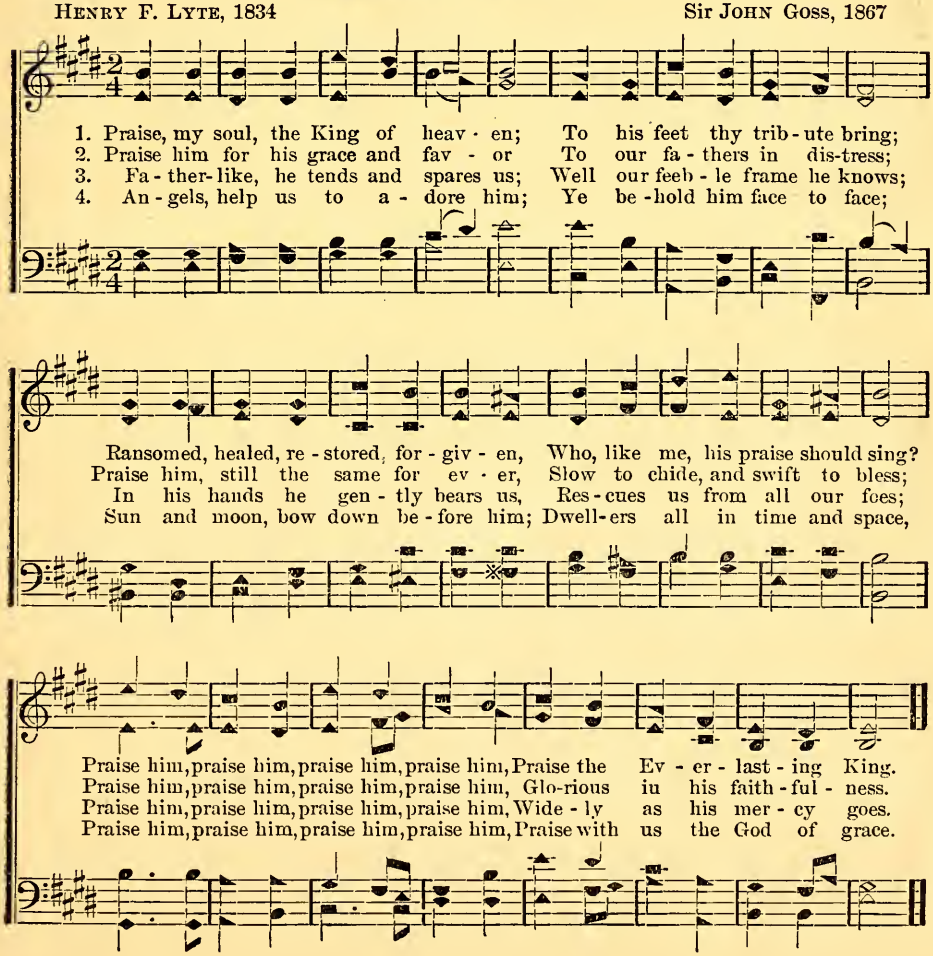
423 Lyons

R. GRANT, 1833 — Arr. from MICHAEL HAYDN

1. Oh, wor - ship the King all glo-rious a - bove, And grate - ful - ly
2. Oh, tell of his might and sing of his grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil - dren of dust, and feeb - le as frail, In Thee do we
sing his won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
light, whose can - o - py space; His char - iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de -
trust, nor find thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how

Lyons


An - cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise.
thun-der-clouds form, And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweet - ly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end, Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er and Friend.

424 Benedic Anima

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834 — Sir JOHN GOSS, 1867

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To his feet thy trib - ute bring;
2. Praise him for his grace and fav - or To our fa - thers in dis-tress;
3. Fa - ther-like, he tends and spares us; Well our feeb - le frame he knows;
4. An - gels, help us to a - dore him; Ye be - hold him face to face;
Ransomed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, Who, like me, his praise should sing?
Praise him, still the same for ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
In his hands he gen - tly bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes;
Sun and moon, bow down be - fore him; Dwell-ers all in time and space,
Praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him, Praise the Ev - er - last - ing King.
Praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him, Glo-rious in his faith - ful - ness.
Praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him, Wide - ly as his mer - cy goes.
Praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him, Praise with us the God of grace.

425 Farwell

T. Kelly, 1804 — L. Mason, 1792–1872

Fine.

1. Hark! ten thou - sand harps and voic - es Sound the note of praise a - bove;
   Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love:
2. King of glo - ry! reign for ev - er—Thine an ev - er - last-ing crown;
   Noth - ing, from thy love, shall sev - er Those whom thou hast made thine own;
3. Sav - iour! hast - en thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, oh, bring the glo-rious day,
   When, the aw - ful sum-mons hear - ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way;

D.C.—Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.

D.C.

See, he sits on yon-der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
Hap - py ob-jects of thy grace, Des-tined to be-hold thy face.
Then, with gold-en harps we'll sing,— "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"

1. See, he sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

426 Duke Street L. M.

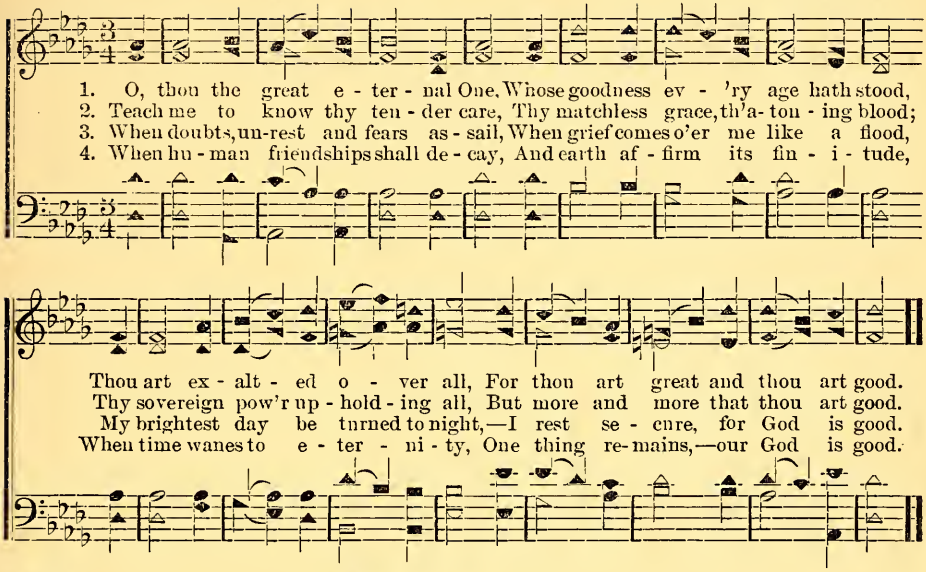
Isaac Watts, 1719 — John Hatton, c. 1793

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc-cess - ive jour-neys run;
2. For him shall end - less pray'r be made, And prais-es throng to crown his head;
3. Blessings a-bound wher - e'er he reigns; The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
4. Let ev- 'ry crea - ture rise and bring Pe - cul- iar hon - ors to our King,

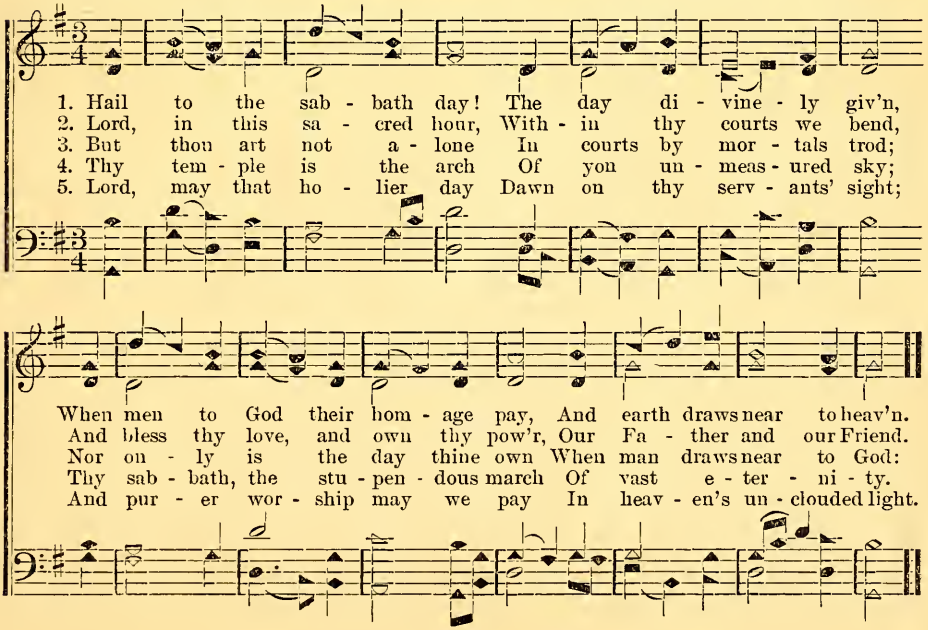
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His name, like sweet per - fume, shall rise With ev- 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice;
The wea-ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
An - gels de- scend with songs a - gain, And earth re - peat the loud A - men.

427 God Is Good

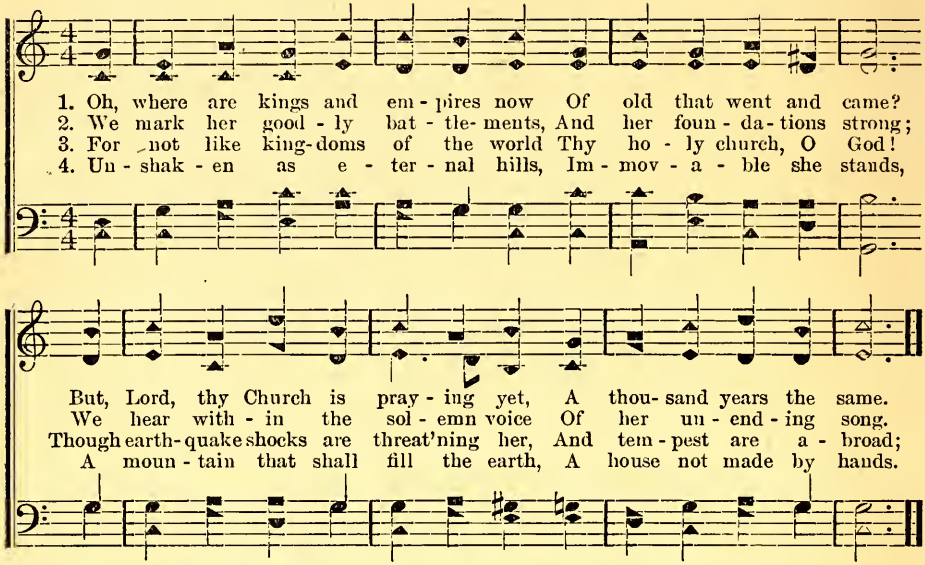
ELSIE BYLER — SYLVIA BONTRAGER


1. O, thou the great e - ter - nal One, Whose goodness ev - 'ry age hath stood,
2. Teach me to know thy ten - der care, Thy matchless grace, th'a- ton - ing blood;
3. When doubts, un-rest and fears as - sail, When grief comes o'er me like a flood,
4. When hu - man friendships shall de - cay, And earth af - firm its fin - i - tude,
Thou art ex - alt - ed o - ver all, For thou art great and thou art good.
Thy sovereign pow'r up - hold - ing all, But more and more that thou art good.
My brightest day be turned to night,—I rest se - cure, for God is good.
When time wanes to e - ter - ni - ty, One thing re-mains,—our God is good.

428 Thatcher S. M.

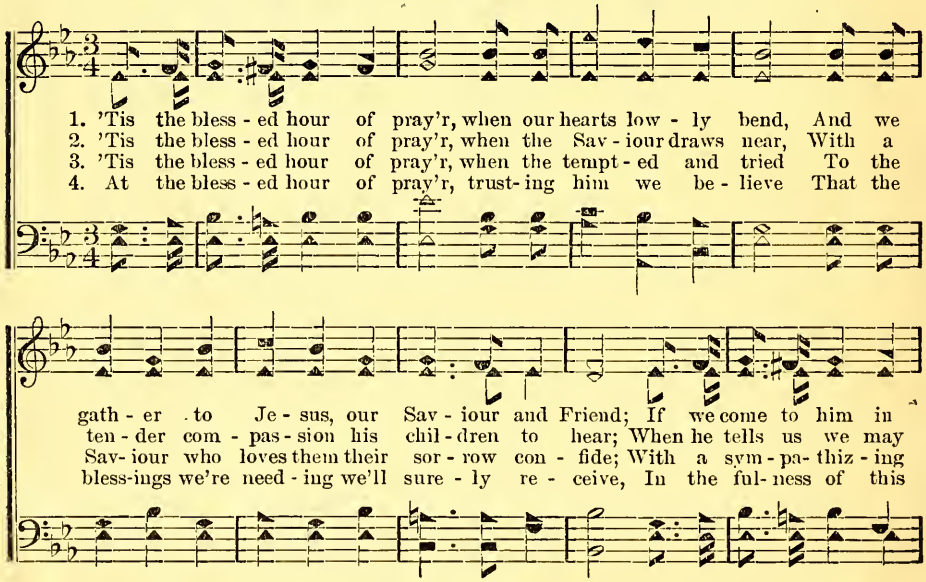
STEPHEN G. BULFINCH — Arr. from GEORGE F. HANDEL

1. Hail to the sab - bath day! The day di - vine - ly giv'n,
2. Lord, in this sa - cred hour, With - in thy courts we bend,
3. But thou art not a - lone In courts by mor - tals trod;
4. Thy tem - ple is the arch Of yon un - meas - ured sky;
5. Lord, may that ho - lier day Dawn on thy serv - ants' sight;
When men to God their hom - age pay, And earth draws near to heav'n.
And bless thy love, and own thy pow'r, Our Fa - ther and our Friend.
Nor on - ly is the day thine own When man draws near to God:
Thy sab - bath, the stu - pen - dous march Of vast e - ter - ni - ty.
And pur - er wor - ship may we pay In heav - en's un - clouded light.

429 St. Anne C. M.

A. C. Coxe, 1839 — W. Croft, 1708

1. Oh, where are kings and em - pires now Of old that went and came?
2. We mark her good - ly bat - tle-ments, And her foun - da-tions strong;
3. For not like king-doms of the world Thy ho - ly church, O God!
4. Un - shak - en as e - ter - nal hills, Im - mov - a - ble she stands,
But, Lord, thy Church is pray - ing yet, A thou-sand years the same.
We hear with - in the sol - emn voice Of her un - end - ing song.
Though earth-quake shocks are threat'ning her, And tem - pest are a - broad;
A moun - tain that shall fill the earth, A house not made by hands.

430 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

F. J. Crosby — W. H. Doane


1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of pray'r, when our hearts low - ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of pray'r, when the Sav - iour draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of pray'r, when the tempt - ed and tried To the
4. At the bless - ed hour of pray'r, trust - ing him we be - lieve That the
gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - iour and Friend; If we come to him in
ten - der com - pas - sion his chil - dren to hear; When he tells us we may
Sav - iour who loves them their sor - row con - fide; With a sym - pa - thiz - ing
bless-ings we're need - ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive, In the ful - ness of this

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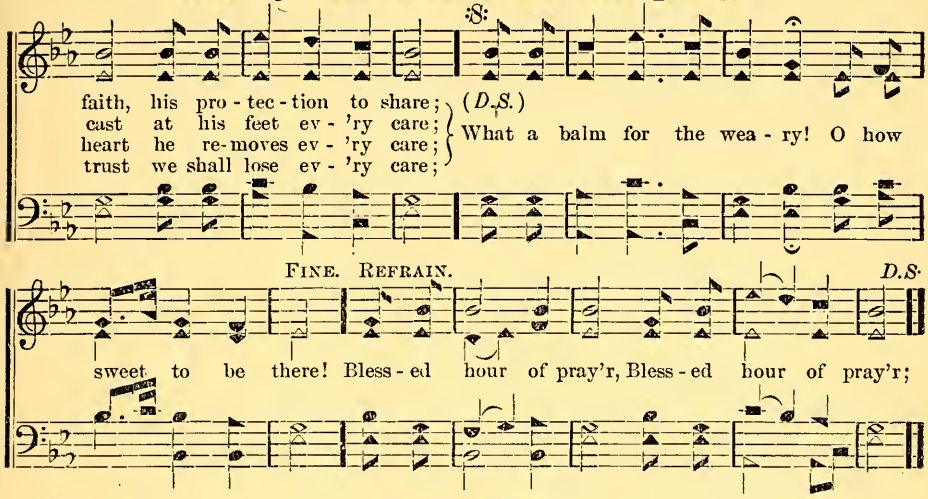
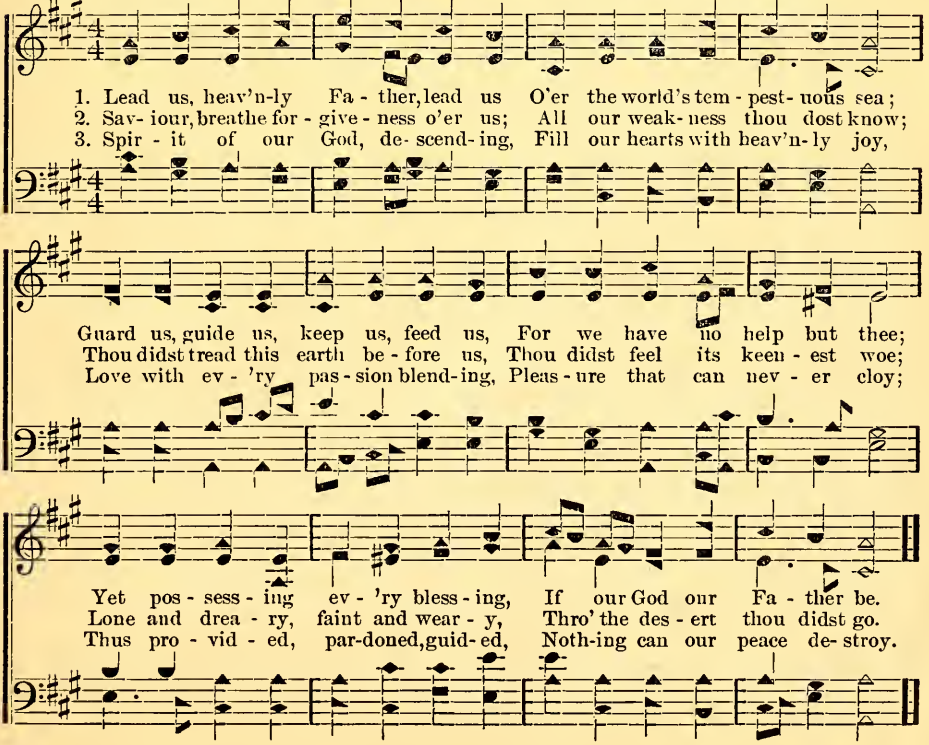
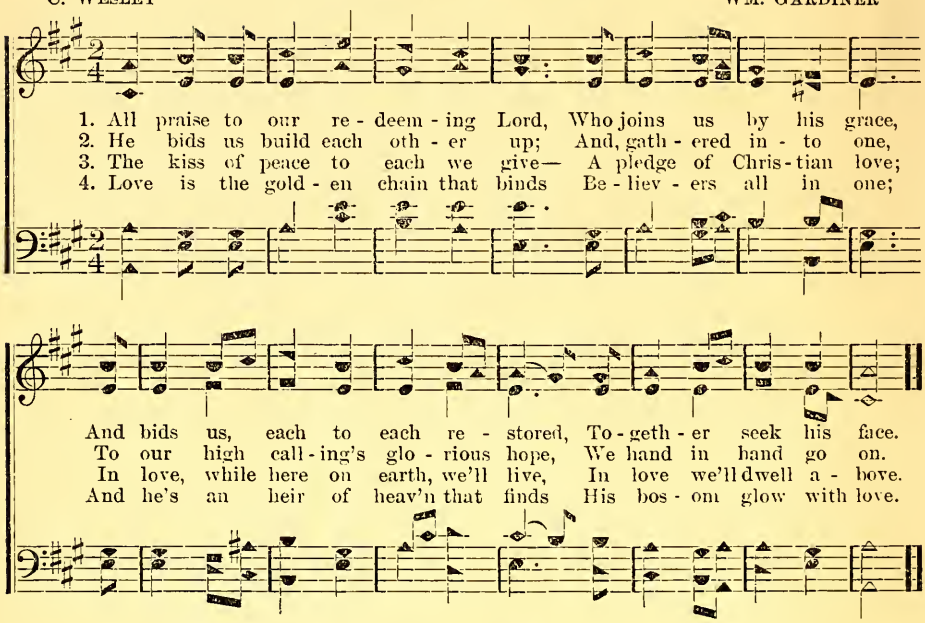
'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer

faith, his pro - tec - tion to share;
cast at his feet ev - 'ry care;
heart he re-moves ev - 'ry care;
trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care;
(D.S.)
What a balm for the wea - ry! O how
FINE. REFRAIN.
D.S.
sweet to be there! Bless - ed hour of pray'r, Bless - ed hour of pray'r;

431 Corinth

JAMES EDMESTON, 1821 — SAMUEL WEBBE'S Collection, 1792

1. Lead us, heav'n-ly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem - pest - uous sea;
2. Sav - iour, breathe for - give - ness o'er us; All our weak - ness thou dost know;
3. Spir - it of our God, de - scend - ing, Fill our hearts with heav'n-ly joy,
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but thee;
Thou didst tread this earth be - fore us, Thou didst feel its keen - est woe;
Love with ev - 'ry pas - sion blend - ing, Pleas - ure that can nev - er cloy;
Yet pos - sess - ing ev - 'ry bless - ing, If our God our Fa - ther be.
Lone and drea - ry, faint and wear - y, Thro' the des - ert thou didst go.
Thus pro - vid - ed, par-doned, guid - ed, Noth-ing can our peace de - stroy.

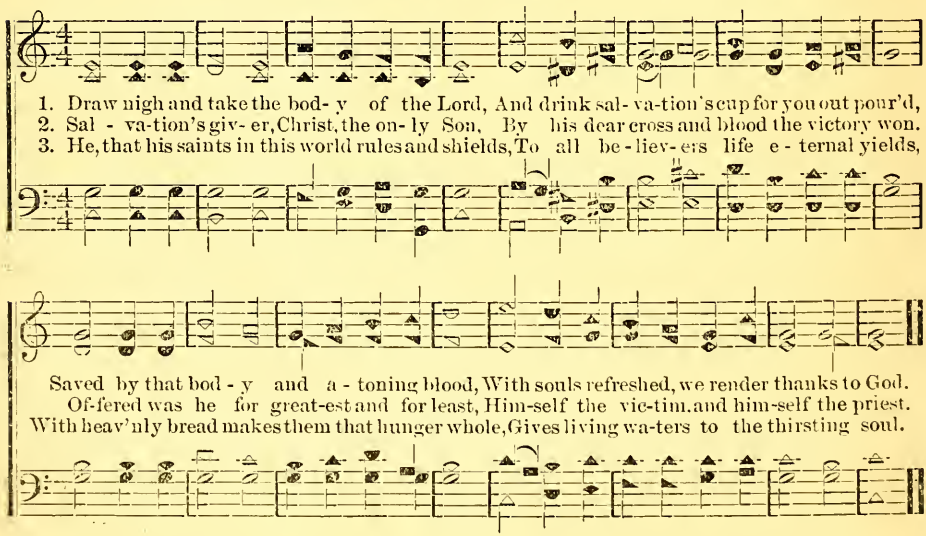
432 Bedham C. M.

"Be perfectly joined together." 1 Cor. 1 : 10.

C. Wesley — Wm. Gardiner

1. All praise to our re - deem - ing Lord, Who joins us by his grace,
2. He bids us build each oth - er up; And, gath - ered in - to one,
3. The kiss of peace to each we give— A pledge of Chris - tian love;
4. Love is the gold - en chain that binds Be - liev - ers all in one;
And bids us, each to each re - stored, To - geth - er seek his face.
To our high call - ing's glo - rious hope, We hand in hand go on.
In love, while here on earth, we'll live, In love we'll dwell a - bove.
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds His bos - om glow with love.

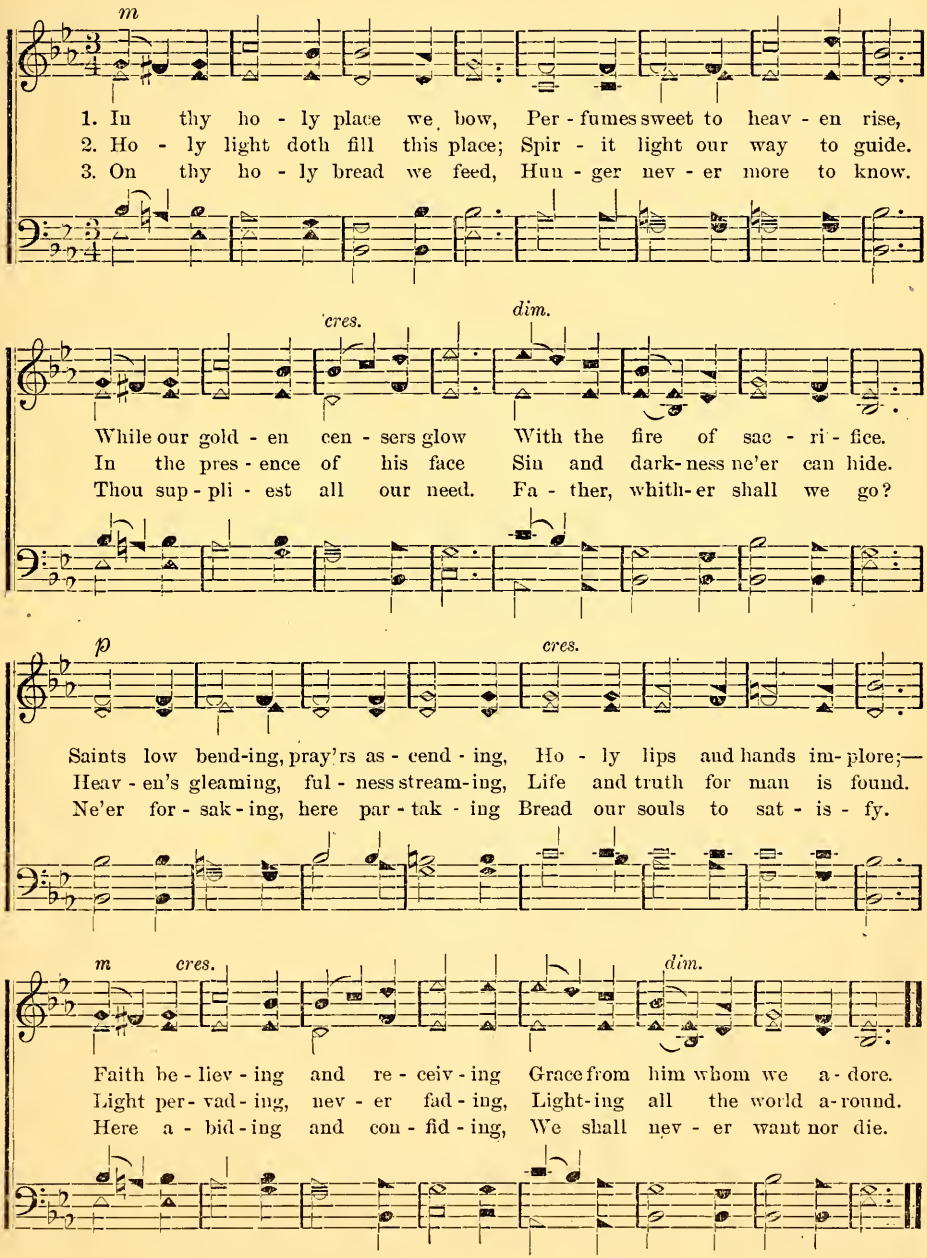
433 Morecambe

Anon.


1. Draw nigh and take the bod - y of the Lord, And drink sal - va - tion's cup for you out pour'd,
2. Sal - va - tion's giv - er, Christ, the on - ly Son, By his dear cross and blood the victory won.
3. He, that his saints in this world rules and shields, To all be - liev - ers life e - ternal yields,
Saved by that bod - y and a - toning blood, With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.
Of - fered was he for great - est and for least, Him - self the vic - tim, and him - self the priest.
With heav'nly bread makes them that hunger whole, Gives living wa - ters to the thirsting soul.

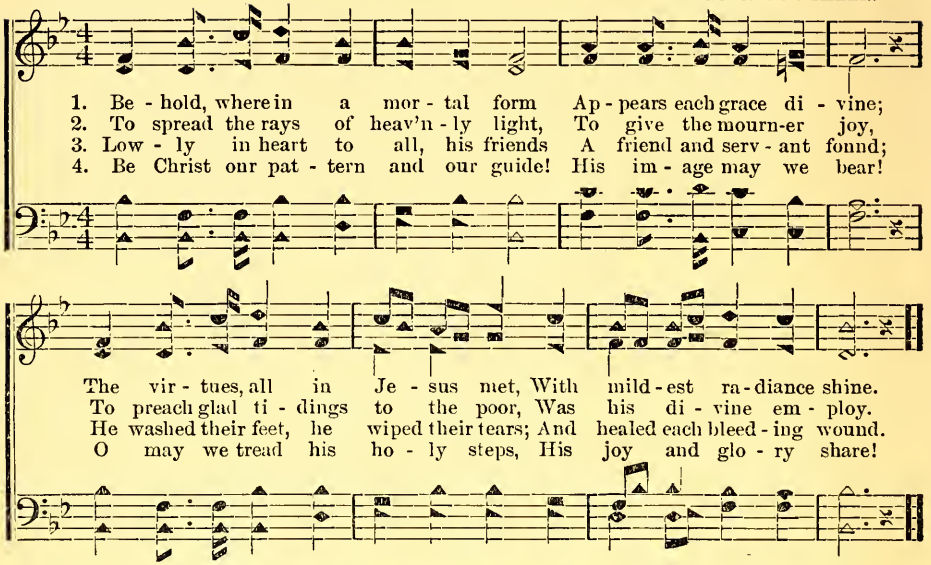
434 In Thy Holy Place

S. F. Coffman J. D. Brunk

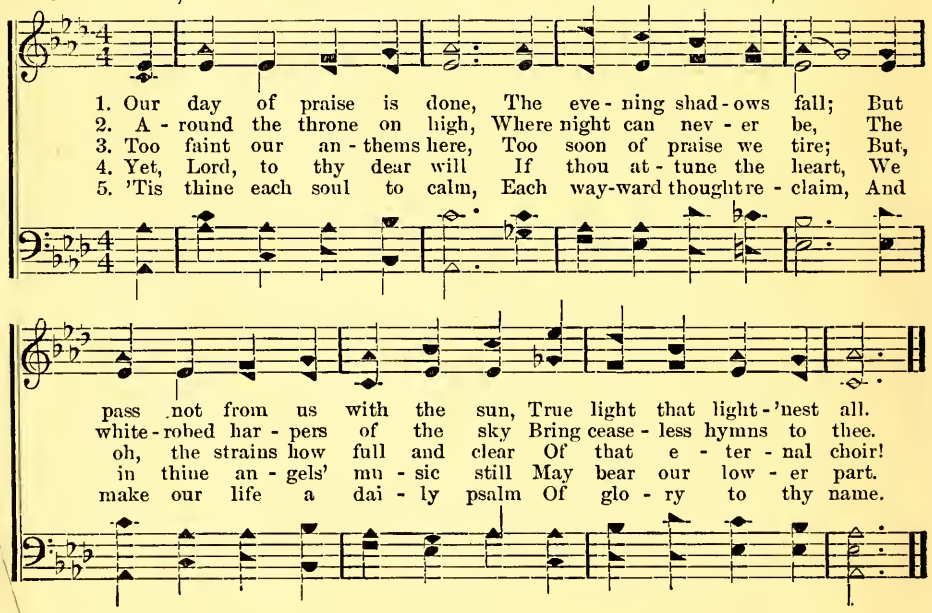

m
1. In thy ho - ly place we bow, Per - fumes sweet to heav - en rise,
2. Ho - ly light doth fill this place; Spir - it light our way to guide.
3. On thy ho - ly bread we feed, Hun - ger nev - er more to know.
cres.
dim.
While our gold - en cen - sers glow With the fire of sac - ri - fice.
In the pres - ence of his face Sin and dark - ness ne'er can hide.
Thou sup - pli - est all our need. Fa - ther, whith - er shall we go?
p
cres.
Saints low bend-ing, pray'rs as - cend - ing, Ho - ly lips and hands im - plore;—
Heav - en's gleaming, ful - ness stream-ing, Life and truth for man is found.
Ne'er for - sak - ing, here par - tak - ing Bread our souls to sat - is - fy.
m
cres.
dim.
Faith be - liev - ing and re - ceiv - ing Grace from him whom we a - dore.
Light per - vad - ing, nev - er fad - ing, Light - ing all the world a - round.
Here a - bid - ing and con - fid - ing, We shall nev - er want nor die.

435 Hartville C. M.

"Who went about doing good." ACTS 10 : 38.

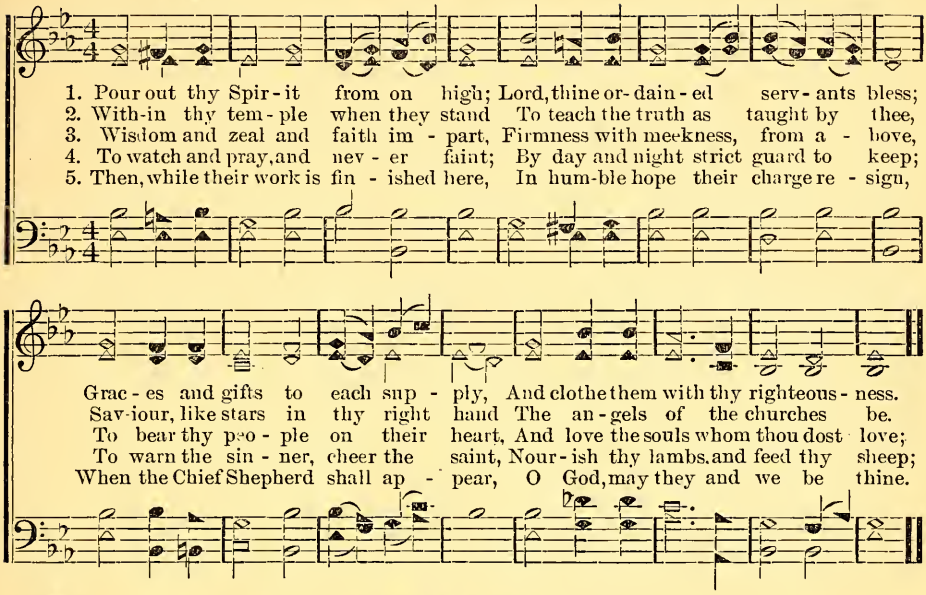
WM. ENFIELD — MARGUERITE BIXLER.

1. Be - hold, where in a mor - tal form Ap - pears each grace di - vine;
2. To spread the rays of heav'n - ly light, To give the mourn-er joy,
3. Low - ly in heart to all, his friends A friend and serv - ant found;
4. Be Christ our pat - tern and our guide! His im - age may we bear!
The vir - tues, all in Je - sus met, With mild - est ra - diance shine.
To preach glad ti - dings to the poor, Was his di - vine em - ploy.
He washed their feet, he wiped their tears; And healed each bleed - ing wound.
O may we tread his ho - ly steps, His joy and glo - ry share!

436 Schumann (Heaty) S. M.

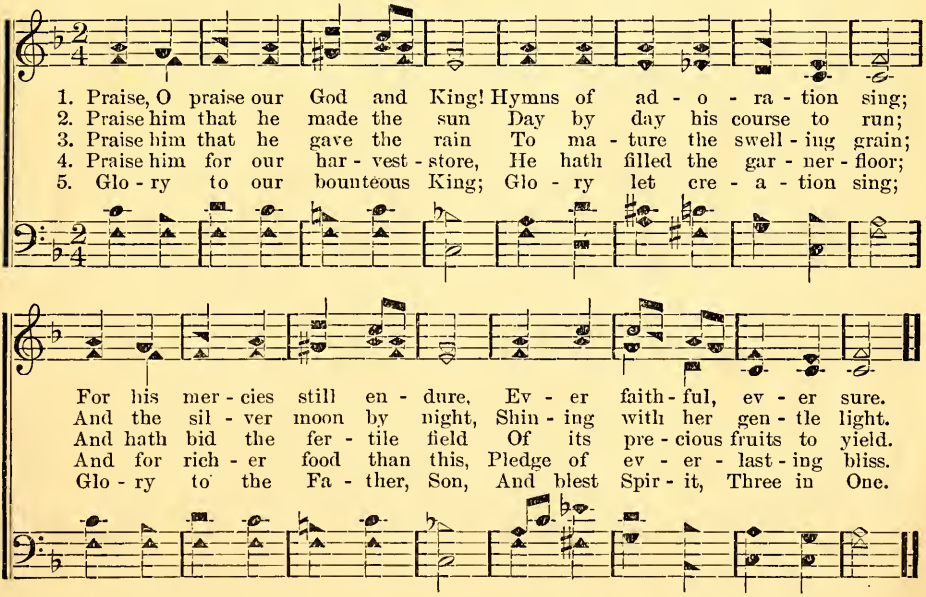
J. ELLERTON, 1867 — Arr. from SCHUMANN, 1810–1856

1. Our day of praise is done, The eve - ning shad - ows fall; But
2. A - round the throne on high, Where night can nev - er be, The
3. Too faint our an - thems here, Too soon of praise we tire; But,
4. Yet, Lord, to thy dear will If thou at - tune the heart, We
5. 'Tis thine each soul to calm, Each way-ward thought re - claim, And
pass not from us with the sun, True light that light - 'nest all.
white - robed har - pers of the sky Bring cease - less hymns to thee.
oh, the strains how full and clear Of that e - ter - nal choir!
in thine an - gels' mu - sic still May bear our low - er part.
make our life a dai - ly psalm Of glo - ry to thy name.

437 Holley L. M.

J. Montgomery, 1825 — G. Hews, 1835

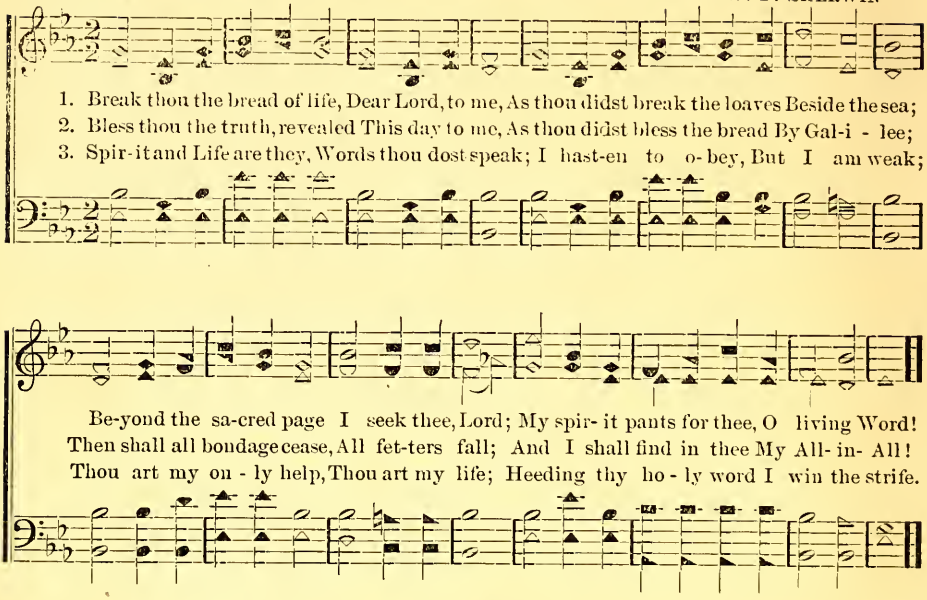

1. Pour out thy Spir - it from on high; Lord, thine or - dain - ed serv - ants bless;
2. With-in thy tem - ple when they stand To teach the truth as taught by thee,
3. Wisdom and zeal and faith im - part, Firmness with meekness, from a - bove,
4. To watch and pray, and nev - er faint; By day and night strict guard to keep;
5. Then, while their work is fin - ished here, In hum-ble hope their charge re - sign,
Grac - es and gifts to each sup - ply, And clothe them with thy righteous - ness.
Sav-iour, like stars in thy right hand The an - gels of the churches be.
To bear thy peo - ple on their heart, And love the souls whom thou dost love;
To warn the sin - ner, cheer the saint, Nour - ish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep;
When the Chief Shepherd shall ap - pear, O God, may they and we be thine.

438 Seymour

H. W. Baker, 1861 — Arr. from Carl von Weber, 1826

1. Praise, O praise our God and King! Hymns of ad - o - ra - tion sing;
2. Praise him that he made the sun Day by day his course to run;
3. Praise him that he gave the rain To ma - ture the swell - ing grain;
4. Praise him for our har - vest - store, He hath filled the gar - ner - floor;
5. Glo - ry to our bounteous King; Glo - ry let cre - a - tion sing;
For his mer - cies still en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
And the sil - ver moon by night, Shin - ing with her gen - tle light.
And hath bid the fer - tile field Of its pre - cious fruits to yield.
And for rich - er food than this, Pledge of ev - er - last - ing bliss.
Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Son, And blest Spir - it, Three in One.

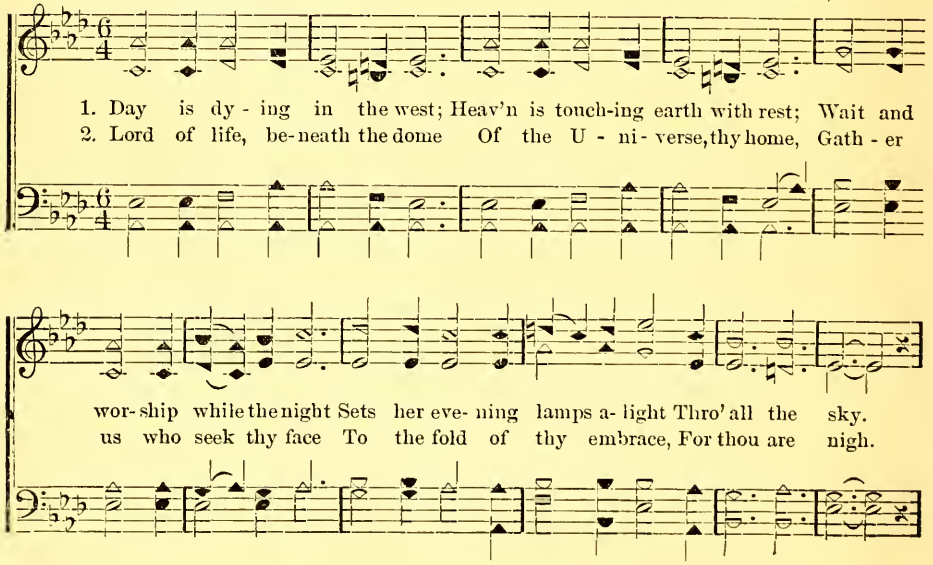
439 Break Thou the Bread of Life

MARY A. LATHBURY — W. F. SHERWIN


1. Break thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea;
2. Bless thou the truth, revealed This day to me, As thou didst bless the bread By Gal-i - lee;
3. Spir-it and Life are they, Words thou dost speak; I hast-en to o-bey, But I am weak;
Be-yond the sa-cred page I seek thee, Lord; My spir- it pants for thee, O living Word!
Then shall all bondage cease, All fet-ters fall; And I shall find in thee My All- in- All!
Thou art my on - ly help, Thou art my life; Heeding thy ho - ly word I win the strife.

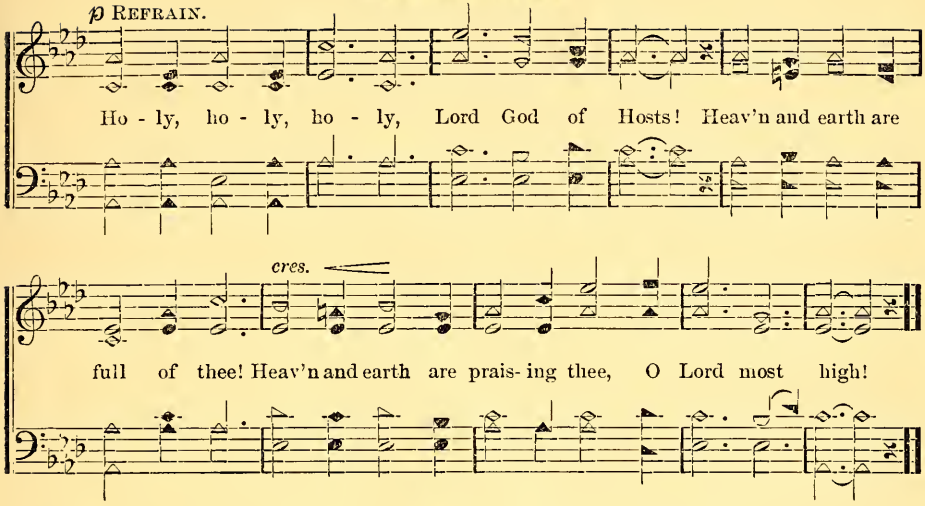
440 Chautauqua

MARY A. LATHBURY — W. F. SHERWIN, 1877


1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touch-ing earth with rest; Wait and
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the U - ni- verse, thy home, Gath - er
wor- ship while the night Sets her eve- ning lamps a- light Thro' all the sky.
us who seek thy face To the fold of thy embrace, For thou are nigh.

Chautauqua

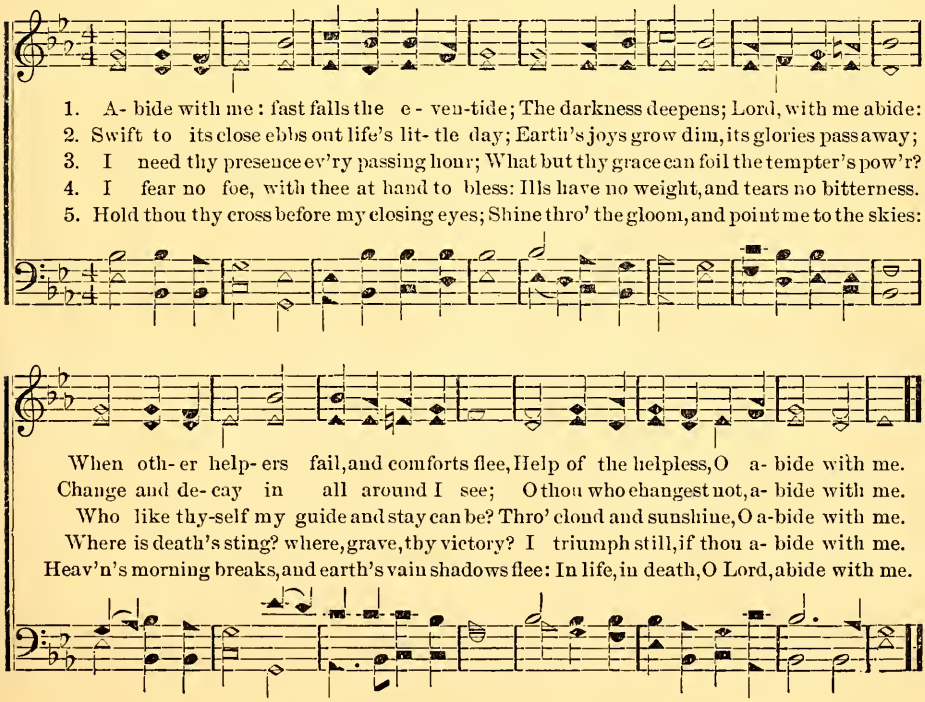
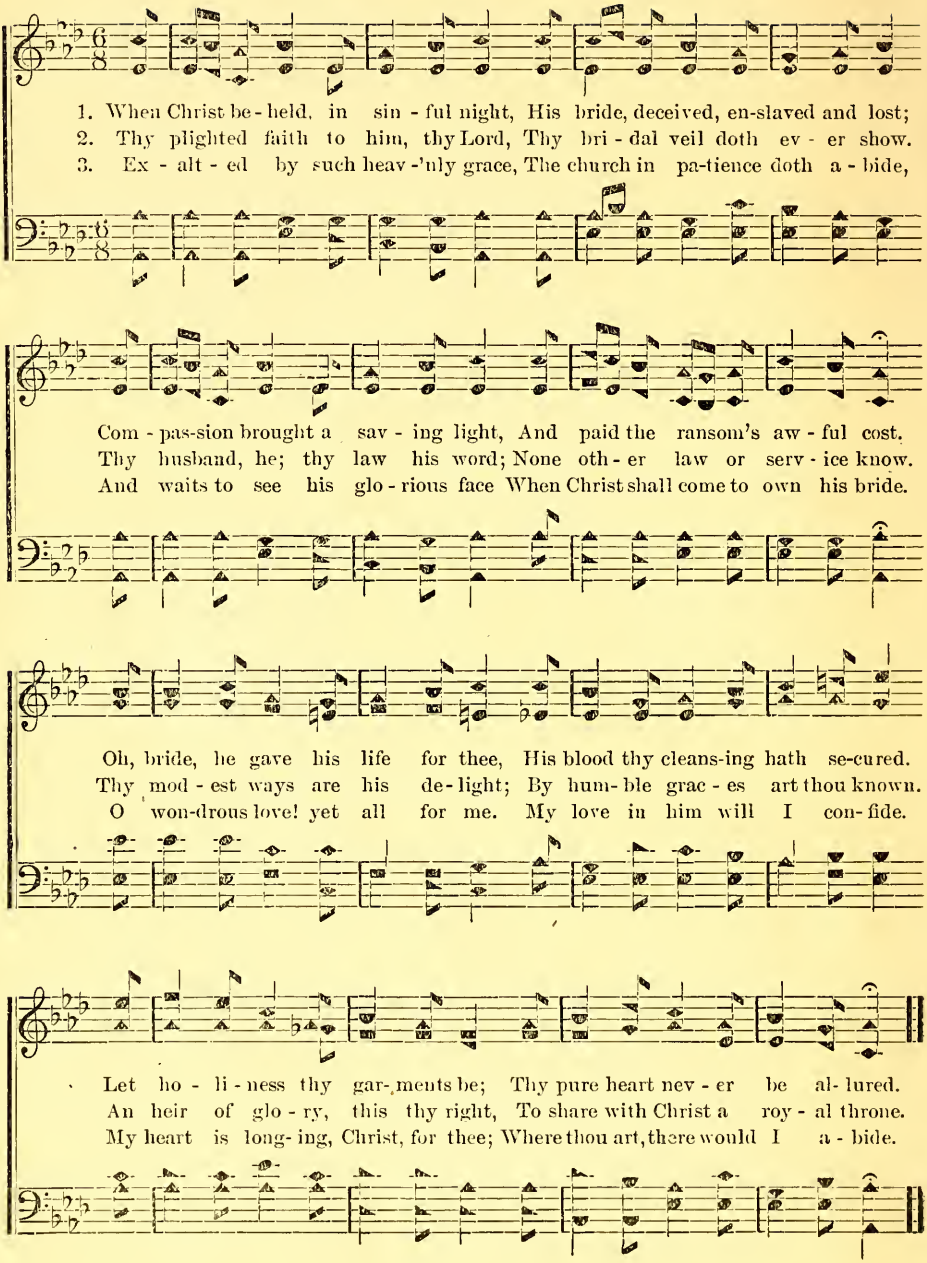
p REFRAIN.



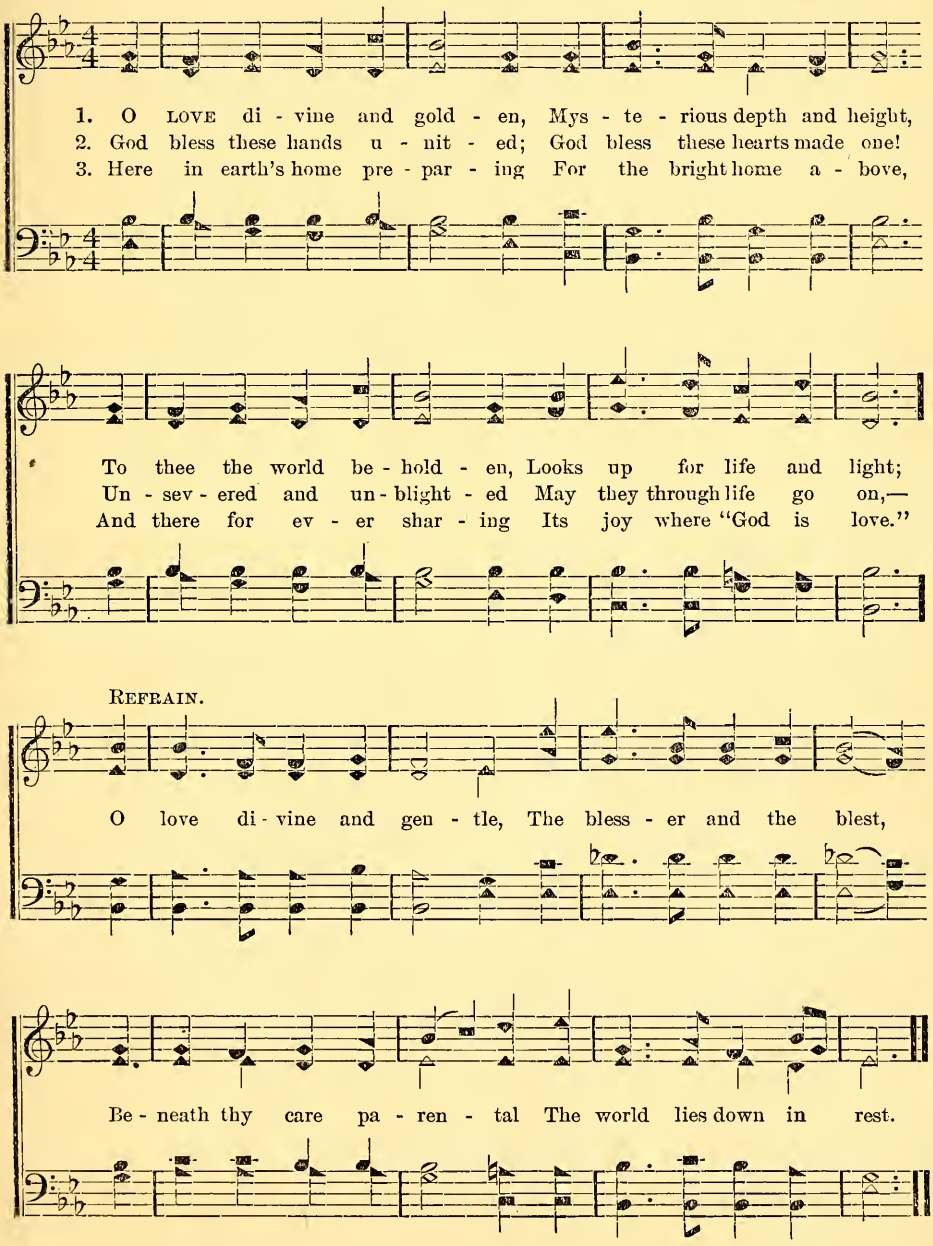
441

Eventide

HENRY F. LYTE, 1847 — WILLIAM H. MONK, 1861

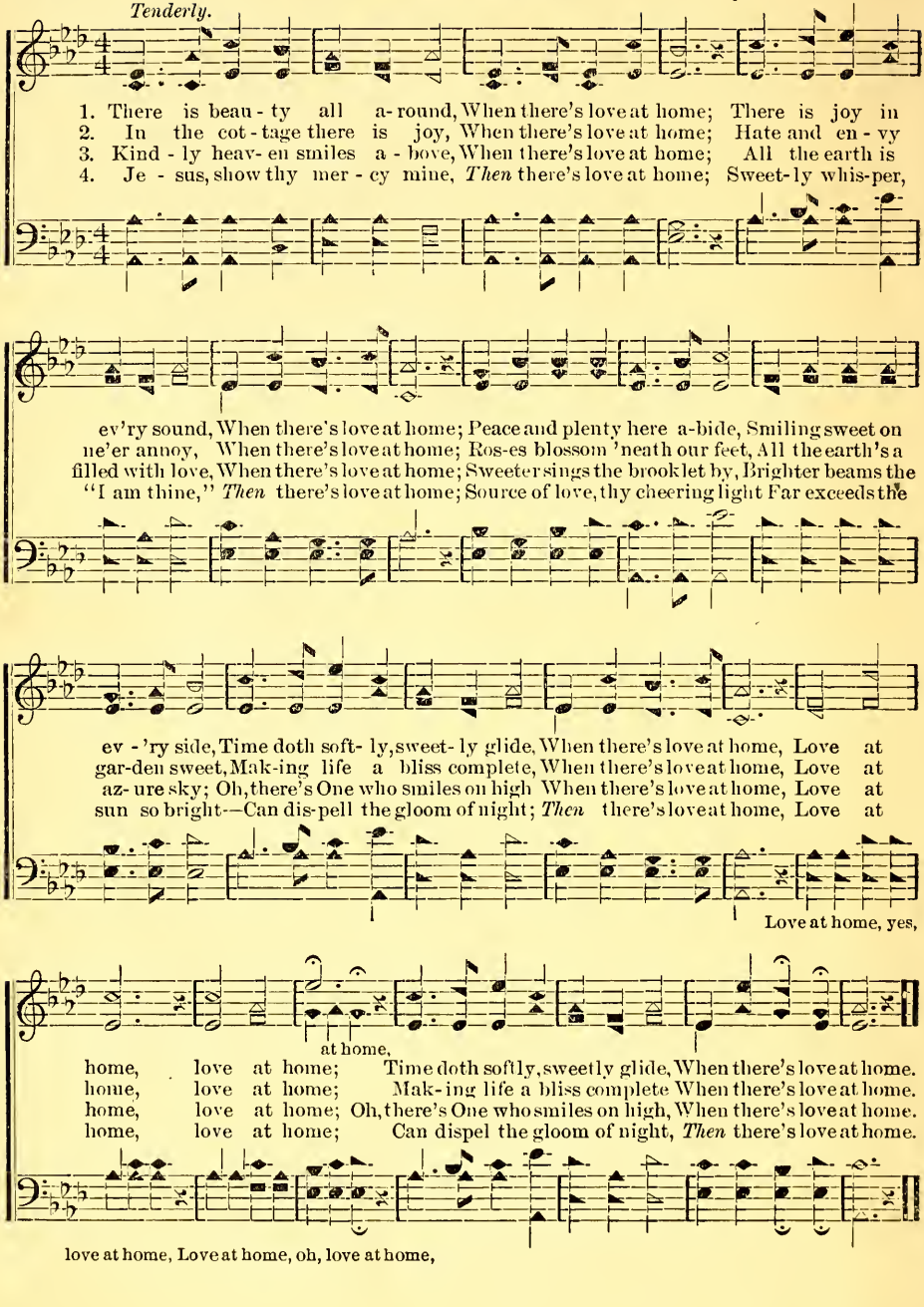

1. A- bide with me: fast falls the e - ven-tide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit- tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
3. I need thy presence ev'ry passing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless: Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
5. Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies:
When oth- er help- ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a- bide with me.
Change and de- cay in all around I see; O thou who changest not, a- bide with me.
Who like thy-self my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O a-bide with me.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory? I triumph still, if thou a- bide with me.
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee: In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

1. When Christ be-held, in sin-ful night, His bride, deceived, en-slaved and lost;
Com-pas-sion brought a sav-ing light, And paid the ransom's aw-ful cost.
Oh, bride, he gave his life for thee, His blood thy cleans-ing hath se-cured.
Let ho-li-ness thy gar-ments be; Thy pure heart nev-er be al-lured.
2. Thy plighted faith to him, thy Lord, Thy bri-dal veil doth ev-er show.
Thy husband, he; thy law his word; None oth-er law or serv-ice know.
Thy mod-est ways are his de-light; By hum-ble grac-es art thou known.
An heir of glo-ry, this thy right, To share with Christ a roy-al throne.
3. Ex-alt-ed by such heav-'nly grace, The church in pa-tience doth a-bide,
And waits to see his glo-rious face When Christ shall come to own his bride.
O won-drous love! yet all for me. My love in him will I con-fide.
My heart is long-ing, Christ, for thee; Where thou art, there would I a-bide.

443 Union Square

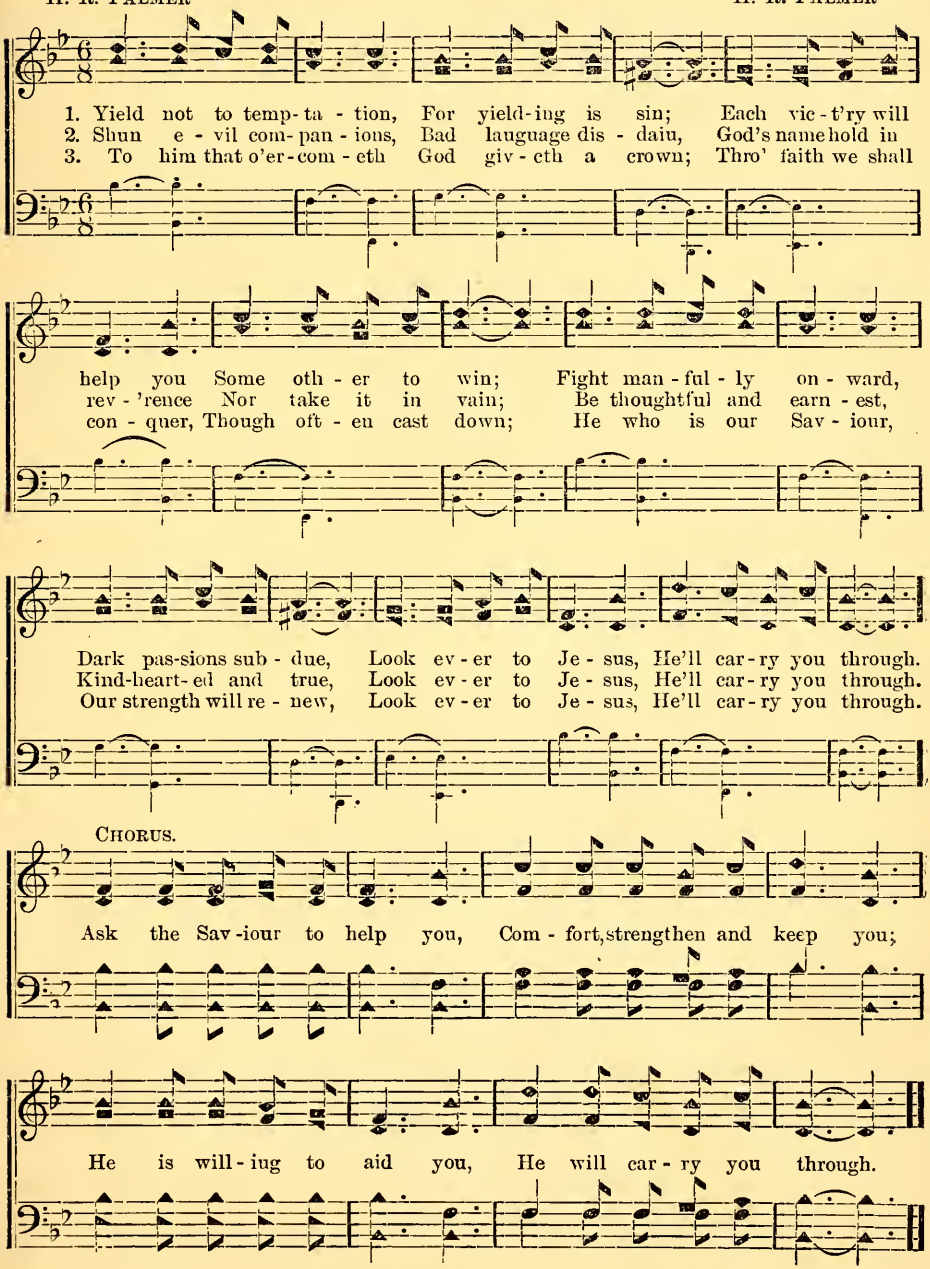
J. S. B. Monsell, 1862 — J. B. Dykes, 1872

1. O love di - vine and gold - en, Mys - te - rious depth and height,
2. God bless these hands u - nit - ed; God bless these hearts made one!
3. Here in earth's home pre - par - ing For the bright home a - bove,
To thee the world be - hold - en, Looks up for life and light;
Un - sev - ered and un - blight - ed May they through life go on,—
And there for ev - er shar - ing Its joy where "God is love."
Refrain.
O love di - vine and gen - tle, The bless - er and the blest,
Be - neath thy care pa - ren - tal The world lies down in rest.

444 Love at Home

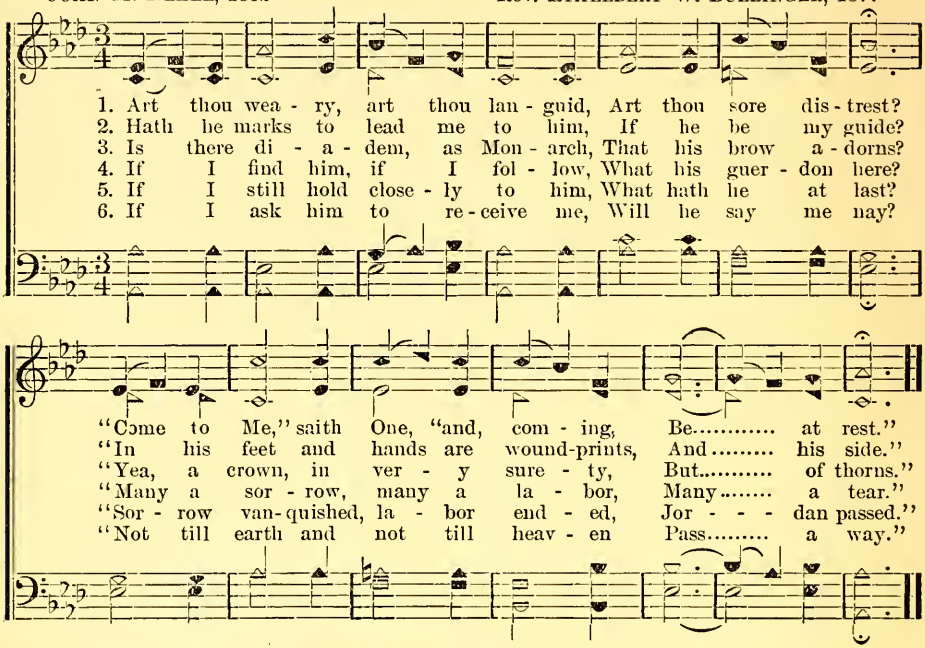
Arr. by J. D. Brunk

Tenderly.

1. There is beau - ty all a - round, When there's love at home; There is joy in
2. In the cot - tage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and en - vy
3. Kind - ly heav - en smiles a - bove, When there's love at home; All the earth is
4. Je - sus, show thy mer - cy mine, *Then* there's love at home; Sweet - ly whis - per,
ev'ry sound, When there's love at home; Peace and plenty here a - bide, Smiling sweet on
ne'er annoy, When there's love at home; Ros - es blossom 'neath our feet, All the earth's a
filled with love, When there's love at home; Sweeter sings the brooklet by, Brighter beams the
"I am thine," *Then* there's love at home; Source of love, thy cheering light Far exceeds the
ev - 'ry side, Time doth soft - ly, sweet - ly glide, When there's love at home, Love at
gar - den sweet, Mak - ing life a bliss complete, When there's love at home, Love at
az - ure sky; Oh, there's One who smiles on high When there's love at home, Love at
sun so bright—Can dis - pell the gloom of night; *Then* there's love at home, Love at
Love at home, yes,
at home,
home, love at home; Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home.
home, love at home; Mak - ing life a bliss complete When there's love at home.
home, love at home; Oh, there's One who smiles on high, When there's love at home.
home, love at home; Can dispel the gloom of night, *Then* there's love at home.
love at home, Love at home, oh, love at home,

445 Yield Not to Temptation

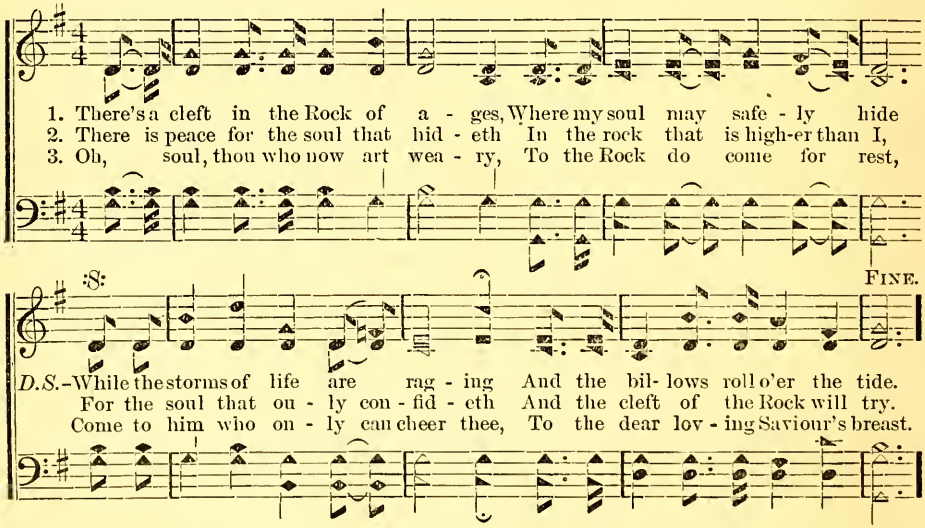
H. R. PALMER H. R. PALMER

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we shall
help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
rev-'rence Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn-est,
con-quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-iour,
Dark pas-sions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
CHORUS.
Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com-fort, strengthen and keep you;
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

446 Bullinger

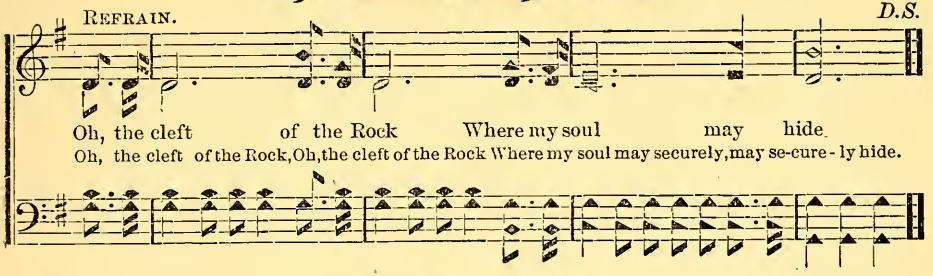
John M. Neale, 1862 — Rev. Ethelbert W. Bullinger, 1877

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?
2. Hath he marks to lead me to him, If he be my guide?
3. Is there di - a - dem, as Mon - arch, That his brow a - dorns?
4. If I find him, if I fol - low, What his guer - don here?
5. If I still hold close - ly to him, What hath he at last?
6. If I ask him to re - ceive me, Will he say me nay?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and, com - ing, Be..... at rest."
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints, And..... his side."
"Yea, a crown, in ver - y sure - ty, But..... of thorns."
"Many a sor - row, many a la - bor, Many..... a tear."
"Sor - row van-quished, la - bor end - ed, Jor - - - dan passed."
"Not till earth and not till heav - en Pass..... a way."

447 The Cleft of the Rock

S. E. Good — S. E. Good

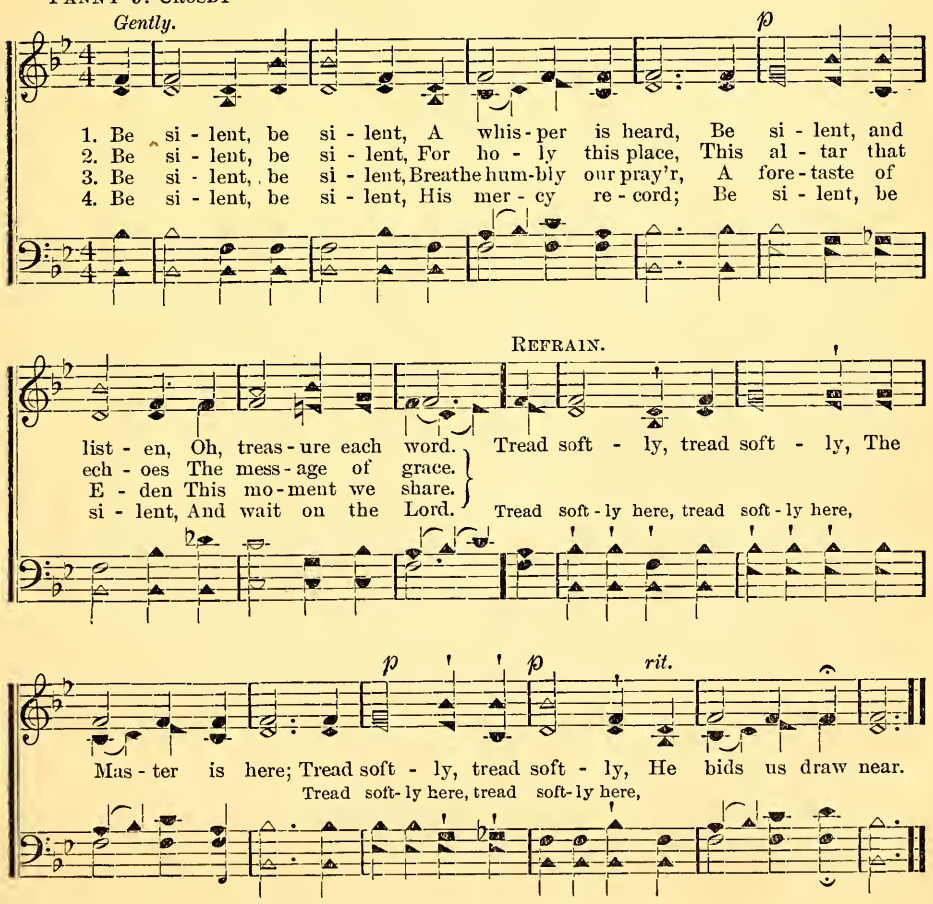

1. There's a cleft in the Rock of a - ges, Where my soul may safe - ly hide
2. There is peace for the soul that hid - eth In the rock that is high-er than I,
3. Oh, soul, thou who now art wea - ry, To the Rock do come for rest,
:S:
Fine.
D.S.-While the storms of life are rag - ing And the bil- lows roll o'er the tide.
For the soul that ou - ly con - fid - eth And the cleft of the Rock will try.
Come to him who on - ly can cheer thee, To the dear lov - ing Saviour's breast.

The Cleft of the Rock


Refrain.
D.S.
Oh, the cleft of the Rock Where my soul may hide
Oh, the cleft of the Rock, Oh, the cleft of the Rock Where my soul may securely, may se-cure-ly hide.

448 Tread Softly

(Solo and Quartet.)

Fanny J. Crosby — W. H. Doane

Gently.
p
1. Be si-lent, be si-lent, A whis-per is heard, Be si-lent, and
2. Be si-lent, be si-lent, For ho-ly this place, This al-tar that
3. Be si-lent, be si-lent, Breathe hum-bly our pray'r, A fore-taste of
4. Be si-lent, be si-lent, His mer-cy re-cord; Be si-lent, be
Refrain.
list-en, Oh, treas-ure each word. Tread soft-ly, tread soft-ly, The
ech-oes The mess-age of grace.
E-den This mo-ment we share.
si-lent, And wait on the Lord.
Tread soft-ly here, tread soft-ly here,
p
p
rit.
Mas-ter is here; Tread soft-ly, tread soft-ly, He bids us draw near.
Tread soft-ly here, tread soft-ly here,

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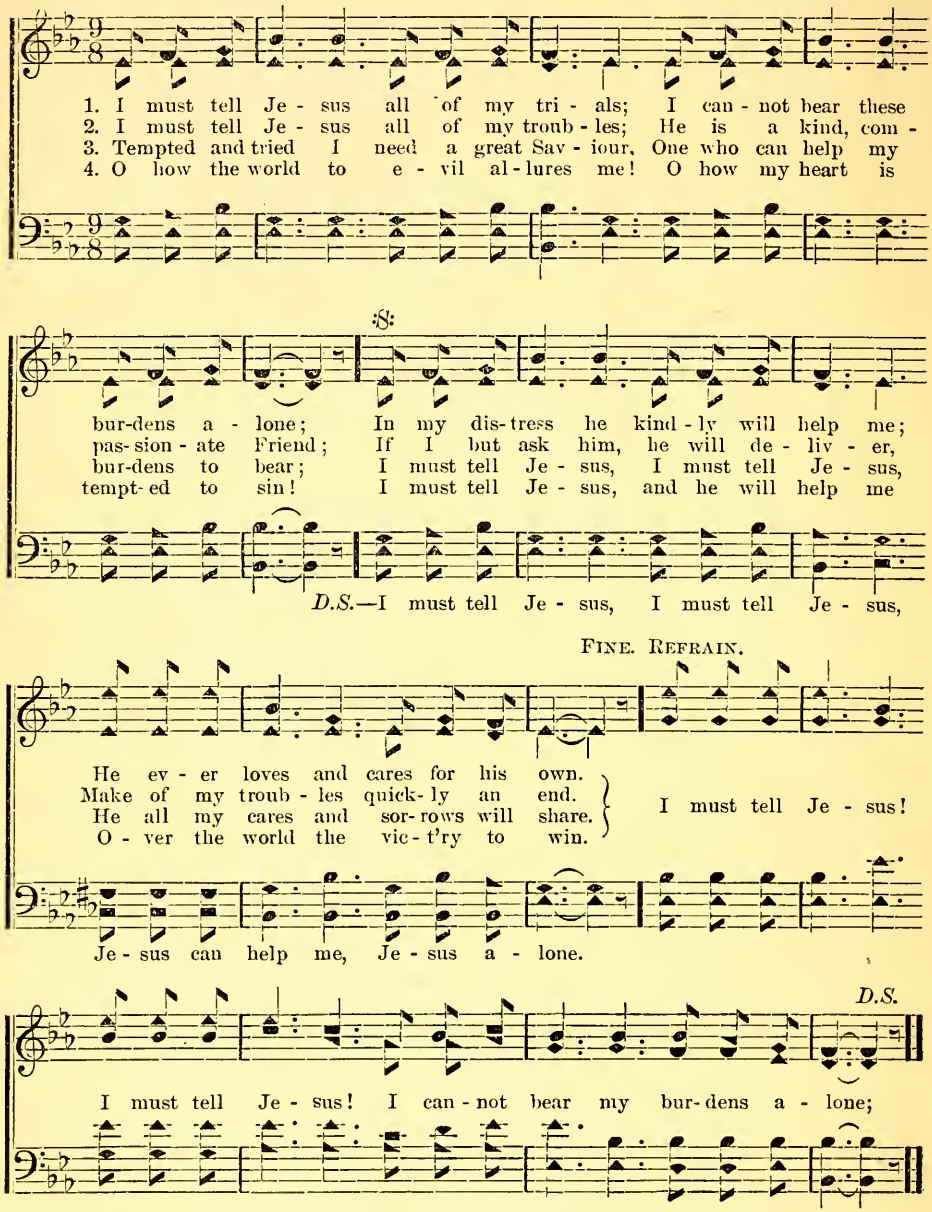
449 I Must Tell Jesus

MATT. 14: 12.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN — Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these bur-dens a - lone;
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com - pas-sion - ate Friend;
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - iour, One who can help my bur-dens to bear;
4. O how the world to e - vil al-lures me! O how my heart is tempt-ed to sin!
In my dis-tress he kind - ly will help me;
If I but ask him, he will de - liv - er,
I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus,
I must tell Je - sus, and he will help me
D.S.—I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus,
FINE. REFRAIN.
He ev - er loves and cares for his own.
Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end.
He all my cares and sor - rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.
I must tell Je - sus!
Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.
D.S.
I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone;

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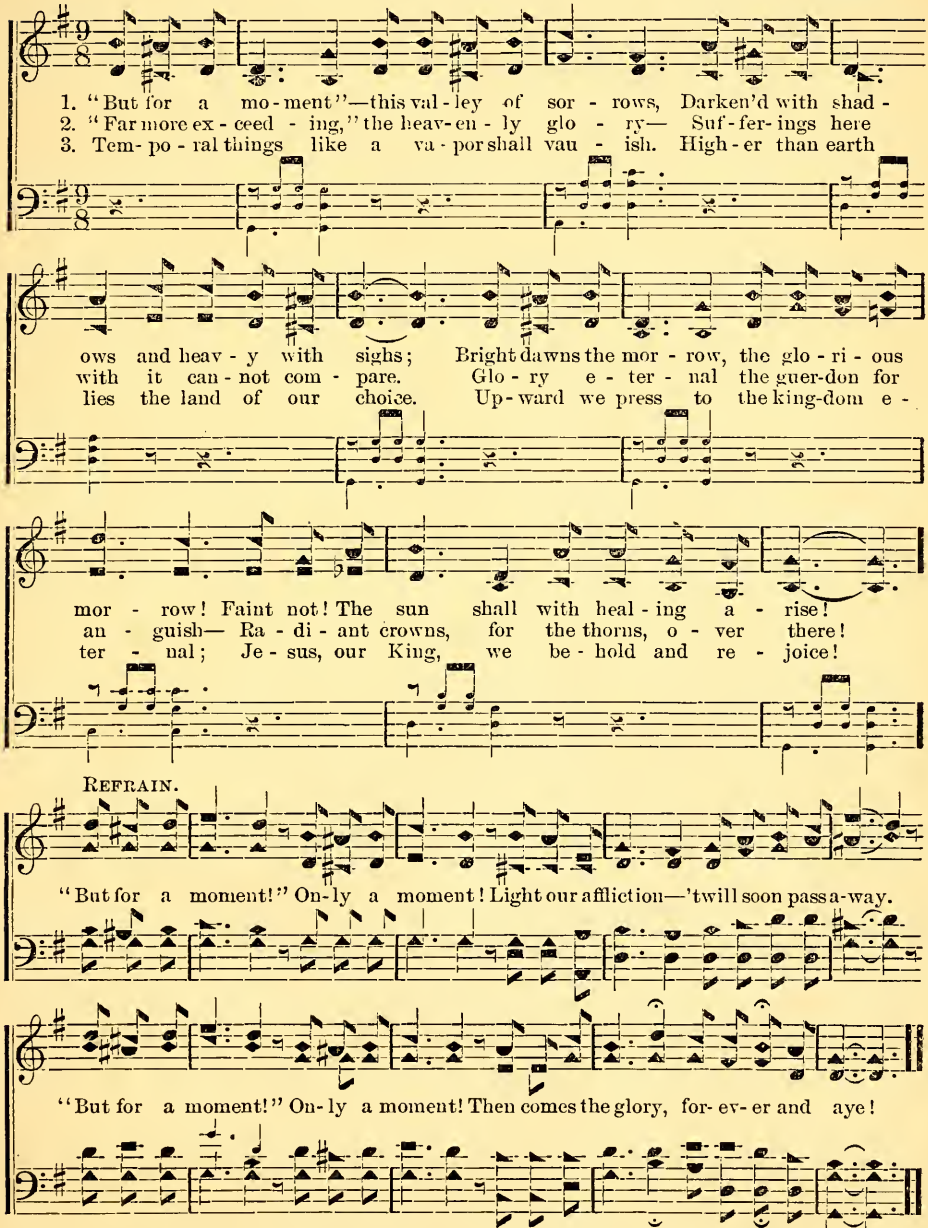
450 "But for a Moment"

"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment." 11 Cor. 4: 17.

A. A. P. GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. "But for a mo-ment"—this val-ley of sor-rows, Darken'd with shad-
2. "Far more ex-ceed-ing," the heav-en-ly glo-ry— Suf-fer-ings here
3. Tem-po-ral things like a va-por shall vau-ish. High-er than earth
ows and heav-y with sighs; Bright dawns the mor-row, the glo-ri-ous
with it can-not com-pare. Glo-ry e-ter-nal the guer-don for
lies the land of our choice. Up-ward we press to the king-dom e-
mor-row! Faint not! The sun shall with heal-ing a-rise!
an-guish— Ra-di-ant crowns, for the thorns, o-ver there!
ter-nal; Je-sus, our King, we be-hold and re-joice!
REFRAIN.
"But for a moment!" On-ly a moment! Light our affliction—'twill soon pass a-way.
"But for a moment!" On-ly a moment! Then comes the glory, for-ev-er and aye!

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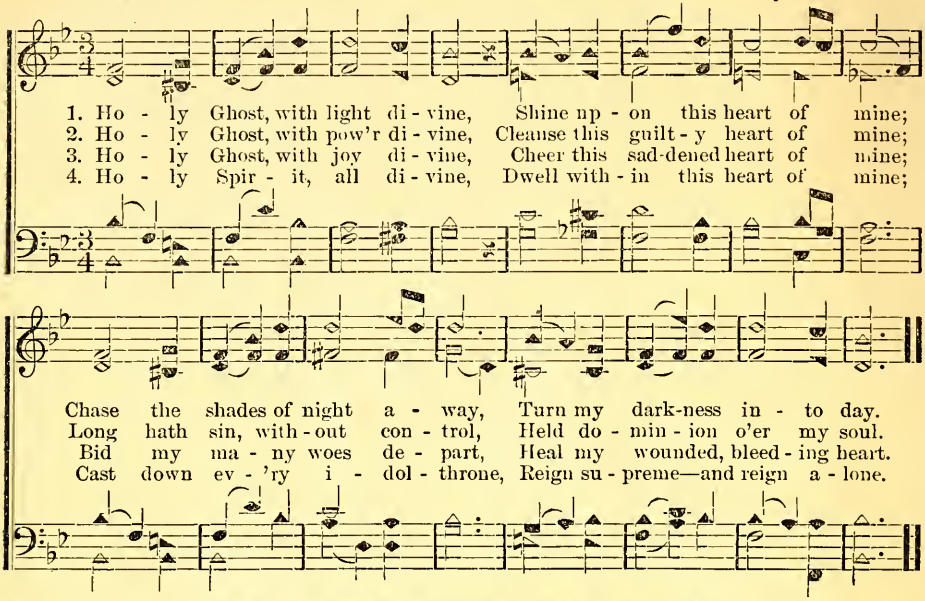
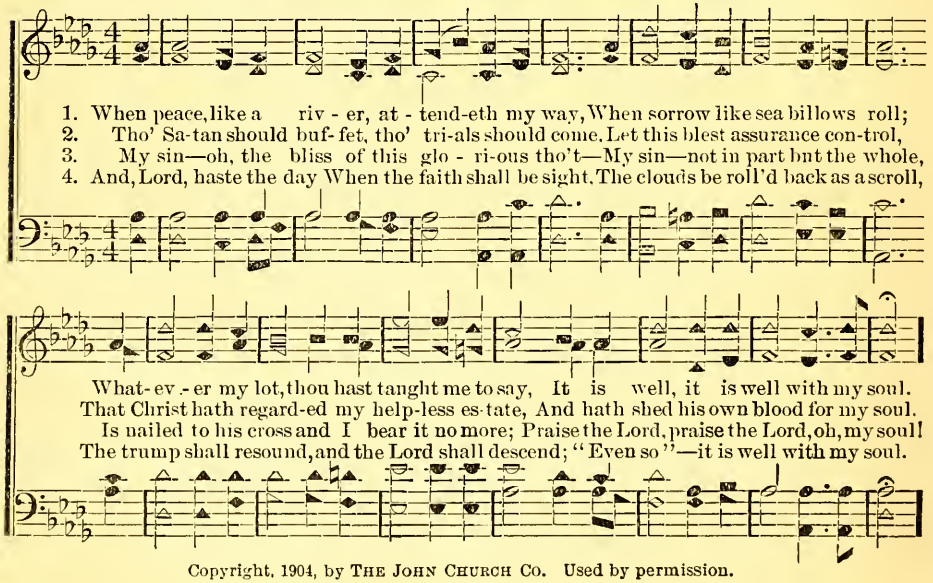
451 Holy Ghost, with Light Divine

"Lead me in thy truth, and teach me." Ps. 25 : 5.

ANDREW REED — L. M. GOTTSCHALK — Arr. by H. P. M.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad-dened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
Long hath sin, with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wounded, bleed - ing heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol - throne, Reign su - preme—and reign a - lone.

452 It is Well with My Soul

H. G. SPAFFORD — P. P. BLISS


1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend-eth my way, When sorrow like sea billows roll;
2. Tho' Sa-tan should buf-fet, tho' tri-als should come. Let this blest assurance con-trol,
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glo - ri-ous tho't—My sin—not in part but the whole,
4. And, Lord, haste the day When the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd back as a scroll,
What-ev - er my lot, thou hast taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
That Christ hath regard-ed my help-less es-tate, And hath shed his own blood for my soul.
Is nailed to his cross and I bear it no more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend; "Even so"—it is well with my soul.

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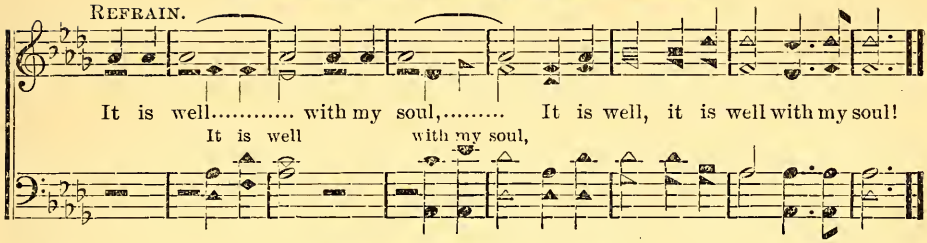
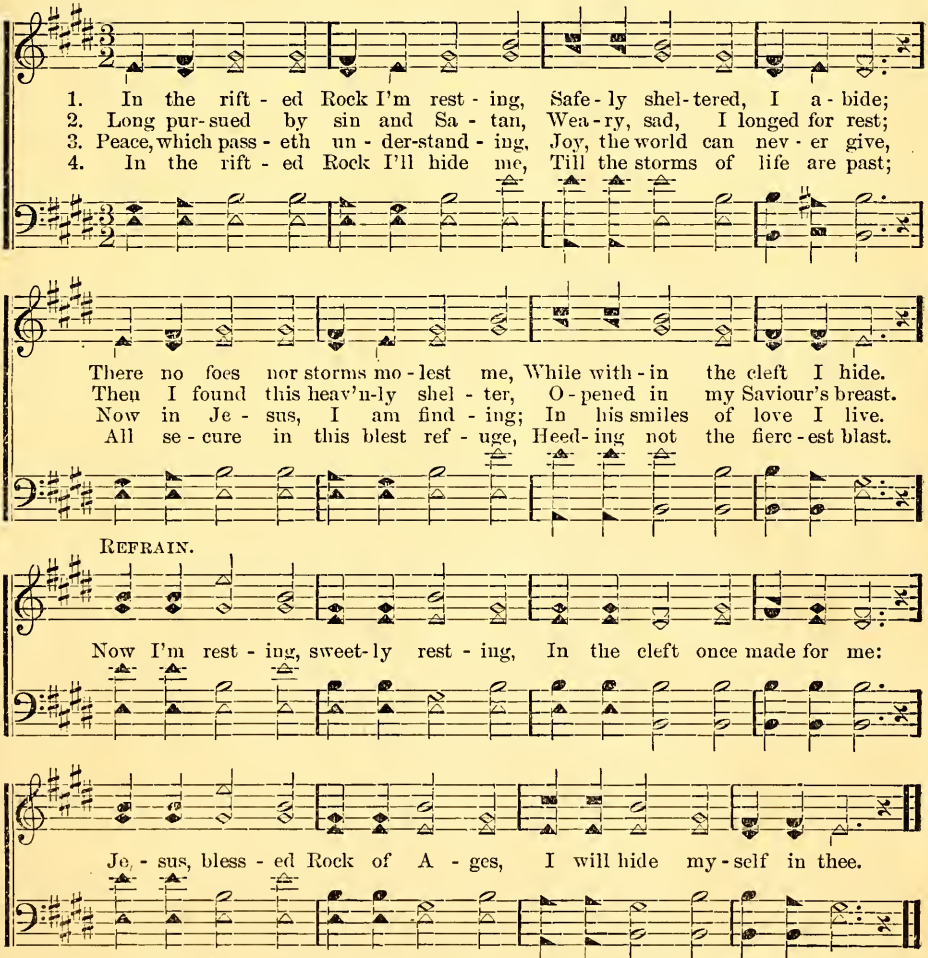
It is Well with My Soul

453 Sweetly Resting

Mary D. James W. Warren Bently

1. In the rift - ed Rock I'm rest - ing, Safe - ly shel - tered, I a - bide;
2. Long pur - sued by sin and Sa - tan, Wea - ry, sad, I longed for rest;
3. Peace, which pass - eth un - der - stand - ing, Joy, the world can nev - er give,
4. In the rift - ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storms of life are past;
There no foes nor storms mo - lest me, While with - in the cleft I hide.
Then I found this heav'n-ly shel - ter, O - pened in my Saviour's breast.
Now in Je - sus, I am find - ing; In his smiles of love I live.
All se - cure in this blest ref - uge, Heed - ing not the fierc - est blast.
Refrain.
Now I'm rest - ing, sweet - ly rest - ing, In the cleft once made for me:
Je - sus, bless - ed Rock of A - ges, I will hide my - self in thee.

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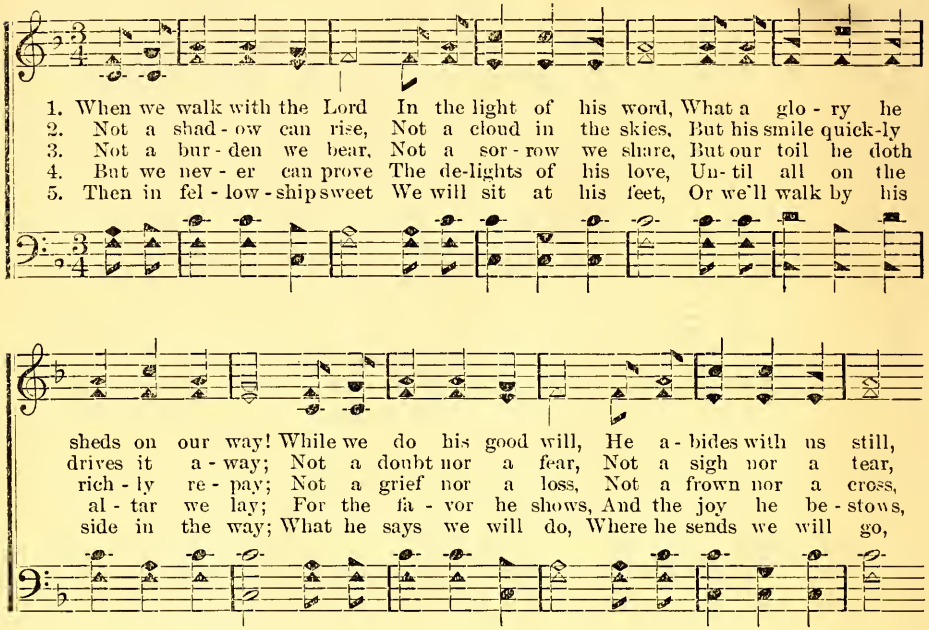
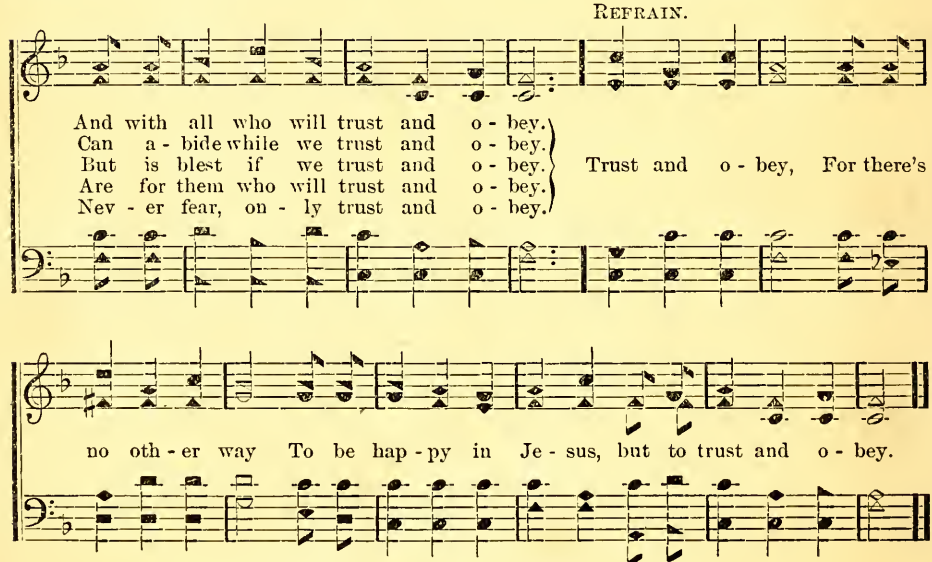
454 Trust and Obey

"*The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.*" Ps. 25 : 14.

Rev. J. H. Sammis — D. B. Towner

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his word, What a glo - ry he
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quick-ly
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil he doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The de-lights of his love, Un-til all on the
5. Then in fel - low - ship sweet We will sit at his feet, Or we'll walk by his
sheds on our way! While we do his good will, He a - bides with us still,
drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear,
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross,
al - tar we lay; For the fa - vor he shows, And the joy he be - stows,
side in the way; What he says we will do, Where he sends we will go,

Refrain.

And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.
Trust and o - bey, For there's
no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.

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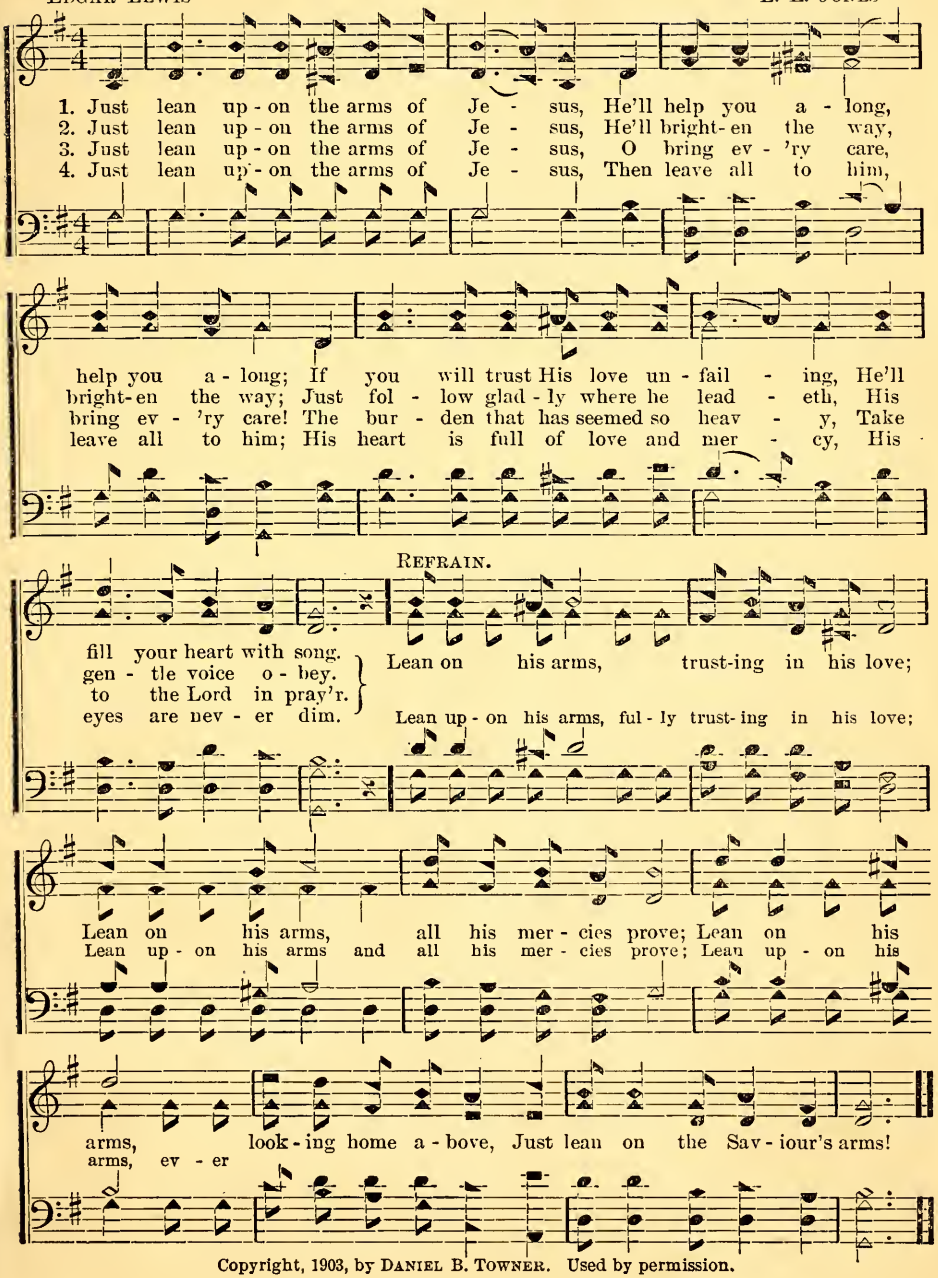
455 Lean on His Arms

EDGAR LEWIS L. E. JONES

1. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll help you a - long,
2. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll bright - en the way,
3. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, O bring ev - 'ry care,
4. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, Then leave all to him,
help you a - long; If you will trust His love un - fail - ing, He'll
bright - en the way; Just fol - low glad - ly where he lead - eth, His
bring ev - 'ry care! The bur - den that has seemed so heav - y, Take
leave all to him; His heart is full of love and mer - cy, His
REFRAIN.
fill your heart with song.
gen - tle voice o - bey.
to the Lord in pray'r.
eyes are nev - er dim.
Lean on his arms, trust-ing in his love;
Lean up - on his arms, ful - ly trust - ing in his love;
Lean on his arms, all his mer - cies prove; Lean on his
Lean up - on his arms and all his mer - cies prove; Lean up - on his
arms, look - ing home a - bove, Just lean on the Sav - iour's arms!
arms, ev - er

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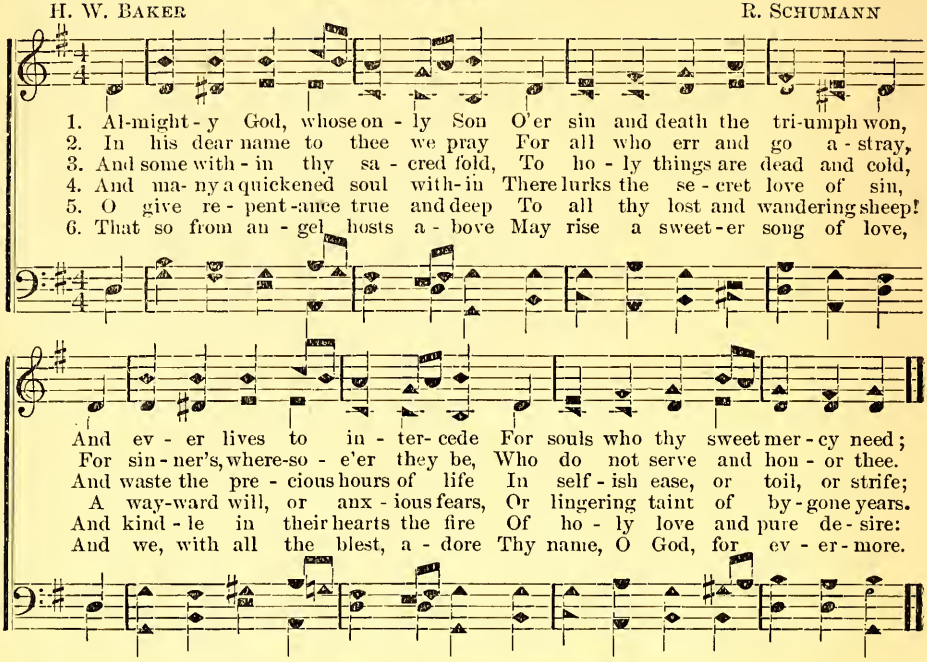
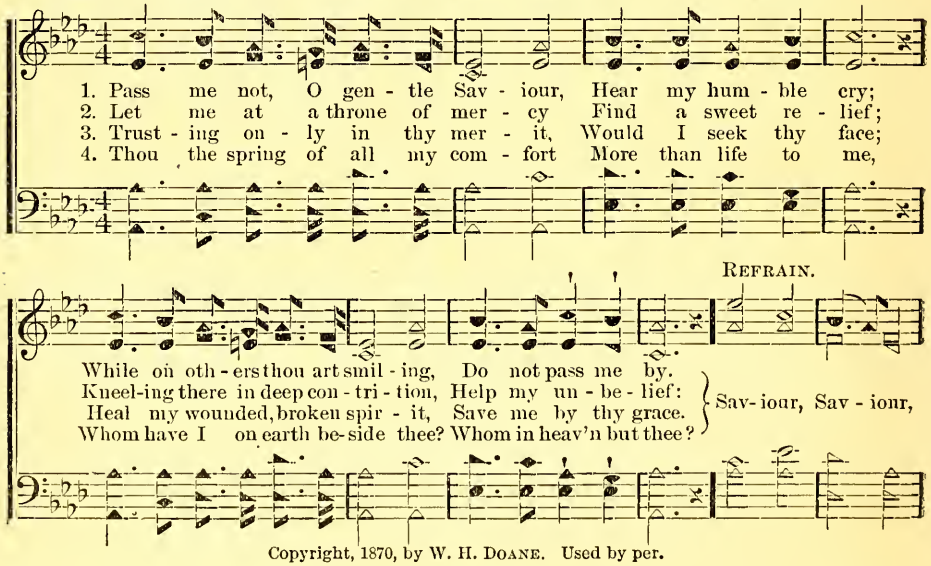
456 Canonbury L. M.

H. W. Baker — R. Schumann


1. Al-might-y God, whose on-ly Son O'er sin and death the tri-umph won,
2. In his dear name to thee we pray For all who err and go a-stray,
3. And some with-in thy sa-cred fold, To ho-ly things are dead and cold,
4. And ma-ny a quickened soul with-in There lurks the se-cret love of sin,
5. O give re-pent-ance true and deep To all thy lost and wandering sheep!
6. That so from an-gel hosts a-bove May rise a sweet-er song of love,
And ev-er lives to in-ter-cede For souls who thy sweet mer-cy need;
For sin-ner's, where-so-e'er they be, Who do not serve and hon-or thee.
And waste the pre-cious hours of life In self-ish ease, or toil, or strife;
A way-ward will, or anx-ious fears, Or lingering taint of by-gone years.
And kind-le in their hearts the fire Of ho-ly love and pure de-sire:
And we, with all the blest, a-dore Thy name, O God, for ev-er-more.

457 Pass Me Not

Fanny J. Crosby — W. H. Doane

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief;
3. Trust-ing on-ly in thy mer-it, Would I seek thy face;
4. Thou the spring of all my com-fort More than life to me,
Refrain.
While on oth-ers thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel-ing there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief:
Heal my wounded, broken spir-it, Save me by thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be-side thee? Whom in heav'n but thee?
Sav-iour, Sav-iour,

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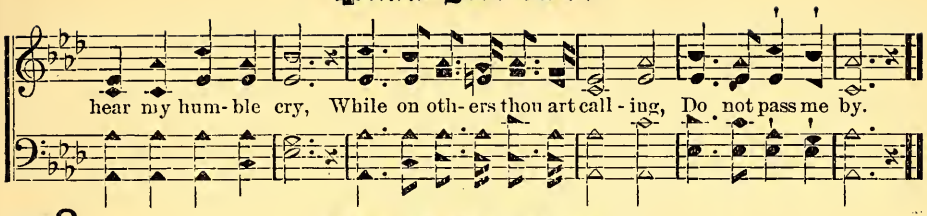
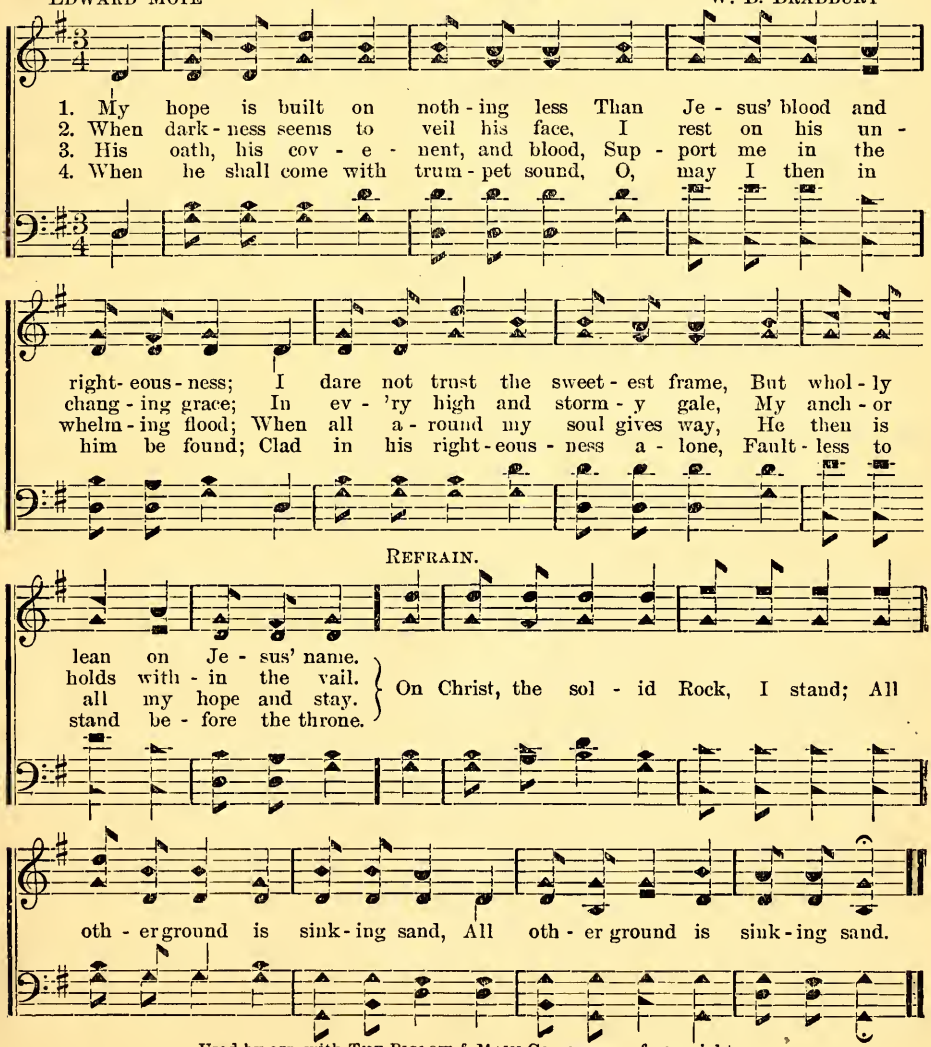
Pass Me Not



458

The Solid Rock

EDWARD MOTE — W. B. BRADBURY

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and
2. When dark-ness seems to veil his face, I rest on his un-
3. His oath, his cov-e-nent, and blood, Sup-port me in the
4. When he shall come with trum-pet sound, O, may I then in
right-eous-ness; I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly
chang-ing grace; In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My anch-or
whelm-ing flood; When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is
him be found; Clad in his right-eous-ness a-lone, Fault-less to
REFRAIN.
lean on Je-sus' name.
holds with-in the vail.
all my hope and stay.
stand be-fore the throne.
On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand; All
oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

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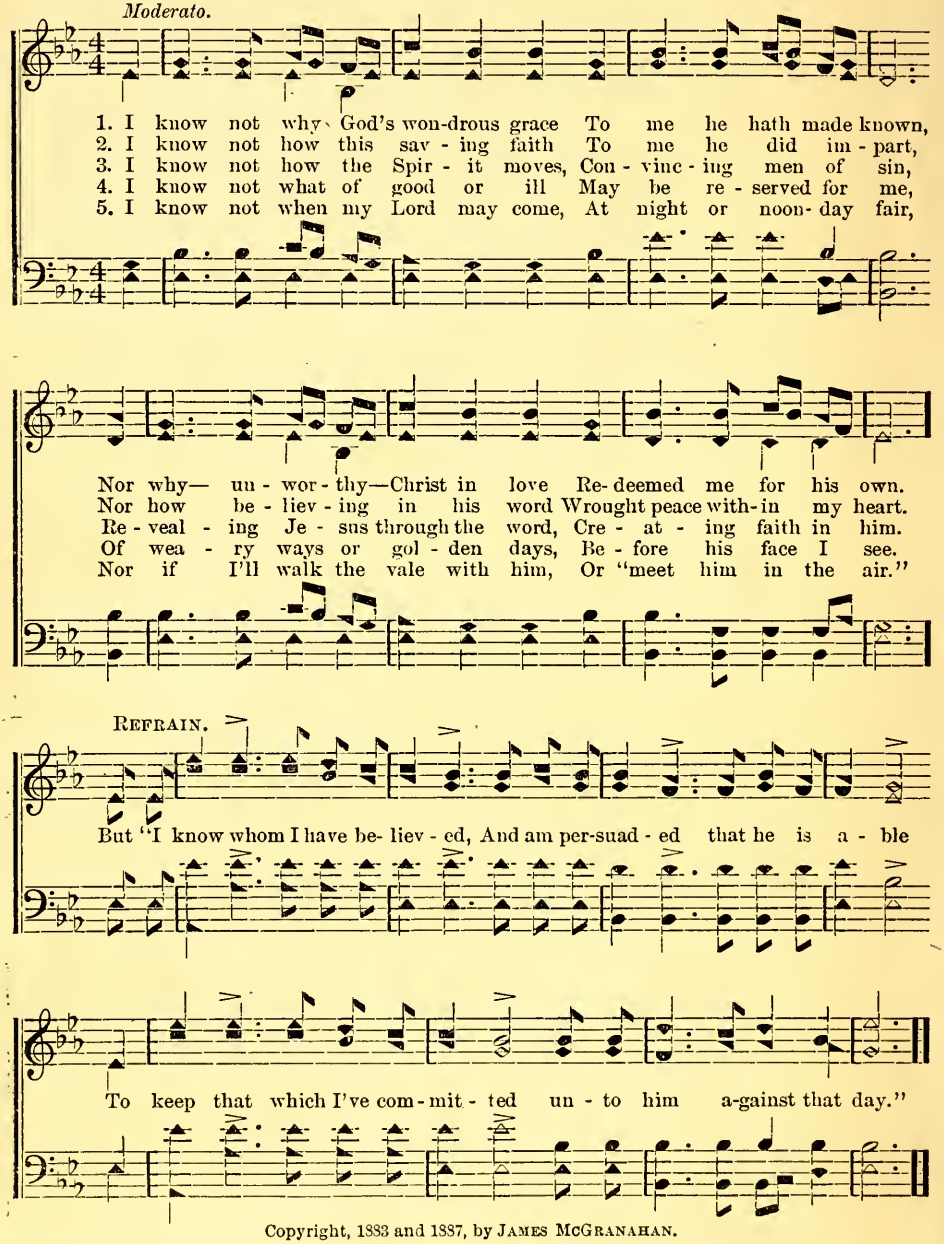
459 ✱ Know Whom ✱ Have Believed

2 Tim. 1 : 12.

El. Nathan — James McGranahan

Moderato.

1. I know not why God's won-drous grace To me he hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me he did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con - vinc - ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re - served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,
Nor why— un - wor - thy—Christ in love Re-deemed me for his own.
Nor how be - liev - ing in his word Wrought peace with-in my heart.
Re - veal - ing Je - sus through the word, Cre - at - ing faith in him.
Of wea - ry ways or gol - den days, Be - fore his face I see.
Nor if I'll walk the vale with him, Or "meet him in the air."
Refrain.
But "I know whom I have be- liev - ed, And am per-suad - ed that he is a - ble
To keep that which I've com - mit - ted un - to him a-gainst that day."

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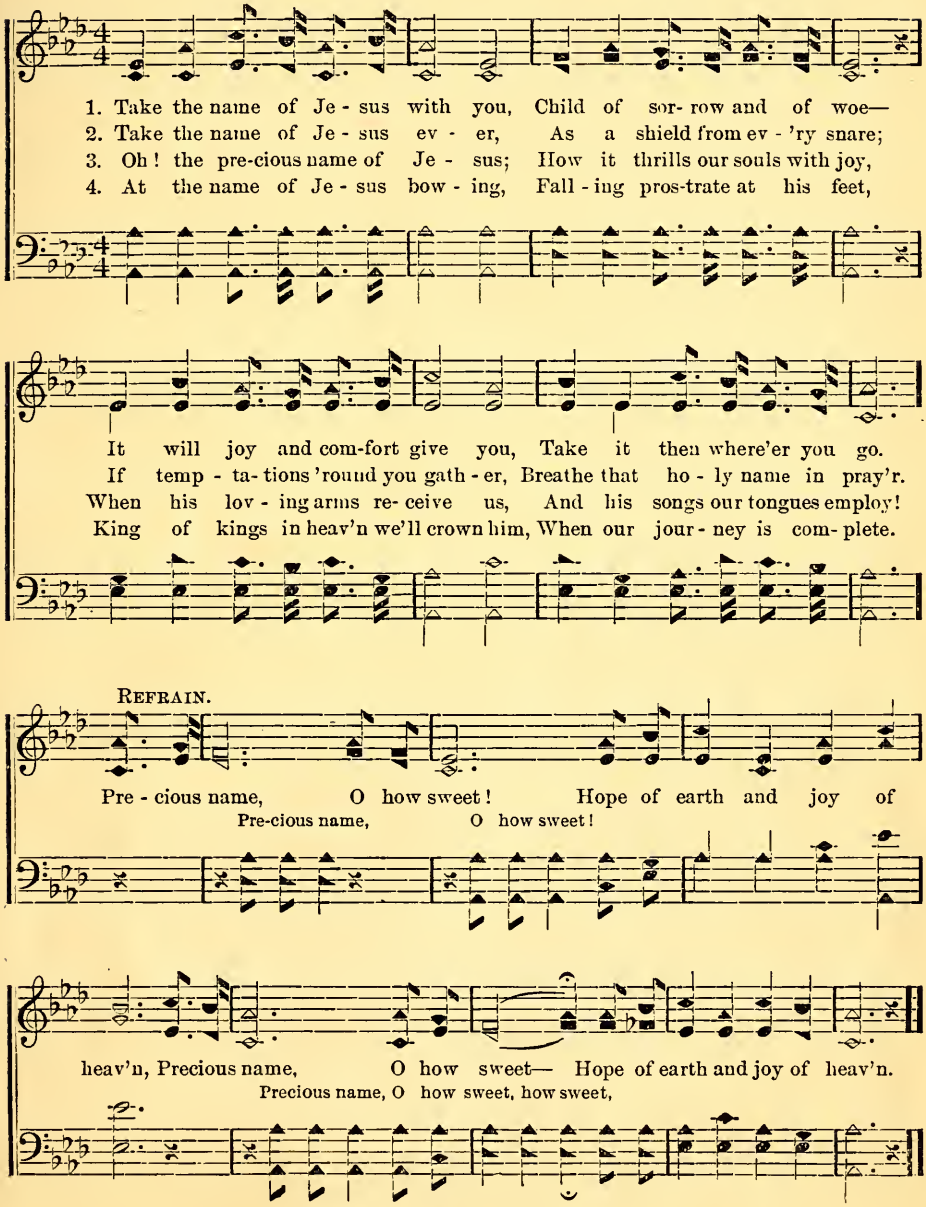
460

The Precious Name

"And blessed be His glorious name for ever." Psa. 72: 19.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter — W. H. Doane, by per


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor- row and of woe—
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. Oh! the pre-cious name of Je - sus; How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros-trate at his feet,
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then where'er you go.
If temp - ta- tions 'round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.
When his lov - ing arms re- ceive us, And his songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown him, When our jour - ney is com- plete.
Refrain.
Pre - cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of
Pre-cious name, O how sweet!
heav'n, Precious name, O how sweet— Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,

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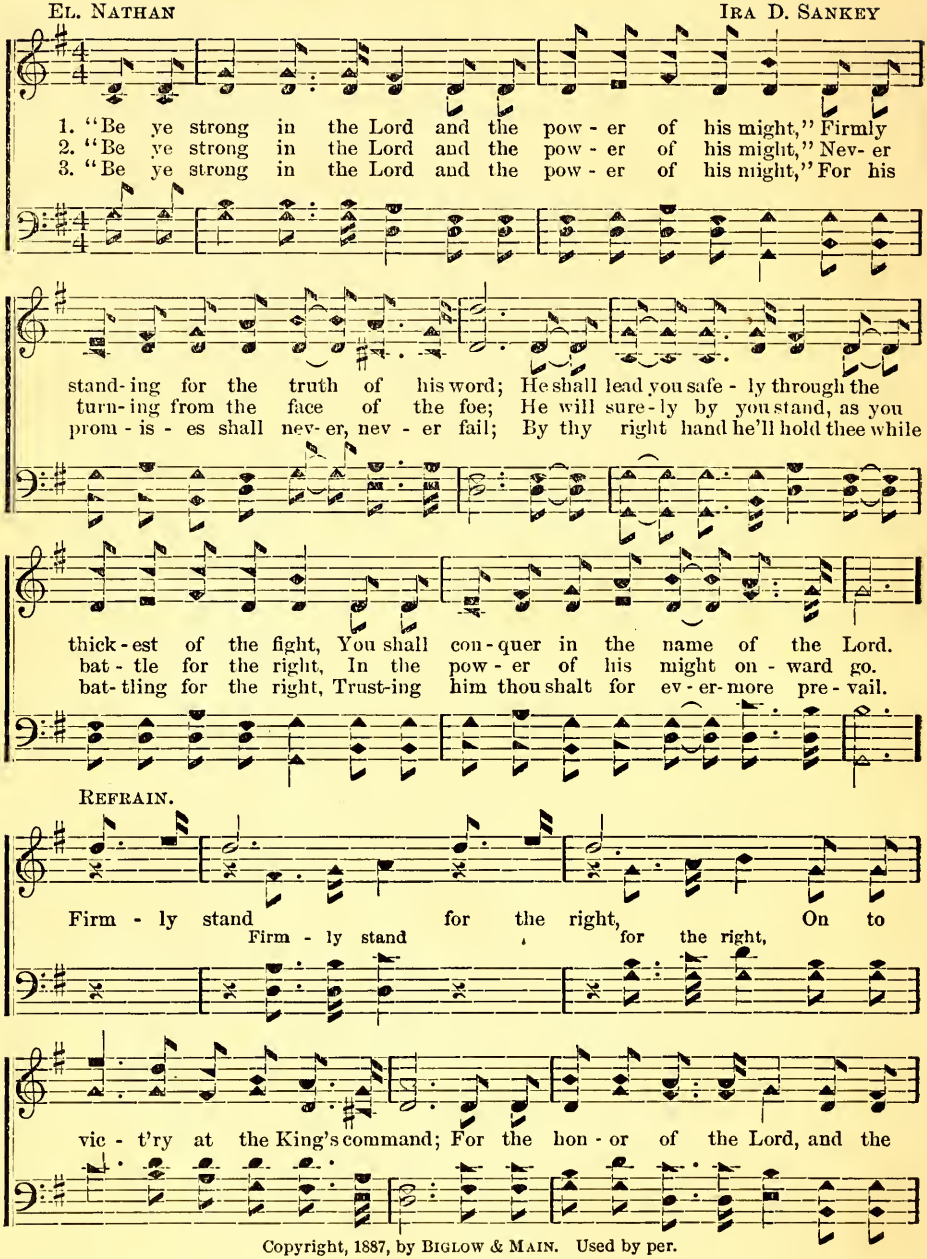
461

Be Ye Strong in the Lord

"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might." EPH. 6 : 10.

EL. NATHAN — IRA D. SANKEY


1. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow - er of his might," Firmly
2. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow - er of his might," Nev- er
3. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow - er of his might," For his
stand - ing for the truth of his word; He shall lead you safe - ly through the
turn - ing from the face of the foe; He will sure - ly by you stand, as you
prom - is - es shall nev - er, nev - er fail; By thy right hand he'll hold thee while
thick - est of the fight, You shall con - quer in the name of the Lord.
bat - tle for the right, In the pow - er of his might on - ward go.
bat - tling for the right, Trust - ing him thou shalt for ev - er - more pre - vail.
REFRAIN.
Firm - ly stand for the right, On to
Firm - ly stand for the right,
vic - t'ry at the King's command; For the hon - or of the Lord, and the

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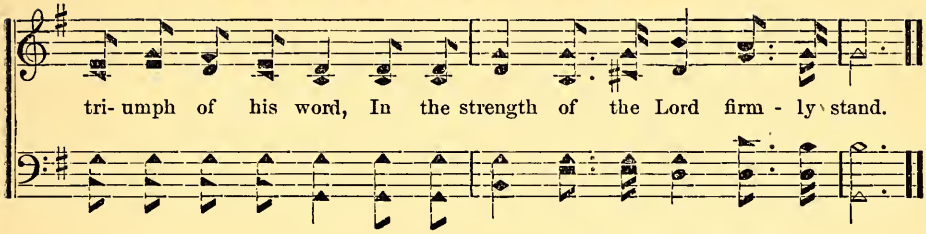
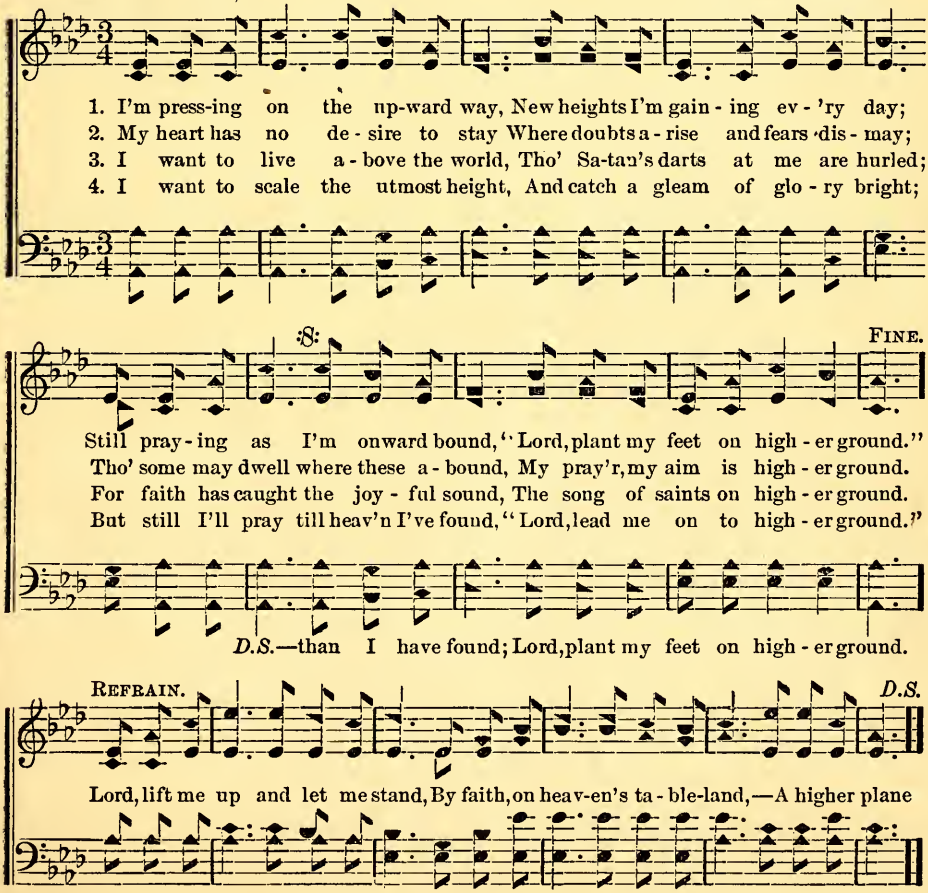
Be Ye Strong in the Lord



462 Higher Ground

"*The high calling of God in Christ Jesus.*" PHIL. 3 : 14.

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gain - ing ev - 'ry day;
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts a - rise and fears dis - may;
3. I want to live a - bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;
Still pray - ing as I'm onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these a - bound, My pray'r, my aim is high - er ground.
For faith has caught the joy - ful sound, The song of saints on high - er ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high - er ground."
D.S.—than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground.
REFRAIN.
D.S.
Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta - ble-land,—A higher plane

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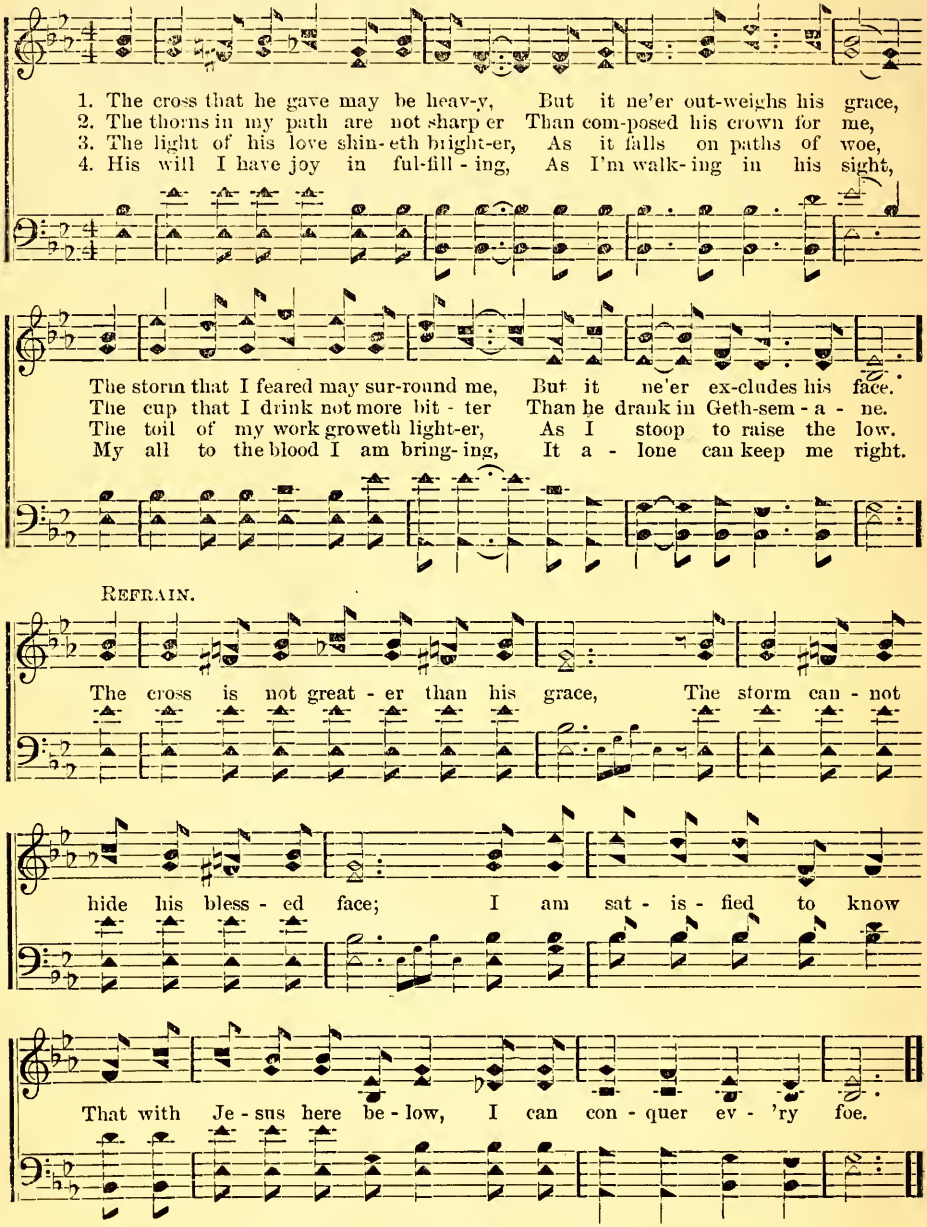
463 The Cross is Not Greater

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus. Com. BALLINGTON BOOTH

1. The cross that he gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er out-weighs his grace,
2. The thorns in my path are not sharp er Than com-posed his crown for me,
3. The light of his love shin- eth bright-er, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill - ing, As I'm walk- ing in his sight,
The storm that I feared may sur-round me, But it ne'er ex-cludes his face.
The cup that I drink not more bit - ter Than he drank in Geth-sem - a - ne.
The toil of my work groweth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bring- ing, It a - lone can keep me right.
REFRAIN.
The cross is not great - er than his grace, The storm can - not
hide his bless - ed face; I am sat - is - fied to know
That with Je - sus here be - low, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.

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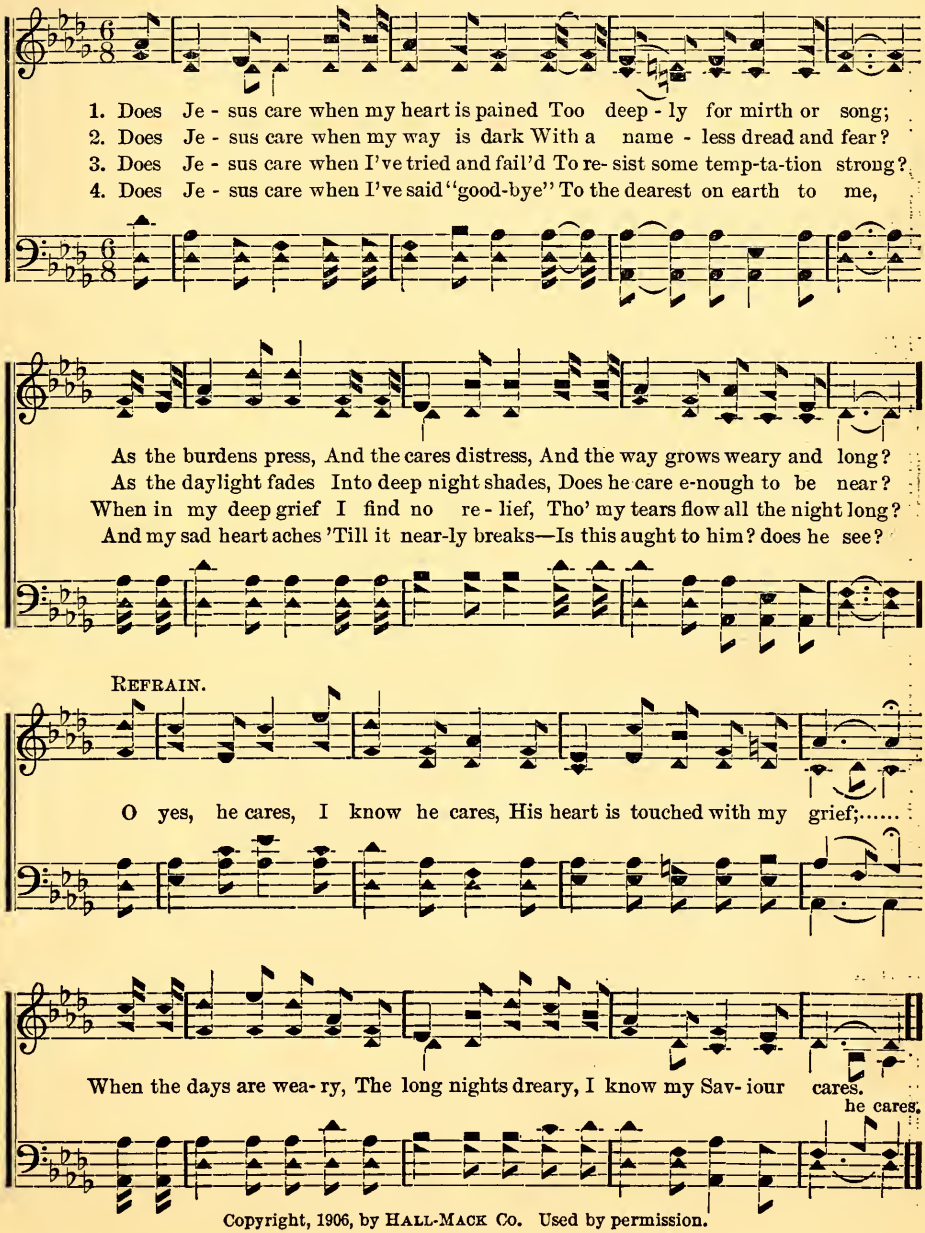
Does Jesus Care

"The very hairs of your head are all numbered." MATT. 10: 30.

Rev. FRANK E. GRAFF — J. LINCOLN HALL


1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for mirth or song;
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less dread and fear?
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and fail'd To re- sist some temp-ta-tion strong?
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dearest on earth to me,
As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?
As the daylight fades Into deep night shades, Does he care e-nough to be near?
When in my deep grief I find no re - lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches 'Till it near-ly breaks—Is this aught to him? does he see?
REFRAIN.
O yes, he cares, I know he cares, His heart is touched with my grief;.....
When the days are wea- ry, The long nights dreary, I know my Sav- iour cares.
he cares.

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465 Lux Benigna

J. H. Newman, 1832 — J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th'en-cir- cling gloom, Lead thou me on;
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on;

p

The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on:
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone;

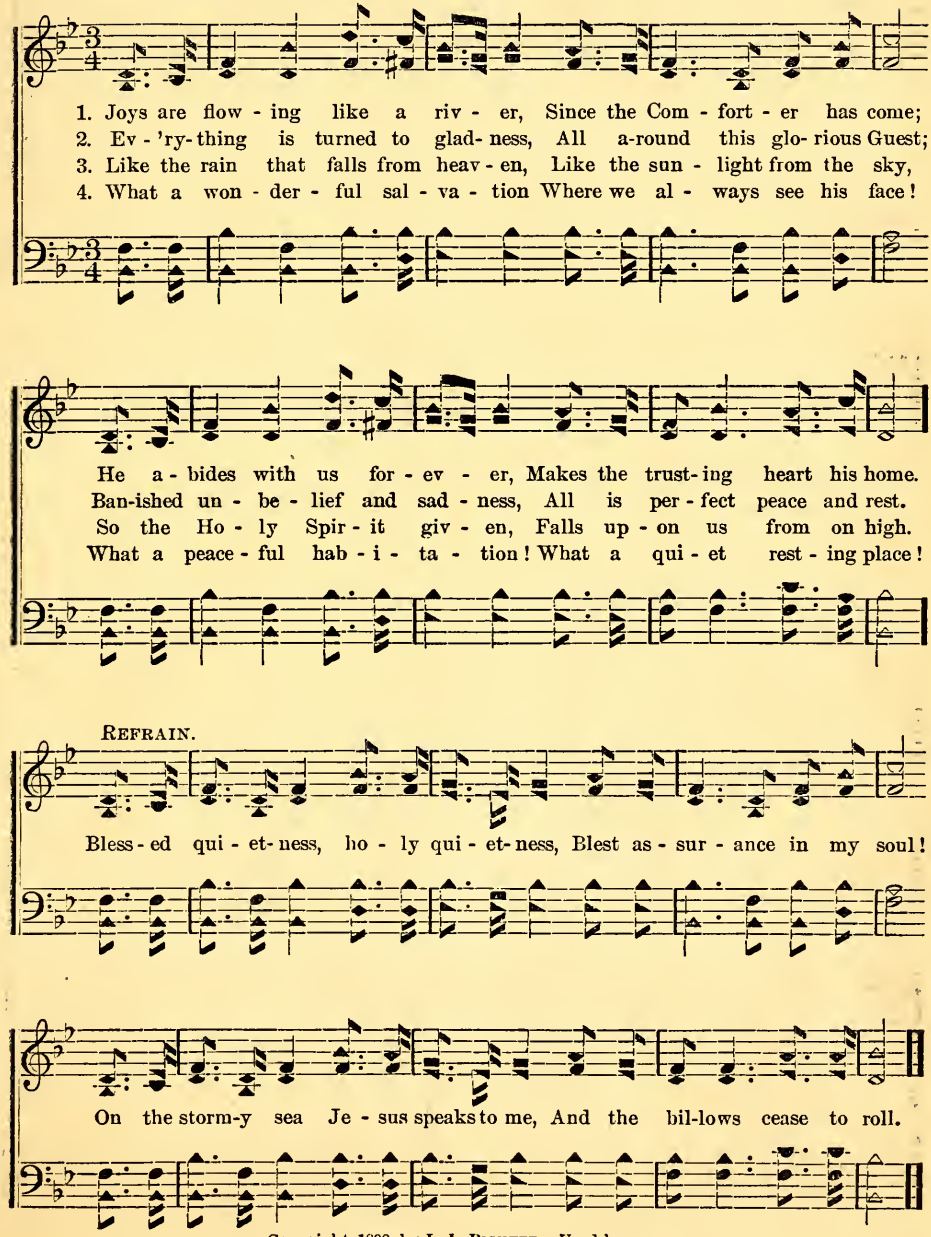
cres.

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see.....
I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears,.....
And with the morn those an - gel - fac - es smile,.....

dim. *p*

The dis - tant scene,— one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not past years.
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

466 Blessed Quietness

Mrs. M. P. Ferguson, alt. Arr. by J. H. F.

1. Joys are flow - ing like a riv - er, Since the Com - fort - er has come;
2. Ev - 'ry - thing is turned to glad - ness, All a-round this glo - rious Guest;
3. Like the rain that falls from heav - en, Like the sun - light from the sky,
4. What a won - der - ful sal - va - tion Where we al - ways see his face!
He a - bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trust - ing heart his home.
Ban-ished un - be - lief and sad - ness, All is per - fect peace and rest.
So the Ho - ly Spir - it giv - en, Falls up - on us from on high.
What a peace - ful hab - i - ta - tion! What a qui - et rest - ing place!
Refrain.
Bless - ed qui - et - ness, ho - ly qui - et - ness, Blest as - sur - ance in my soul!
On the storm-y sea Je - sus speaks to me, And the bil-lows cease to roll.

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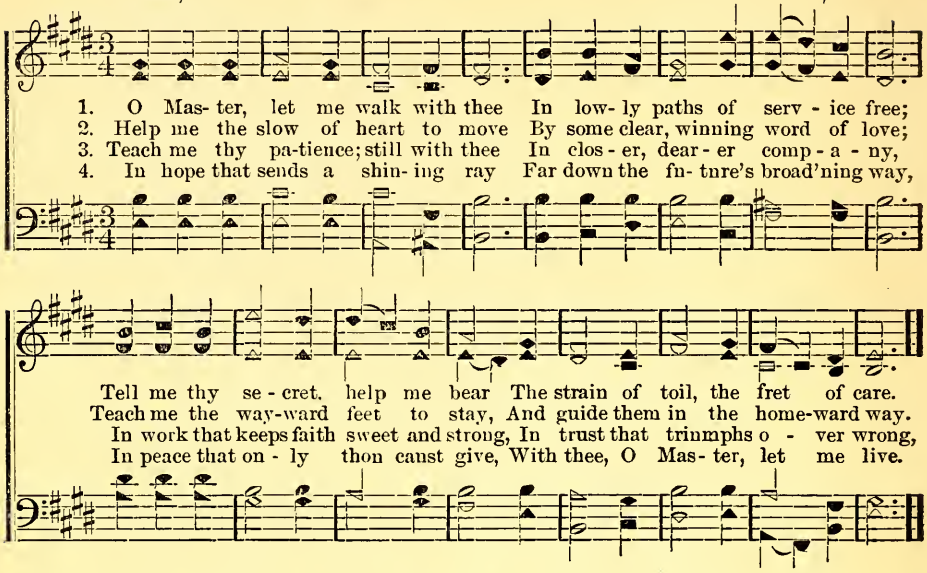
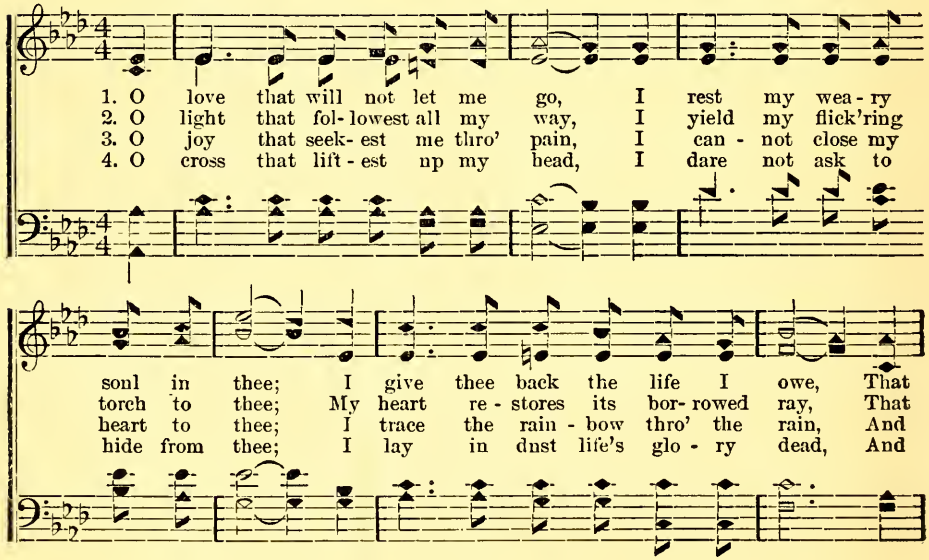
467 Marytou L. M.

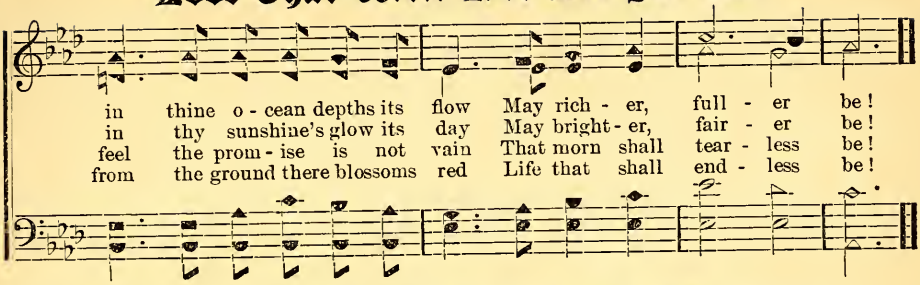
W. Gladden, 1880 H. P. Smith, 1874


1. O Mas- ter, let me walk with thee In low- ly paths of serv - ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;
3. Teach me thy pa-tience; still with thee In clos - er, dear - er comp - a - ny,
4. In hope that sends a shin- ing ray Far down the fu- ture's broad'ning way,
Tell me thy se - cret, help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the way-ward feet to stay, And guide them in the home-ward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs o - ver wrong,
In peace that on - ly thou canst give, With thee, O Mas- ter, let me live.

468 Love That Will Not Let Me Go

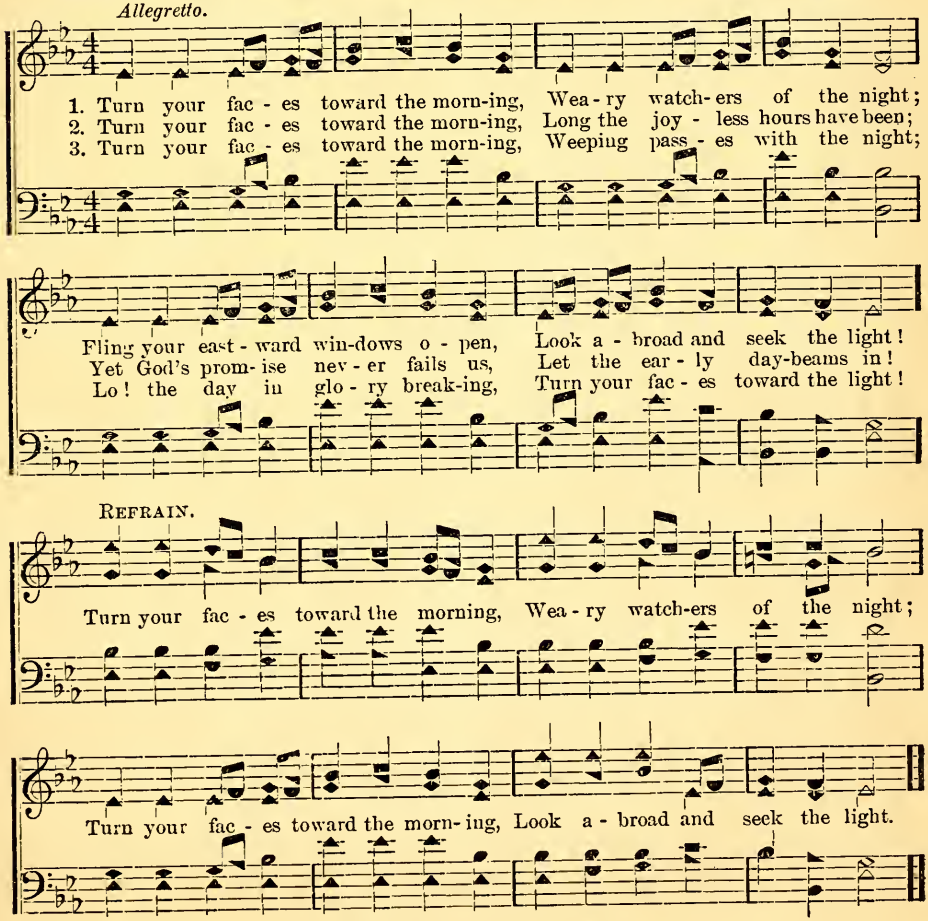
George Matheson Albert L. Peace

1. O love that will not let me go, I rest my wea - ry
2. O light that fol- lowest all my way, I yield my flick'ring
3. O joy that seek- est me thro' pain, I can - not close my
4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to
soul in thee; I give thee back the life I owe, That
torch to thee; My heart re - stores its bor- rowed ray, That
heart to thee; I trace the rain - bow thro' the rain, And
hide from thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And

Love That Will Not Let Me Go


in thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be!
in thy sunshine's glow its day May bright - er, fair - er be!
feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be!
from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be!

469 Turn Your Faces Toward the Morning

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS — J. H. FILLMORE

Allegretto.

1. Turn your fac - es toward the morn-ing, Wea - ry watch-ers of the night;
2. Turn your fac - es toward the morn-ing, Long the joy - less hours have been;
3. Turn your fac - es toward the morn-ing, Weeping pass - es with the night;
Fling your east - ward win-dows o - pen, Look a - broad and seek the light!
Yet God's prom-ise nev - er fails us, Let the ear - ly day-beams in!
Lo! the day in glo - ry break-ing, Turn your fac - es toward the light!
REFRAIN.
Turn your fac - es toward the morning, Wea - ry watch-ers of the night;
Turn your fac - es toward the morn-ing, Look a - broad and seek the light.

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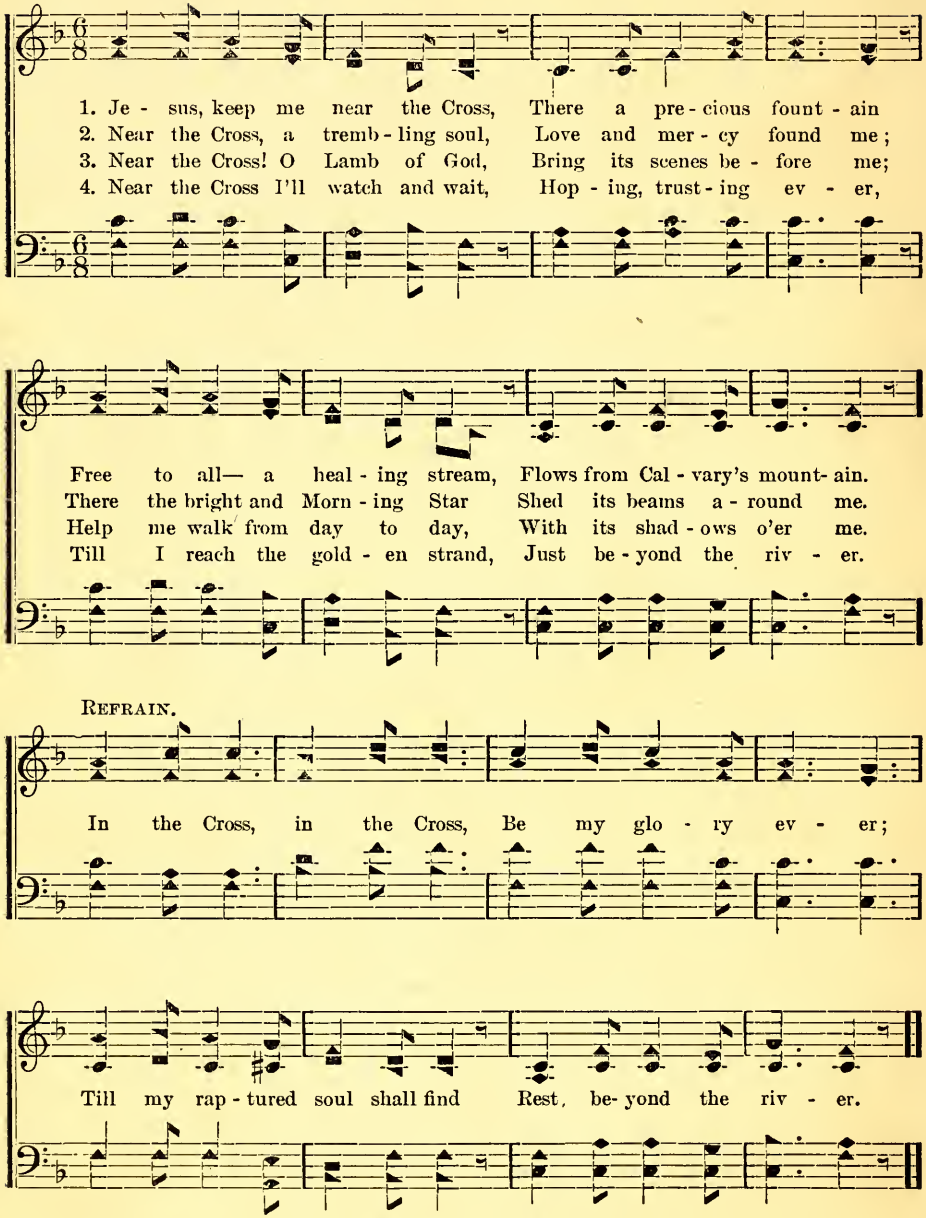
470 Near the Cross

F. J. Crosby — W. H. Doane

1. Je - sus, keep me near the Cross, There a pre - cious fount - ain
2. Near the Cross, a tremb - ling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the Cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,
Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - vary's mount - ain.
There the bright and Morn - ing Star Shed its beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.
Refrain.
In the Cross, in the Cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;
Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest, be - yond the riv - er.

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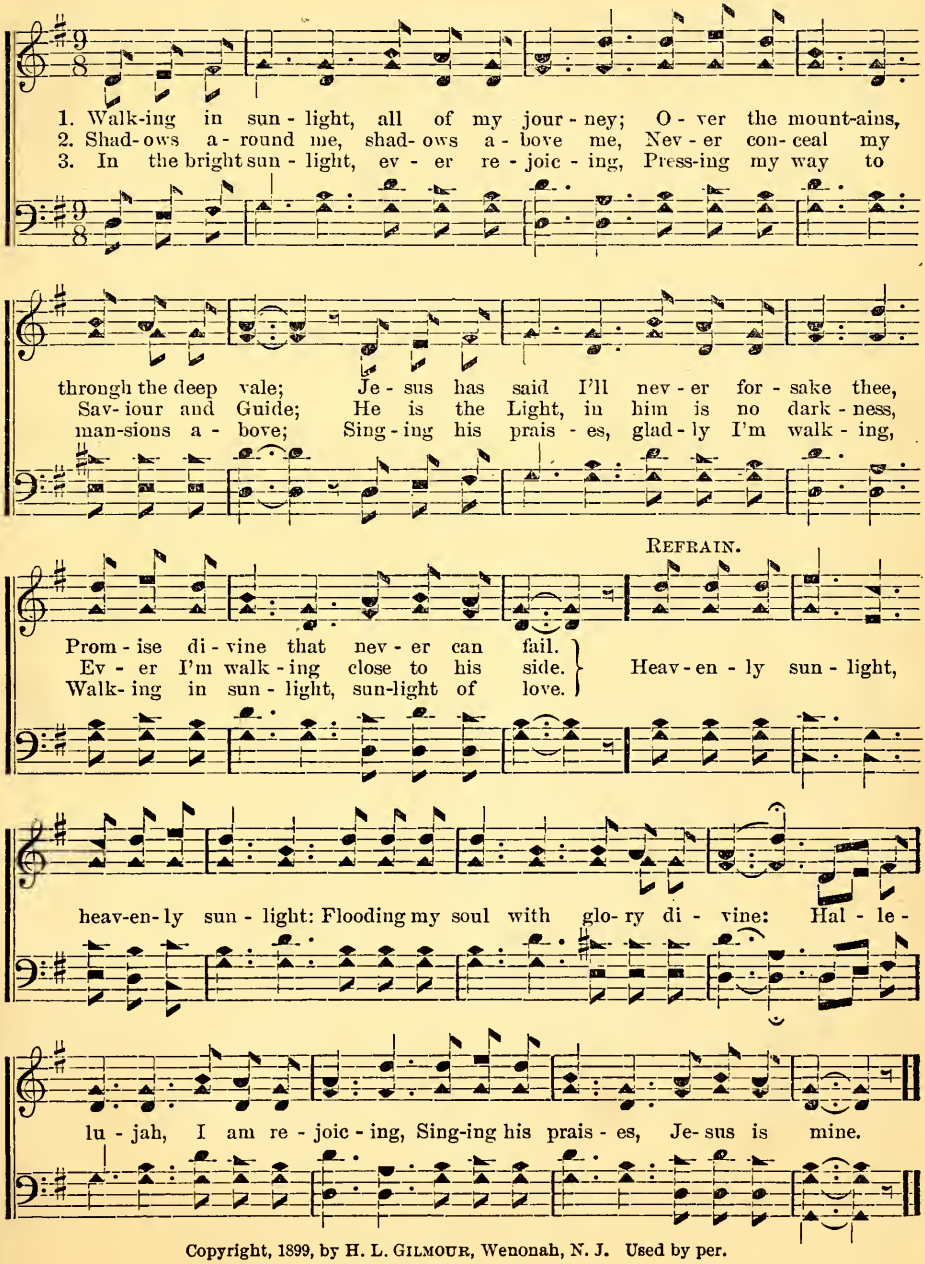
471 Heavenly Sunlight

H. J. ZELLEY G. H. COOK

1. Walk-ing in sun - light, all of my jour - ney; O - ver the mount-ains,
2. Shad-ows a - round me, shad- ows a - bove me, Nev - er con- ceal my
3. In the bright sun - light, ev - er re - joic - ing, Press-ing my way to
through the deep vale; Je - sus has said I'll nev - er for - sake thee,
Sav- iour and Guide; He is the Light, in him is no dark - ness,
man-sions a - bove; Sing - ing his prais - es, glad - ly I'm walk - ing,
REFRAIN.
Prom - ise di - vine that nev - er can fail.
Ev - er I'm walk - ing close to his side.
Walk- ing in sun - light, sun-light of love.
Heav - en - ly sun - light,
heav-en- ly sun - light: Flooding my soul with glo- ry di - vine: Hal - le -
lu - jah, I am re - joic - ing, Sing-ing his prais - es, Je- sus is mine.

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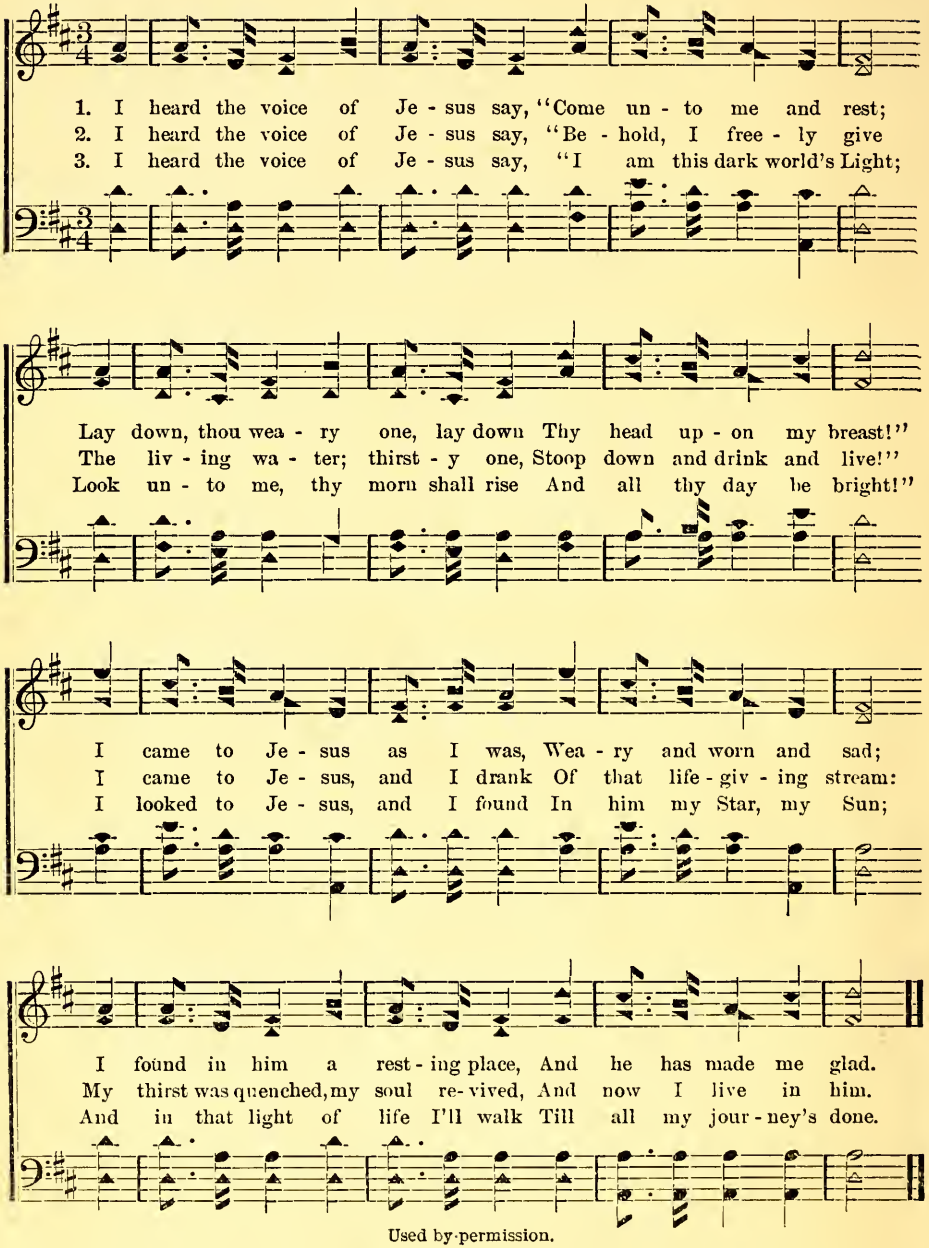
472 ✱ Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

BONAR J. D. BRUNK

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast!"
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink and live!"
Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise And all thy day be bright!"
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream:
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In him my Star, my Sun;
I found in him a rest - ing place, And he has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in him.
And in that light of life I'll walk Till all my jour - ney's done.

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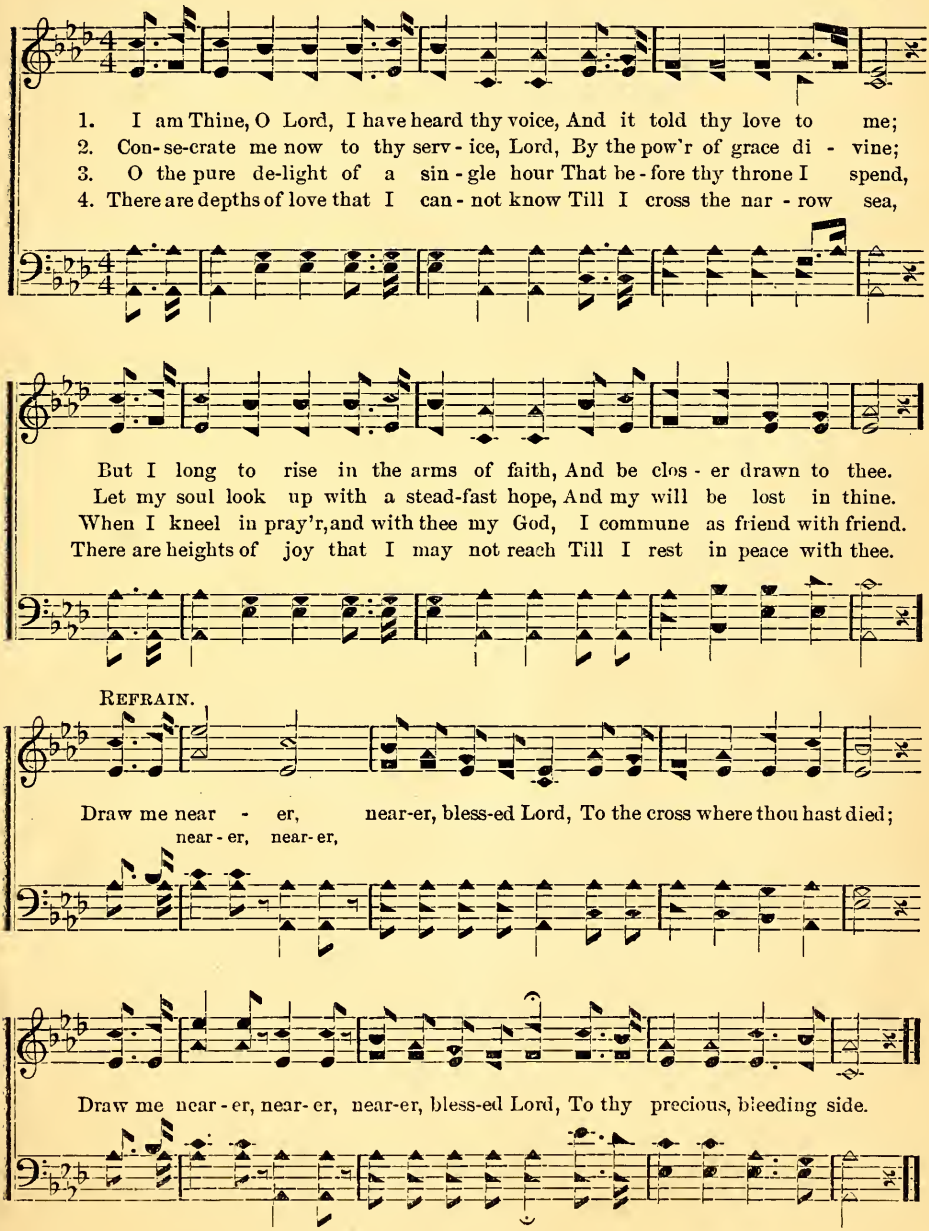
473 I am Thine, O Lord

F. J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar-row sea,
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to thee.
Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with thee.
REFRAIN.
Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died;
Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To thy precious, bleeding side.

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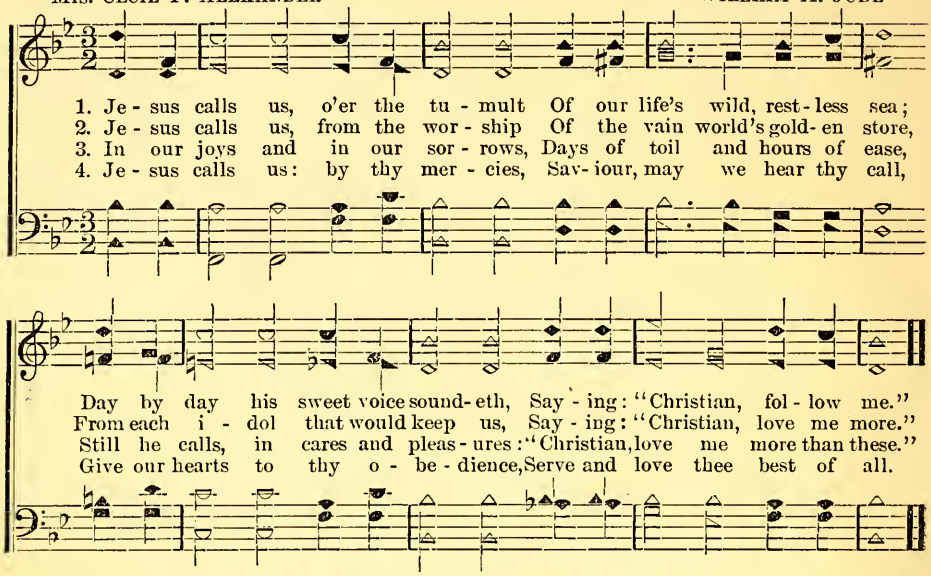
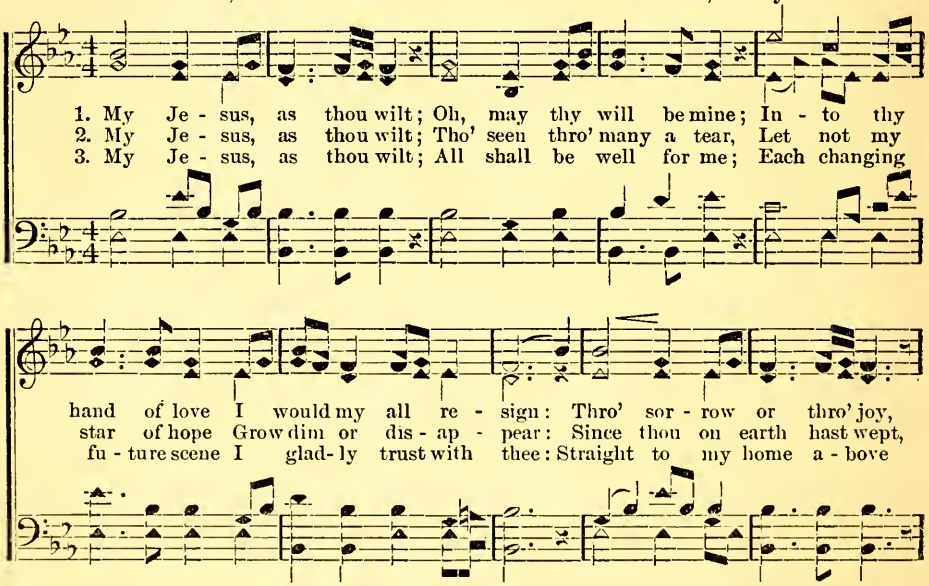
474 Jesus Calls Us

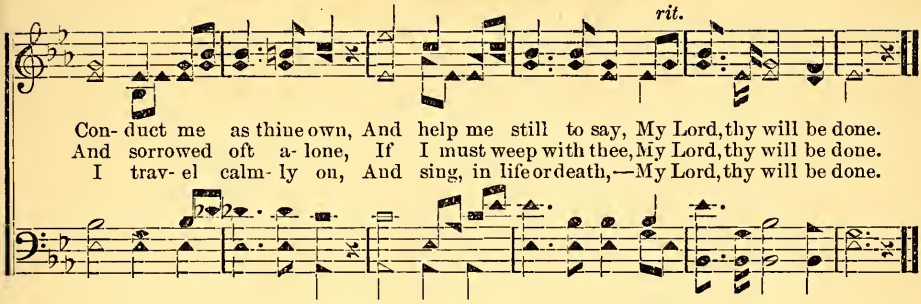
Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander — William H. Jude


1. Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea;
2. Je - sus calls us, from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold - en store,
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us: by thy mer - cies, Sav - iour, may we hear thy call,
Day by day his sweet voice sound - eth, Say - ing: "Christian, fol - low me."
From each i - dol that would keep us, Say - ing: "Christian, love me more."
Still he calls, in cares and pleas - ures: "Christian, love me more than these."
Give our hearts to thy o - be - dience, Serve and love thee best of all.

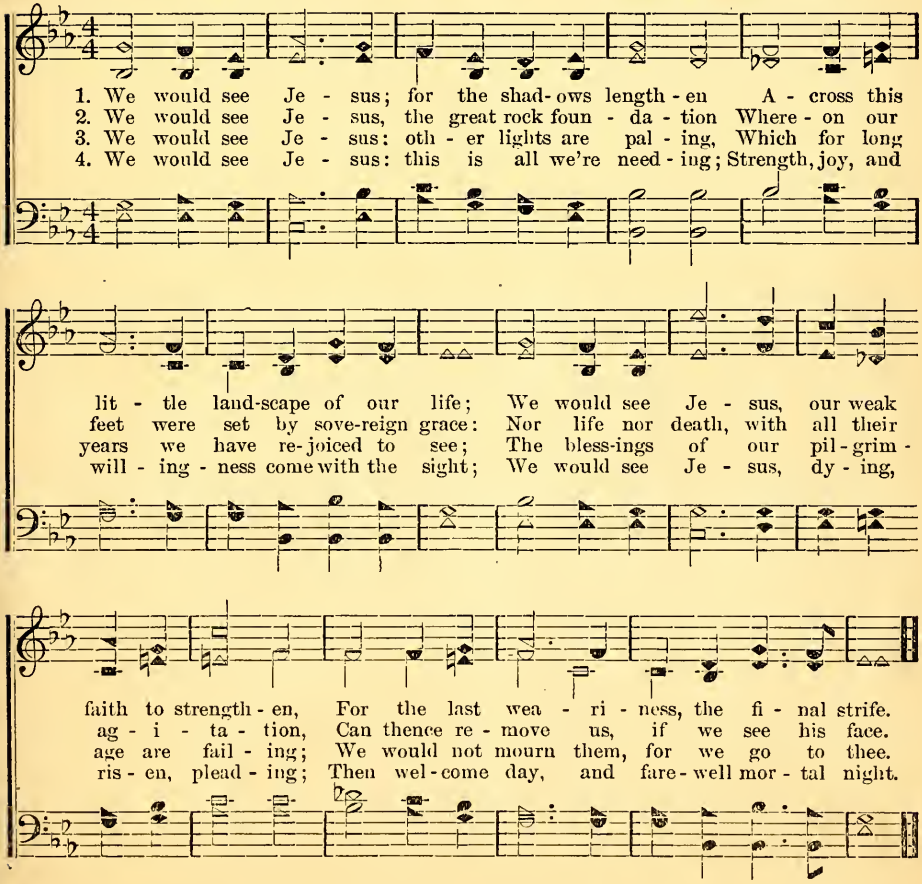
475 My Jesus, as Thou Wilt

Jane Borthwick, tr. — Weber, arr. by H. P. M.

1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt; Oh, may thy will be mine; In - to thy
2. My Je - sus, as thou wilt; Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
3. My Je - sus, as thou wilt; All shall be well for me; Each changing
hand of love I would my all re - sign: Thro' sor - row or thro' joy,
star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear: Since thou on earth hast wept,
fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with thee: Straight to my home a - bove

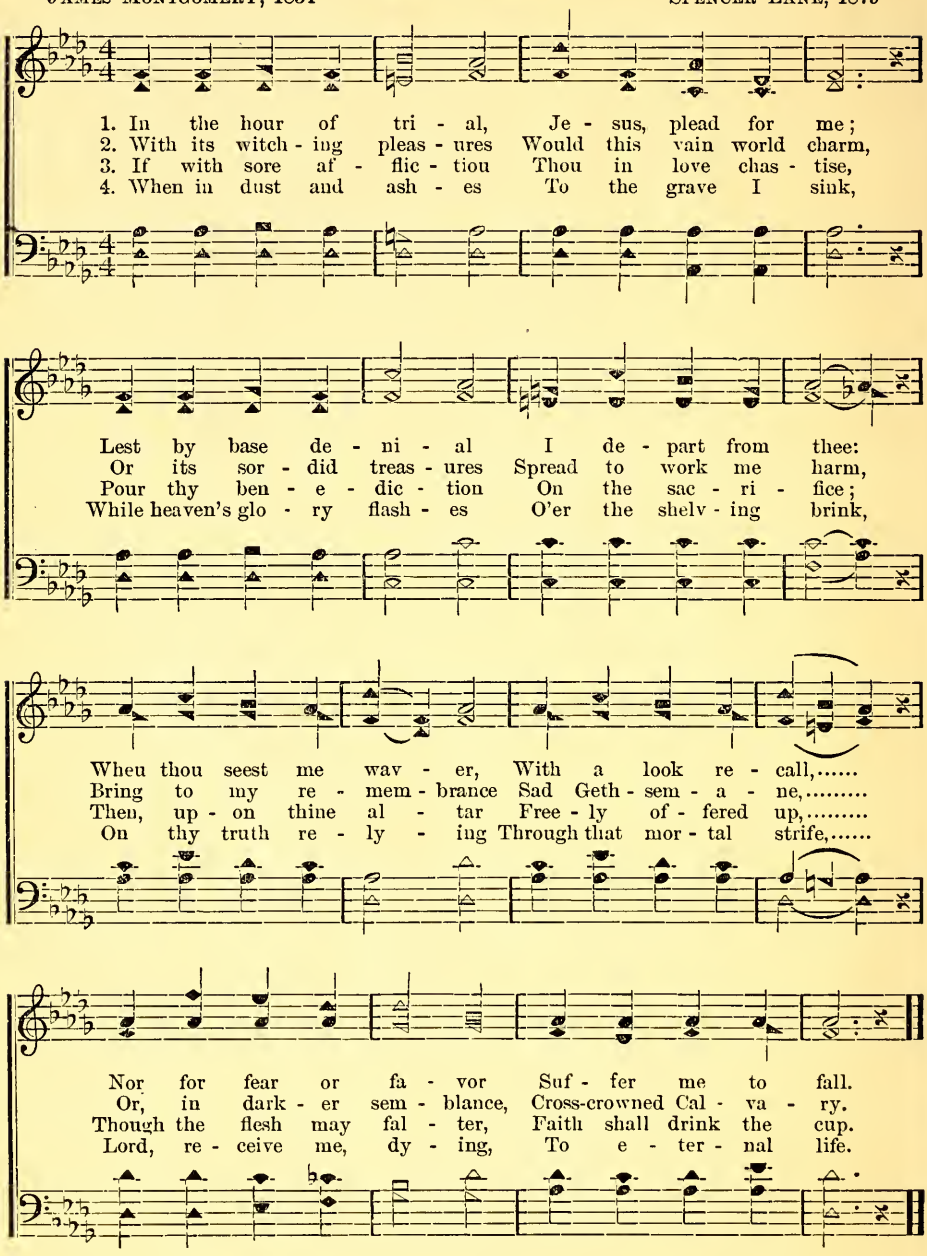
My Jesus, as Thou Wilt


rit.
Con- duct me as thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done.
And sorrowed oft a- lone, If I must weep with thee, My Lord, thy will be done.
I trav- el calm- ly on, And sing, in life or death,—My Lord, thy will be done.

476 Felix (Raynolds)

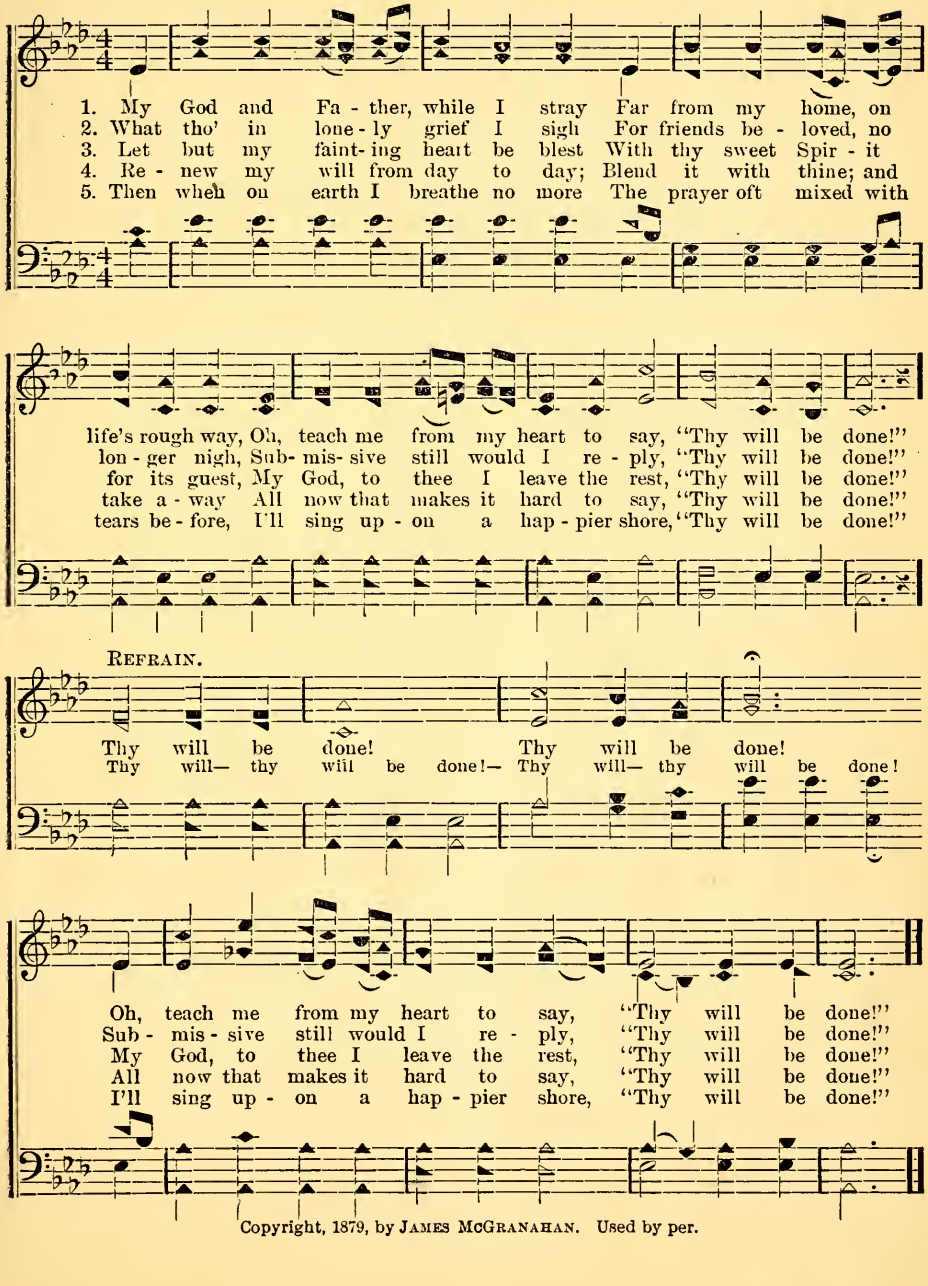
ANNA B. WARNER, 1858 — F. MENDELSSOHN, 1809-1847

1. We would see Je - sus; for the shad- ows length - en A - cross this
2. We would see Je - sus, the great rock foun - da - tion Where - on our
3. We would see Je - sus: oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long
4. We would see Je - sus: this is all we're need - ing; Strength, joy, and
lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak
feet were set by sove-reign grace: Nor life nor death, with all their
years we have re-joiced to see; The bless-ings of our pil - grim -
will - ing - ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing,
faith to strength - en, For the last wea - ri - ness, the fi - nal strife.
ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re - move us, if we see his face.
age are fail - ing; We would not mourn them, for we go to thee.
ris - en, plead - ing; Then wel - come day, and fare - well mor - tal night.

477 Penitence

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1834 — SPENCER LANE, 1879

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me;
2. With its witch - ing pleas - ures Would this vain world charm,
3. If with sore af - flic - tion Thou in love chas - tise,
4. When in dust and ash - es To the grave I sink,
Lest by base de - ni - al I de - part from thee:
Or its sor - did treas - ures Spread to work me harm,
Pour thy ben - e - dic - tion On the sac - ri - fice;
While heaven's glo - ry flash - es O'er the shelv - ing brink,
When thou seest me wav - er, With a look re - call,.....
Bring to my re - mem - brance Sad Geth - sem - a - ne,.....
Then, up - on thine al - tar Free - ly of - fered up,.....
On thy truth re - ly - ing Through that mor - tal strife,.....
Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
Or, in dark - er sem - blance, Cross-crowned Cal - va - ry.
Though the flesh may fal - ter, Faith shall drink the cup.
Lord, re - ceive me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

478 Thy Will be Done

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven" MATT. 6 : 10.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT — JAMES MCGRANAHAN

1. My God and Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, on
2. What tho' in lone - ly grief I sigh For friends be - loved, no
3. Let but my faint- ing heart be blest With thy sweet Spir - it
4. Re - new my will from day to day; Blend it with thine; and
5. Then when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with
life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
lon - ger nigh, Sub- mis- sive still would I re - ply, "Thy will be done!"
for its guest, My God, to thee I leave the rest, "Thy will be done!"
take a - way All now that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
tears be - fore, I'll sing up - on a hap - pier shore, "Thy will be done!"
REFRAIN.
Thy will be done! Thy will be done!
Thy will— thy will be done!— Thy will— thy will be done!
Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
Sub - mis - sive still would I re - ply, "Thy will be done!"
My God, to thee I leave the rest, "Thy will be done!"
All now that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
I'll sing up - on a hap - pier shore, "Thy will be done!"

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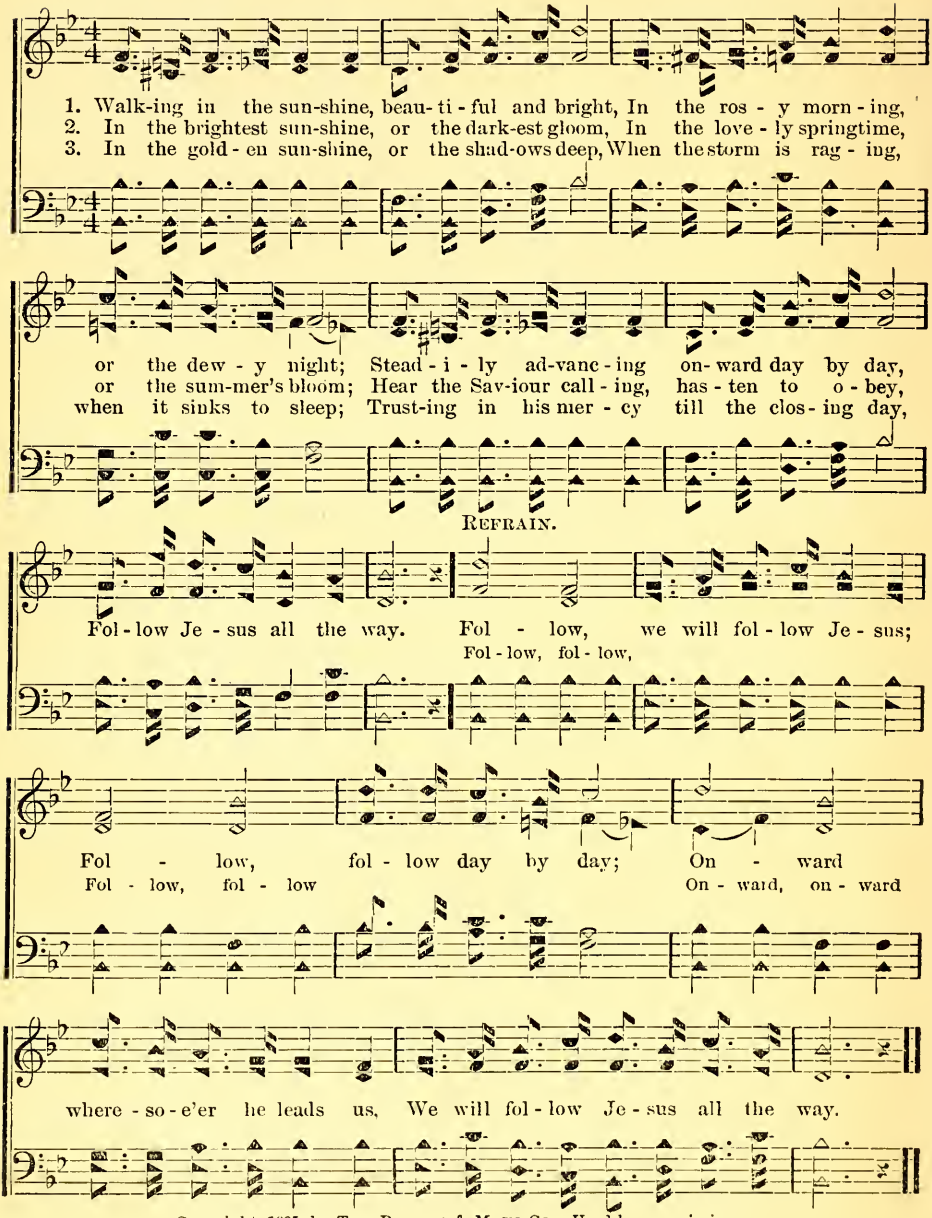
479 Walking in the Sunshine

"And he saith unto them, Follow me." MATT. 4 : 19.

W. ROBERT LINDSAY IRA D. SANKEY

1. Walk-ing in the sun-shine, beau-ti-ful and bright, In the ros - y morn - ing,
2. In the brightest sun-shine, or the dark-est gloom, In the love - ly springtime,
3. In the gold - en sun-shine, or the shad-ows deep, When the storm is rag - ing,
or the dew - y night; Stead - i - ly ad-vanc - ing on-ward day by day,
or the sum-mer's bloom; Hear the Sav-iour call - ing, has - ten to o - bey,
when it sinks to sleep; Trust-ing in his mer - cy till the clos - ing day,
REFRAIN.
Fol - low Je - sus all the way. Fol - low, we will fol - low Je - sus;
Fol - low, fol - low,
Fol - low, fol - low day by day; On - ward
Fol - low, fol - low On - ward, on - ward
where - so - e'er he leads us, We will fol - low Je - sus all the way.

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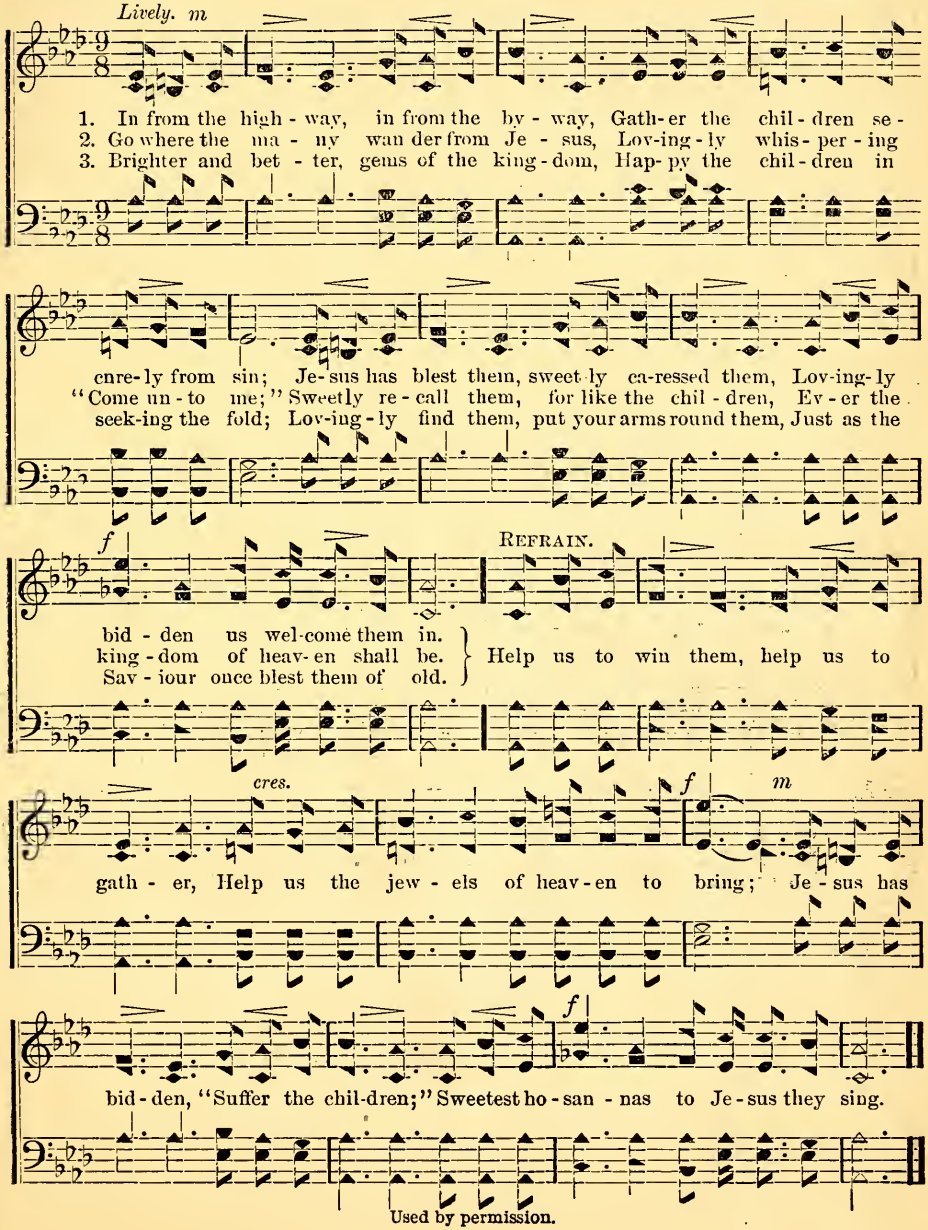
Sweetest Hosannas

"Sing forth the honor of his name; make his praise glorious." Ps. 66 : 2.

G. P. Hott — J. D. Brunk

Lively. m

1. In from the high - way, in from the by - way, Gath - er the chil - dren se -
2. Go where the ma - ny wan der from Je - sus, Lov - ing - ly whis - per - ing
3. Brighter and bet - ter, gems of the king - dom, Hap - py the chil - dren in
cnre - ly from sin; Je - sus has blest them, sweet - ly ca - ressed them, Lov - ing - ly
"Come un - to me;" Sweetly re - call them, for like the chil - dren, Ev - er the
seek - ing the fold; Lov - ing - ly find them, put your arms round them, Just as the
f
REFRAIN.
bid - den us wel - come them in.
king - dom of heav - en shall be.
Sav - iour once blest them of old.
Help us to win them, help us to
cres.
f
m
gath - er, Help us the jew - els of heav - en to bring; Je - sus has
f
bid - den, "Suffer the chil - dren;" Sweetest ho - san - nas to Je - sus they sing.

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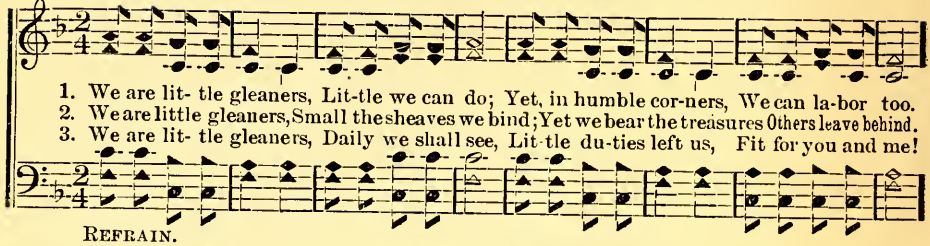
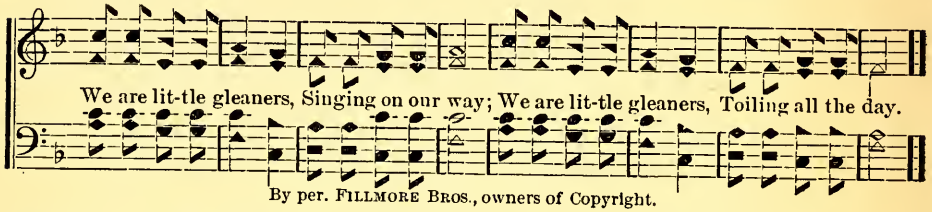
481 We Are Little Gleaners

J. H. FILLMORE


1. We are lit- tle gleaners, Lit-tle we can do; Yet, in humble cor-ners, We can la-bor too.
2. We are little gleaners, Small the sheaves we bind; Yet we bear the treasures Others leave behind.
3. We are lit- tle gleaners, Daily we shall see, Lit-tle du-ties left us, Fit for you and me!

REFRAIN.



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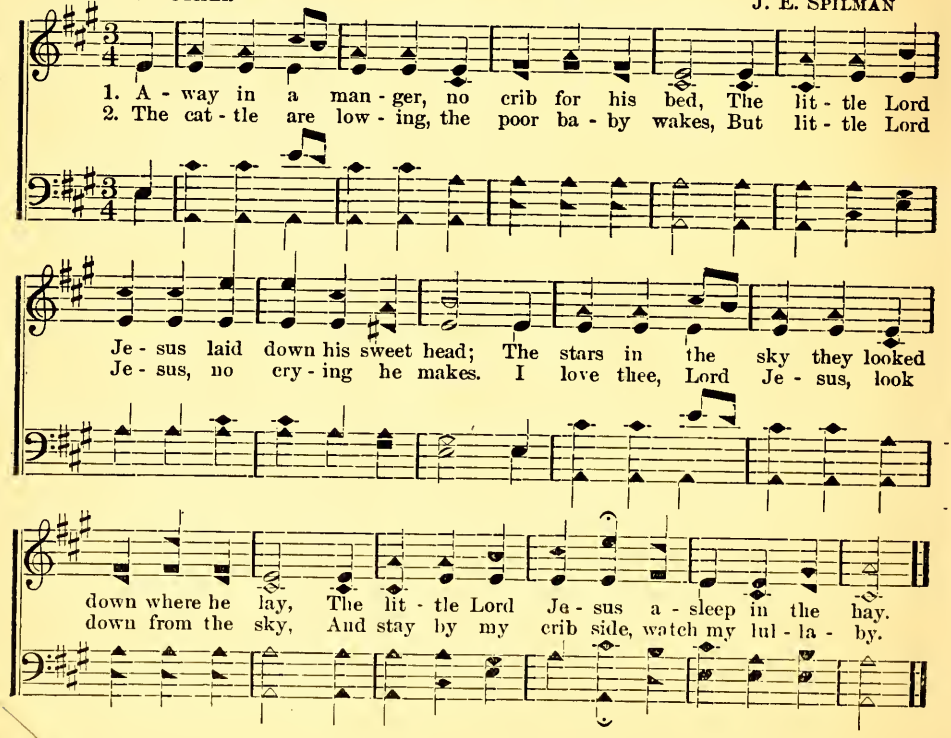
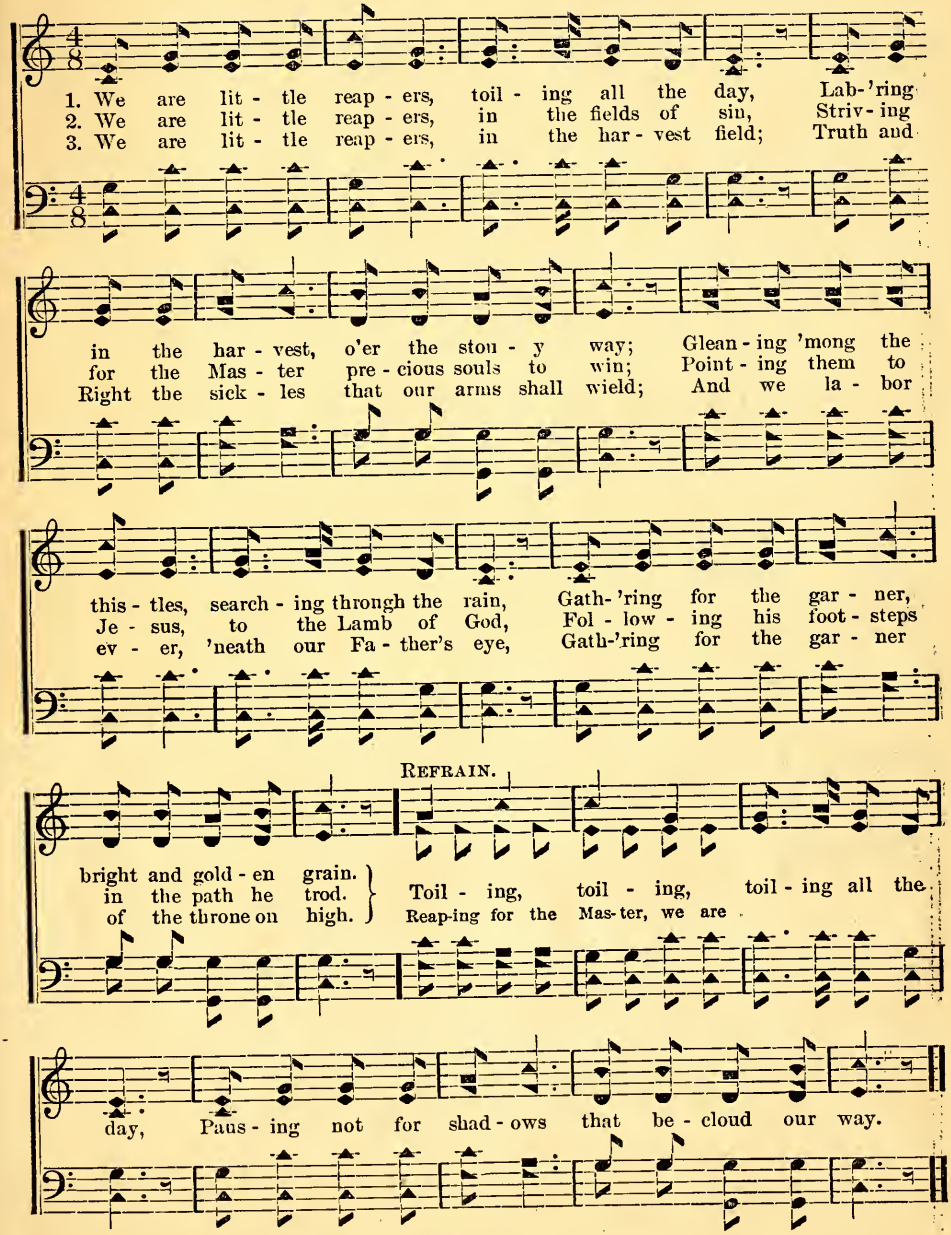
482 The Christmas Manger Hymn

MARTIN LUTHER

J. E. SPILMAN


1. A - way in a man - ger, no crib for his bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle are low - ing, the poor ba - by wakes, But lit - tle Lord
Je - sus laid down his sweet head; The stars in the sky they looked
Je - sus, no cry - ing he makes. I love thee, Lord Je - sus, look
down where he lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus a - sleep in the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my crib side, watch my lul - la - by.

483 Little Reapers

Arr. by H. T. Wartmann

1. We are lit - tle reap - ers, toil - ing all the day, Lab-'ring
2. We are lit - tle reap - ers, in the fields of sin, Striv - ing
3. We are lit - tle reap - ers, in the har - vest field; Truth and
in the har - vest, o'er the sto - ny way; Glean - ing 'mong the
for the Mas - ter pre - cious souls to win; Point - ing them to
Right the sick - les that our arms shall wield; And we la - bor
this - tles, search - ing through the rain, Gath-'ring for the gar - ner,
Je - sus, to the Lamb of God, Fol - low - ing his foot - steps
ev - er, 'neath our Fa - ther's eye, Gath-'ring for the gar - ner
Refrain.
bright and gold - en grain.
in the path he trod.
of the throne on high.
Toil - ing, toil - ing, toil - ing all the
Reap-ing for the Mas-ter, we are
day, Paus - ing not for shad - ows that be - cloud our way.

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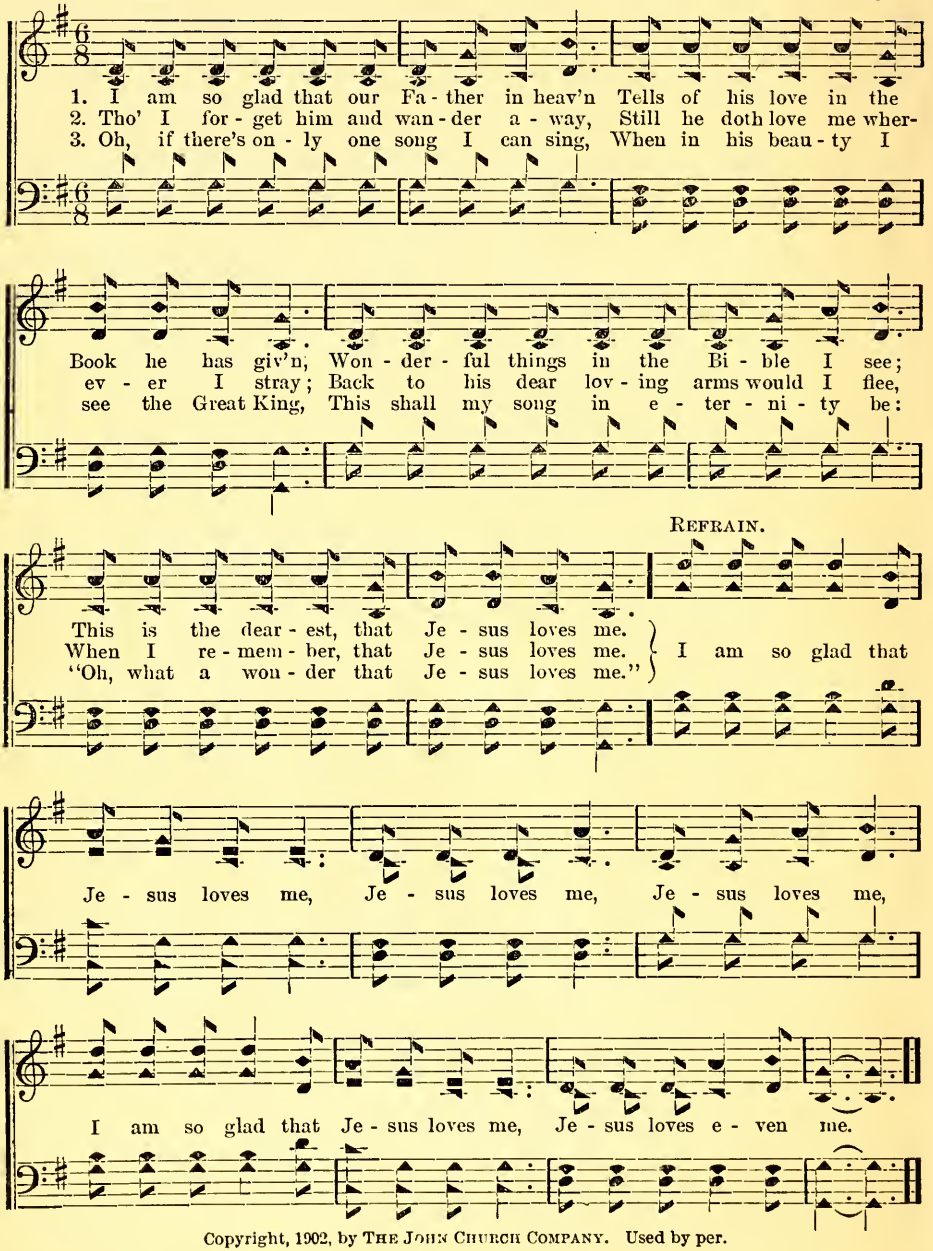
484 Jesus Loves Even Me

"*God is love.*" 1 JOHN iv, 8.

P. P. BLISS P. P. BLISS

1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heav'n Tells of his love in the
2. Tho' I for-get him and wan-der a-way, Still he doth love me wher-
3. Oh, if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in his beau-ty I
Book he has giv'n, Won-der-ful things in the Bi-ble I see;
ev-er I stray; Back to his dear lov-ing arms would I flee,
see the Great King, This shall my song in e-ter-ni-ty be:
REFRAIN.
This is the dear-est, that Je-sus loves me.
When I re-mem-ber, that Je-sus loves me.
"Oh, what a won-der that Je-sus loves me."
I am so glad that
Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me,
I am so glad that Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves e-ven me.

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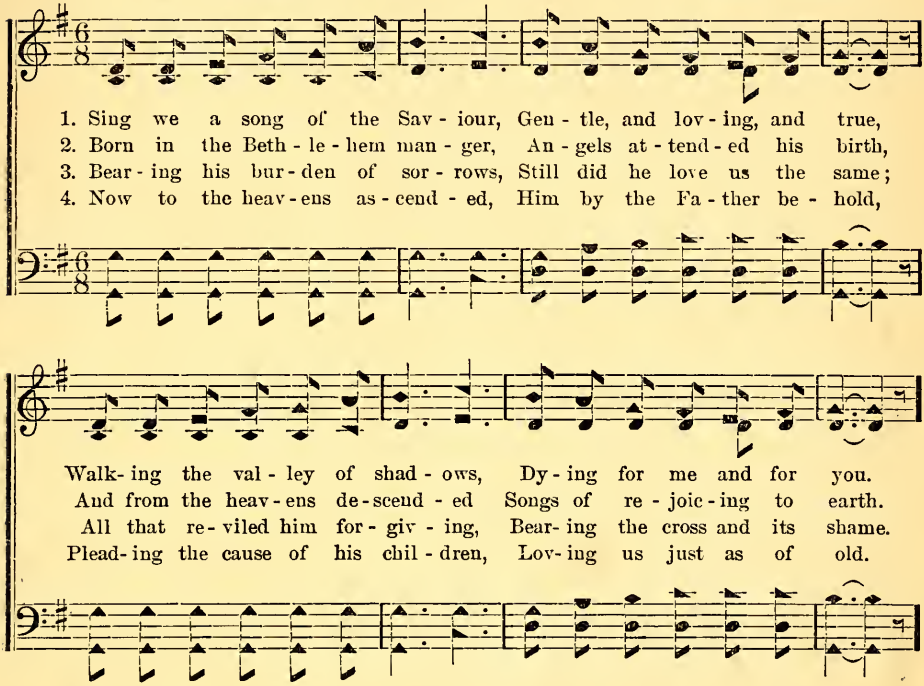
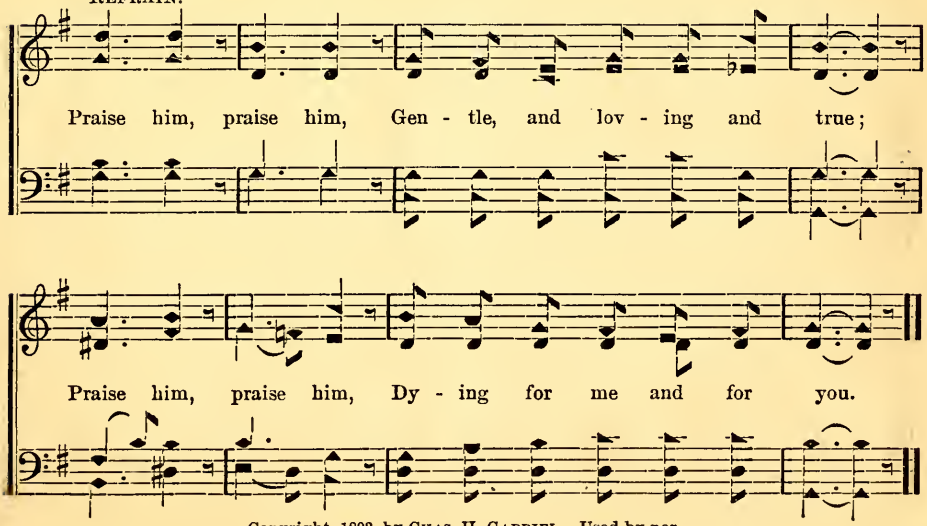
485 Song of the Saviour

Dr. S. Fillmore Bennett — Chas. H. Gabriel

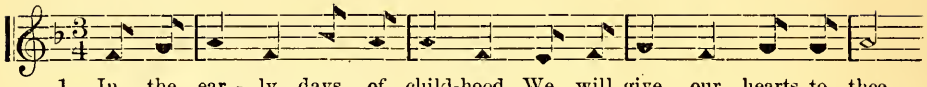

1. Sing we a song of the Sav - iour, Gen - tle, and lov - ing, and true,
2. Born in the Beth - le - hem man - ger, An - gels at - tend - ed his birth,
3. Bear - ing his bur - den of sor - rows, Still did he love us the same;
4. Now to the heav - ens as - cend - ed, Him by the Fa - ther be - hold,
Walk - ing the val - ley of shad - ows, Dy - ing for me and for you.
And from the heav - ens de - scend - ed Songs of re - joic - ing to earth.
All that re - viled him for - giv - ing, Bear - ing the cross and its shame.
Plead - ing the cause of his chil - dren, Lov - ing us just as of old.

Refrain.

Copyright, 1893, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Used by per.

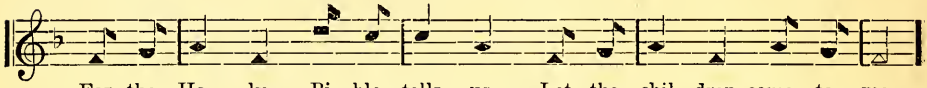
486 Beulah

The following tune was improvised and sung by Beulah Smith before she was five years old.

J. B. SMITH

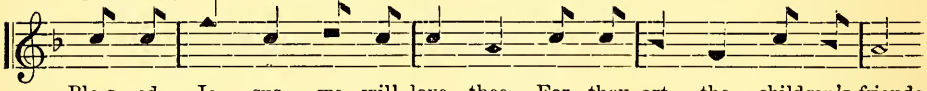


1. In the ear - ly days of child-hood, We will give our hearts to thee,
2. Take our hands that we may use them In kind acts and deeds of love;
3. Take our eyes that we may lift them Up to heav - en all our days;
4. Take our bod - ies— ev - 'ry mem-ber— May they be thy dwell-ing place;

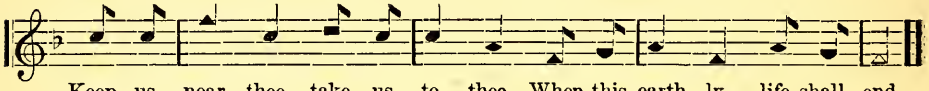


For the Ho - ly Bi - ble tells us, Let the chil - dren come to me.
Take our feet, and keep them safe - ly In the way that leads a - bove.
Take our lips and may they o - pen Ev - er - more to sing thy praise.
Keep them ho - ly, keep them ev - er, Till at last we see thy face.

REFRAIN.

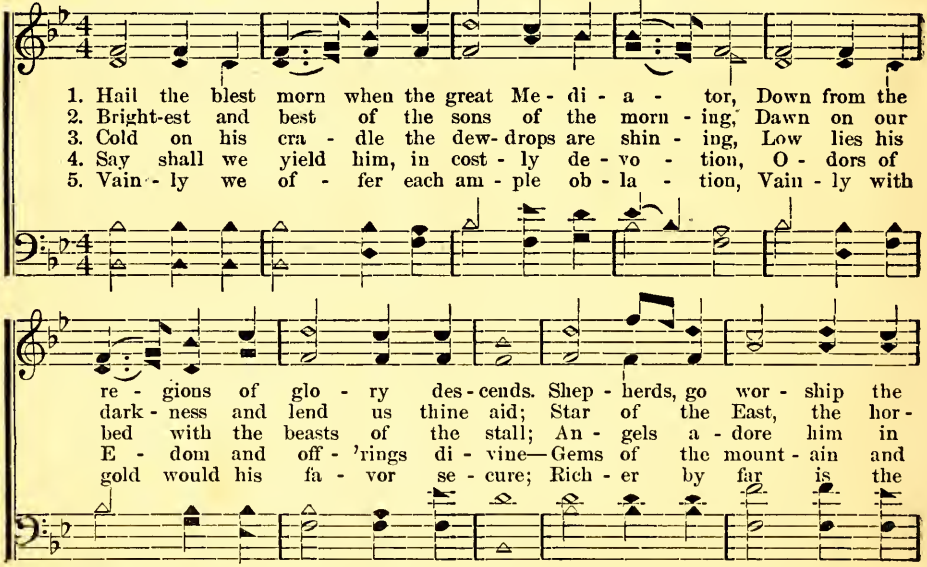


Bless - ed Je - sus, we will love thee, For thou art the children's friend;



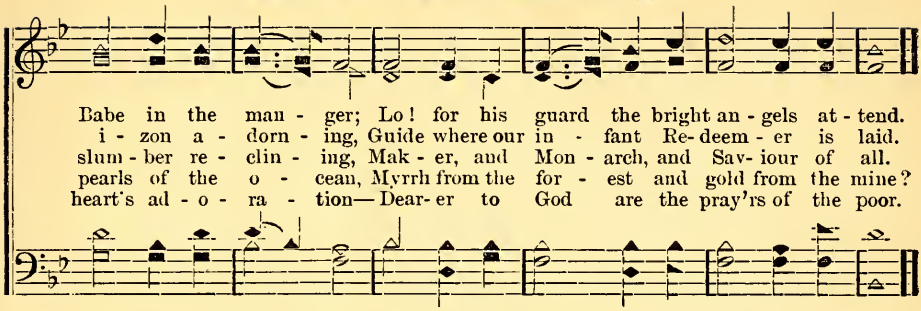
Keep us near thee, take us to thee When this earth - ly life shall end.

487 Zion's Glad Morning

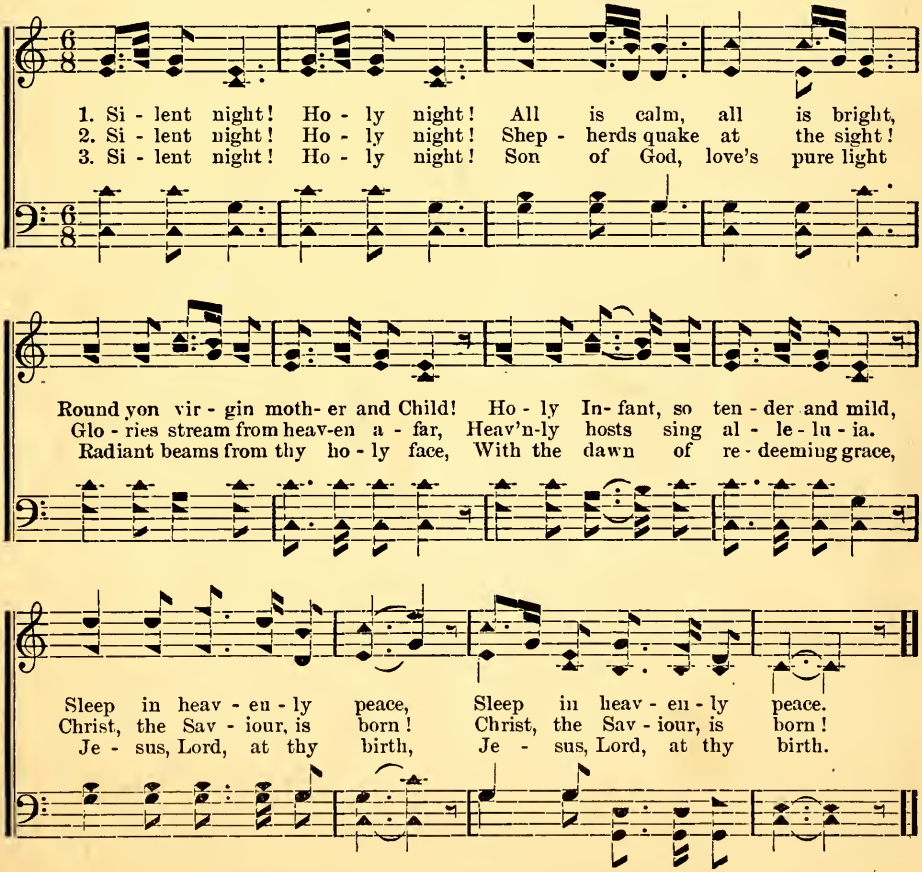
REGINALD HEBER, 1811 — Arr. from Harmonia Sacra

1. Hail the blest morn when the great Me - di - a - tor, Down from the
2. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our
3. Cold on his cra - dle the dew-drops are shin - ing, Low lies his
4. Say shall we yield him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of
5. Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion, Vain - ly with

re - gions of glo - ry des - cends. Shep - herds, go wor - ship the
dark - ness and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the hor -
bed with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore him in
E - dom and off - 'rings di - vine—Gems of the mount - ain and
gold would his fa - vor se - cure; Rich - er by far is the

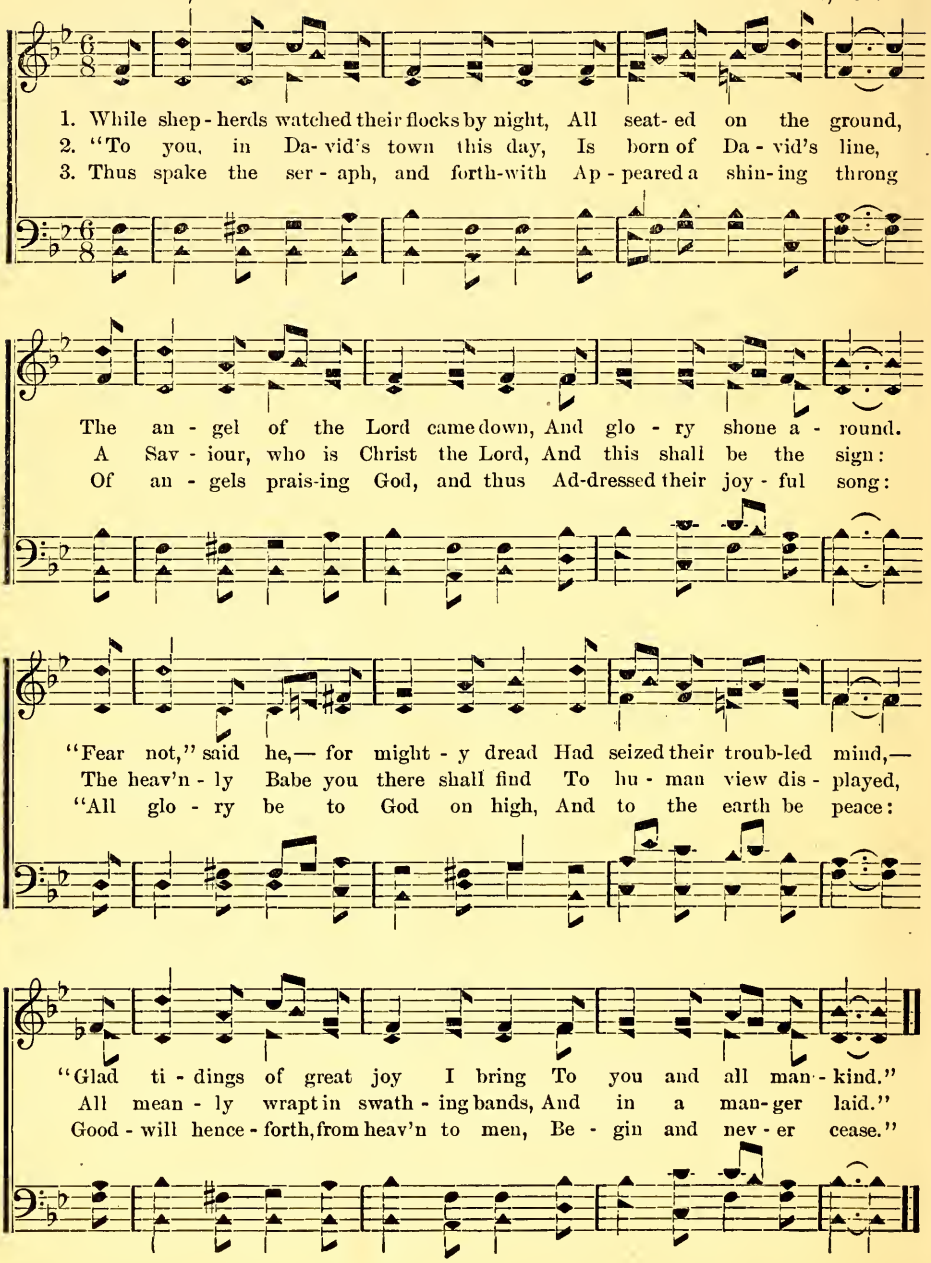
Zion's Glad Morning


Babe in the man - ger; Lo! for his guard the bright an - gels at - tend.
i - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re-deem - er is laid.
slum - ber re - clin - ing, Mak - er, and Mon - arch, and Sav- iour of all.
pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est and gold from the mine?
heart's ad - o - ra - tion—Dear-er to God are the pray'rs of the poor.

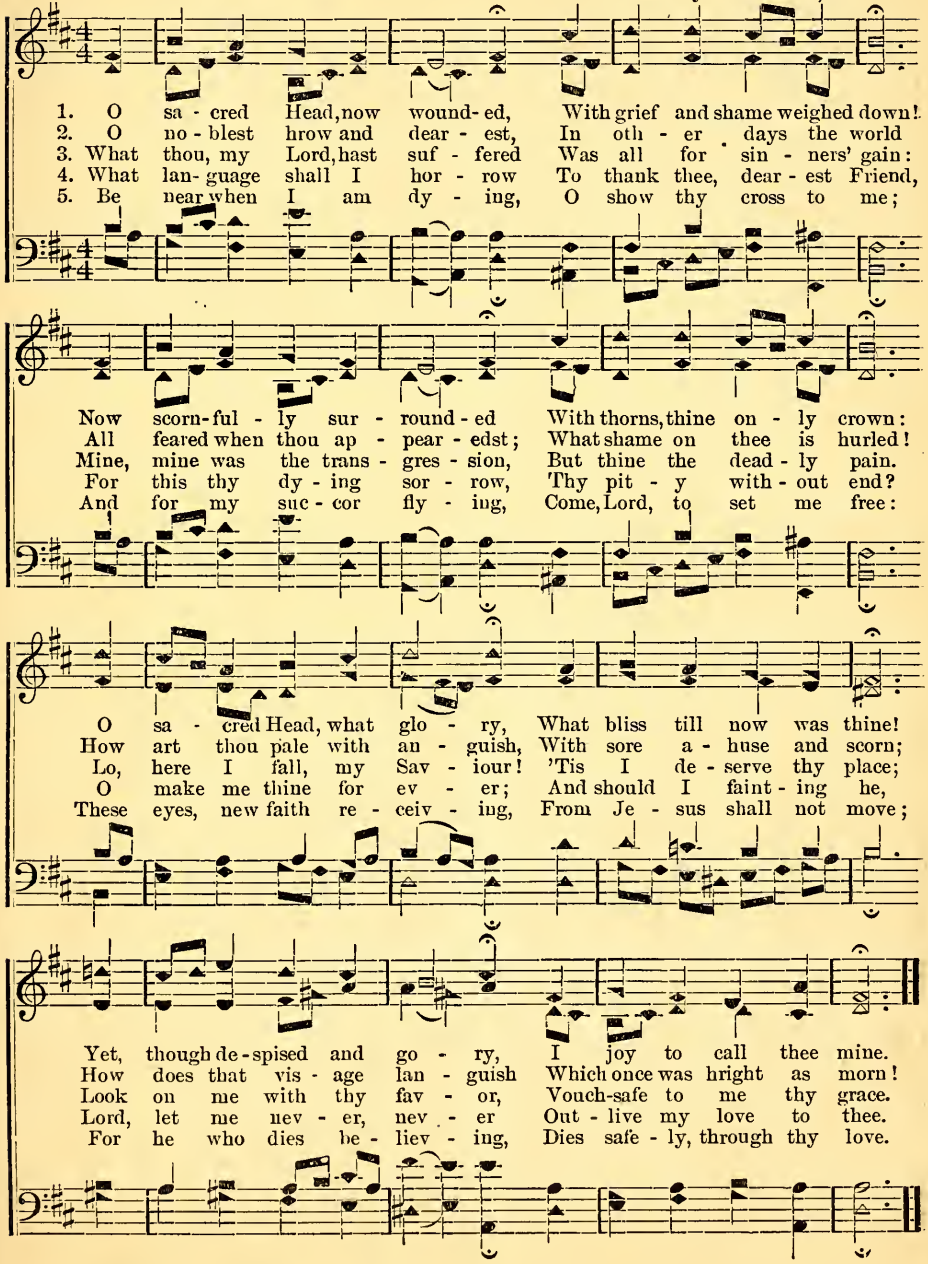
488 Silent Night

JOSEPH MOHR — FRANZ GRUBER

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright,
2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shep - herds quake at the sight!
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light
Round yon vir - gin moth- er and Child! Ho - ly In- fant, so ten - der and mild,
Glo - ries stream from heav-en a - far, Heav'n-ly hosts sing al - le - lu - ia.
Radiant beams from thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deeming grace,
Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ, the Sav - iour, is born! Christ, the Sav - iour, is born!
Je - sus, Lord, at thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at thy birth.

489 Carol C. M. D.

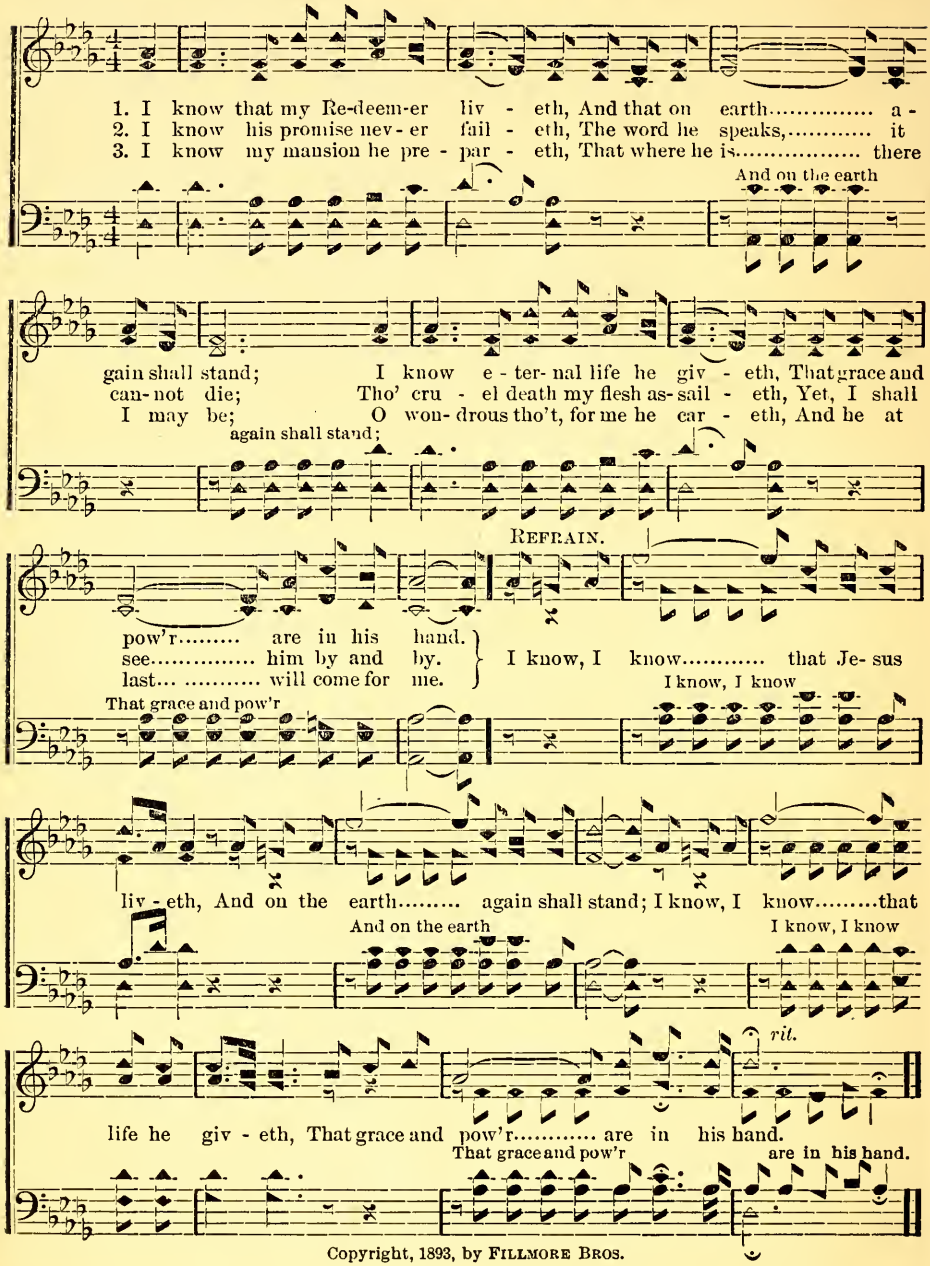
NAHUM TATE, 1702 RICHARD S. WILLIS, 1850

1. While shep - herds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,
2. "To you, in Da - vid's town this day, Is born of Da - vid's line,
3. Thus spake the ser - aph, and forth-with Ap - peared a shin - ing throng
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.
A Sav - iour, who is Christ the Lord, And this shall be the sign:
Of an - gels prais-ing God, and thus Ad-dressed their joy - ful song:
"Fear not," said he,— for might - y dread Had seized their troub-led mind,—
The heav'n - ly Babe you there shall find To hu - man view dis - played,
"All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace:
"Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring To you and all man - kind."
All mean - ly wrapt in swath - ing bands, And in a man-ger laid."
Good - will hence - forth, from heav'n to men, Be - gin and nev - er cease."

490 Passion Chorale

Ascribed to Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153, Tr. Hans leo Hassler, 1601
Harmonized by J. S. Bach, 1729

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down!
2. O no - blest brow and dear - est, In oth - er days the world
3. What thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain:
4. What lan - guage shall I hor - row To thank thee, dear - est Friend,
5. Be near when I am dy - ing, O show thy cross to me;
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, thine on - ly crown:
All feared when thou ap - pear - edst; What shame on thee is hurled!
Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But thine the dead - ly pain.
For this thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end?
And for my suc - cor fly - ing, Come, Lord, to set me free:
O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was thine!
How art thou pale with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn;
Lo, here I fall, my Sav - iour! 'Tis I de - serve thy place;
O make me thine for ev - er; And should I faint - ing he,
These eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, From Je - sus shall not move;
Yet, though de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.
How does that vis - age lan - guish Which once was bright as morn!
Look on me with thy fav - or, Vouch-safe to me thy grace.
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to thee.
For he who dies be - liev - ing, Dies safe - ly, through thy love.

I Know That My Redeemer

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS — J. H. FILLMORE


1. I know that my Re-deem-er liv - eth, And that on earth..... a -
2. I know his promise nev - er fail - eth, The word he speaks,..... it
3. I know my mansion he pre - par - eth, That where he is..... there
And on the earth
gain shall stand; I know e - ter- nal life he giv - eth, That grace and
can- not die; Tho' cru - el death my flesh as- sail - eth, Yet, I shall
I may be; O won- drous tho't, for me he car - eth, And he at
again shall stand;
REFRAIN.
pow'r..... are in his hand.
see..... him by and by.
last..... will come for me.
I know, I know..... that Je- sus
That grace and pow'r
I know, I know
liv - eth, And on the earth..... again shall stand; I know, I know.....that
And on the earth
I know, I know
rit.
life he giv - eth, That grace and pow'r..... are in his hand.
That grace and pow'r
are in his hand.

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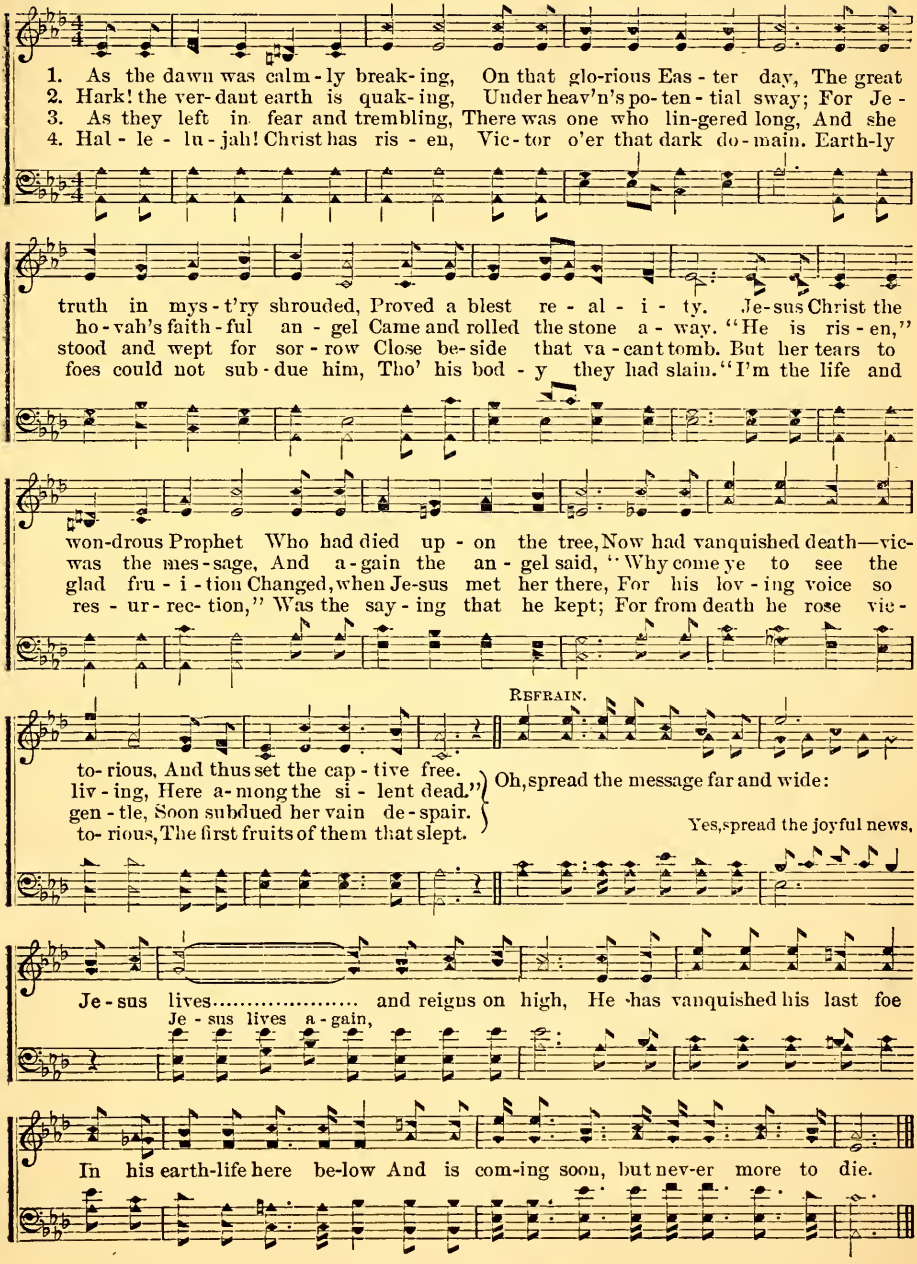
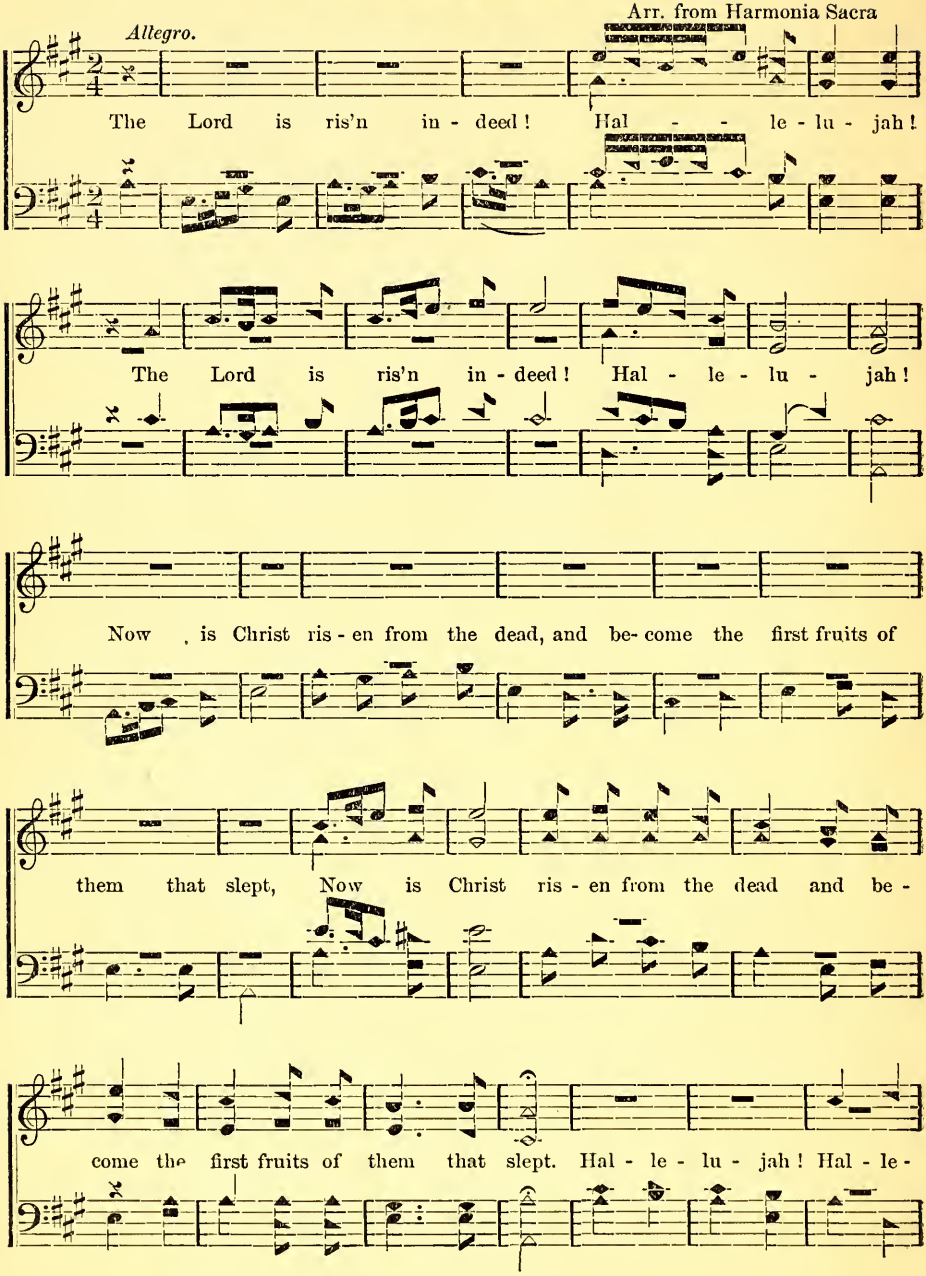
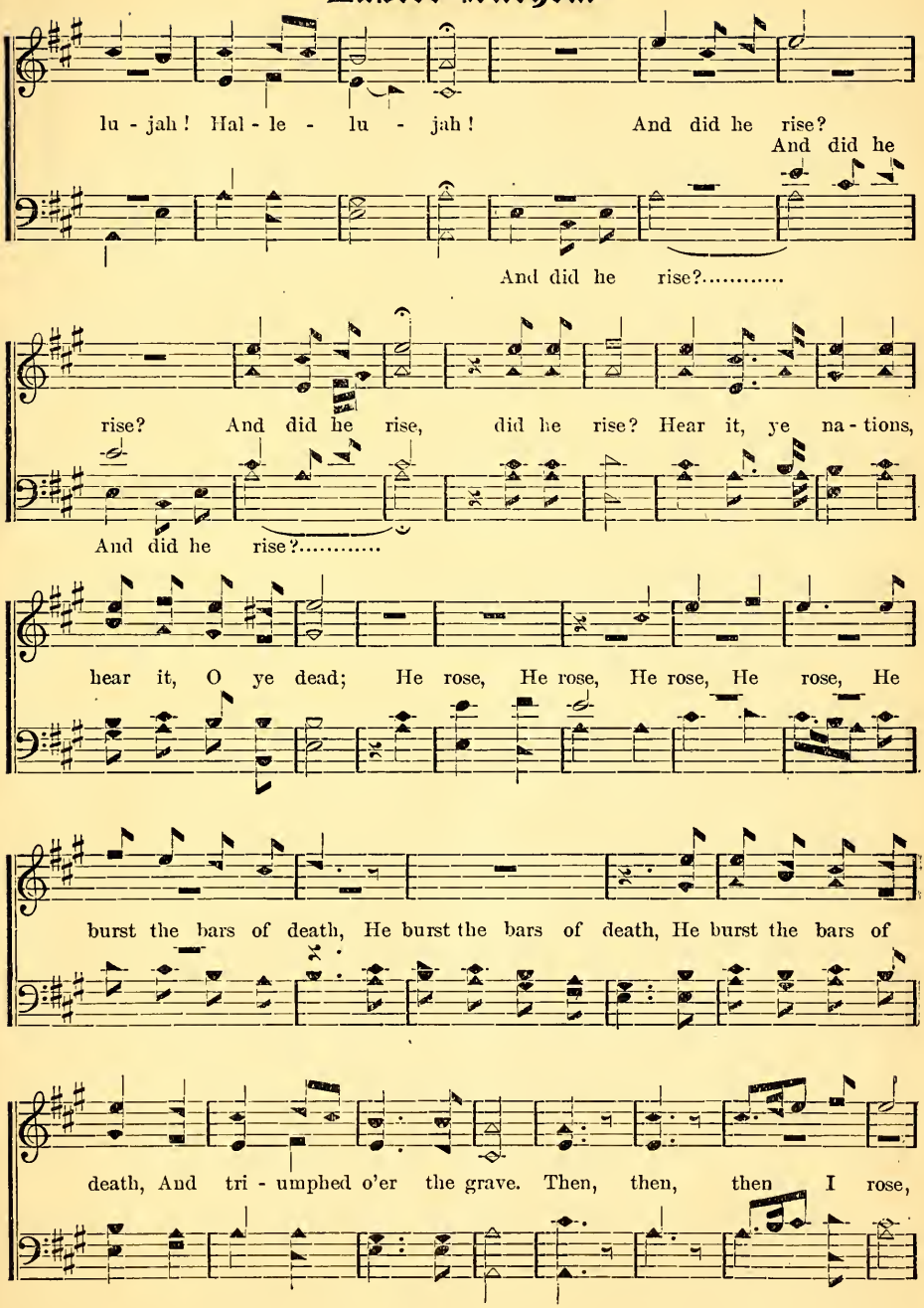
492 As the Dawn was Breaking

R. B. RUFUS BUZZARD

1. As the dawn was calm-ly break-ing, On that glo-rious Eas-ter day, The great
2. Hark! the ver-dant earth is quak-ing, Under heav'n's po-ten-tial sway; For Je-
3. As they left in fear and trembling, There was one who lin-gered long, And she
4. Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ has ris-en, Vic-tor o'er that dark do-main. Earth-ly
truth in mys-t'ry shrouded, Proved a blest re-al-i-ty. Je-sus Christ the
ho-vah's faith-ful an-gel Came and rolled the stone a-way. "He is ris-en,"
stood and wept for sor-row Close be-side that va-cant tomb. But her tears to
foes could not sub-due him, Tho' his bod-y they had slain. "I'm the life and
won-drous Prophet Who had died up-on the tree, Now had vanquished death—vic-
was the mes-sage, And a-gain the an-gel said, "Why come ye to see the
glad fru-i-tion Changed, when Je-sus met her there, For his lov-ing voice so
res-ur-rec-tion," Was the say-ing that he kept; For from death he rose vic-
REFRAIN.
to-rious, And thus set the cap-tive free.
liv-ing, Here a-mong the si-lent dead."
gen-tle, Soon subdued her vain de-spair.
to-rious, The first fruits of them that slept.
Oh, spread the message far and wide:
Yes, spread the joyful news,
Je-sus lives..... and reigns on high, He has vanquished his last foe
Je-sus lives a-gain,
In his earth-life here be-low And is com-ing soon, but nev-er more to die.

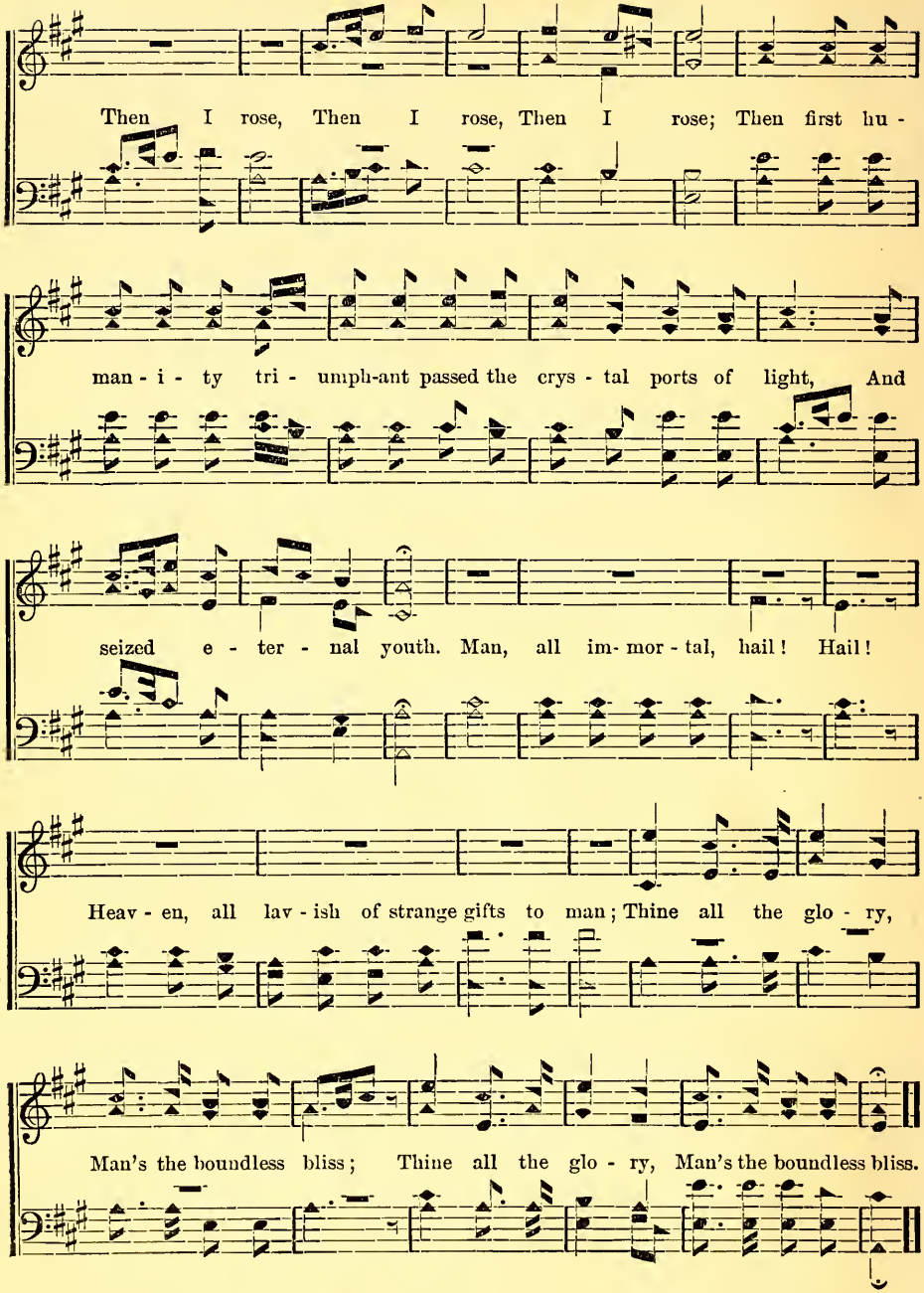
Easter Anthem

Arr. from Harmonia Sacra

Allegro.

The Lord is ris'n in - deed! Hal - - le - lu - jah!
The Lord is ris'n in - deed! Hal - le - lu - jah!
Now is Christ ris - en from the dead, and be- come the first fruits of
them that slept, Now is Christ ris - en from the dead and be -
come the first fruits of them that slept. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

Easter Anthem

lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! And did he rise?
And did he
And did he rise?.....
rise? And did he rise, did he rise? Hear it, ye na - tions,
And did he rise?.....
hear it, O ye dead; He rose, He rose, He rose, He rose, He
burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of
death, And tri - umphed o'er the grave. Then, then, then I rose,

Easter Anthem

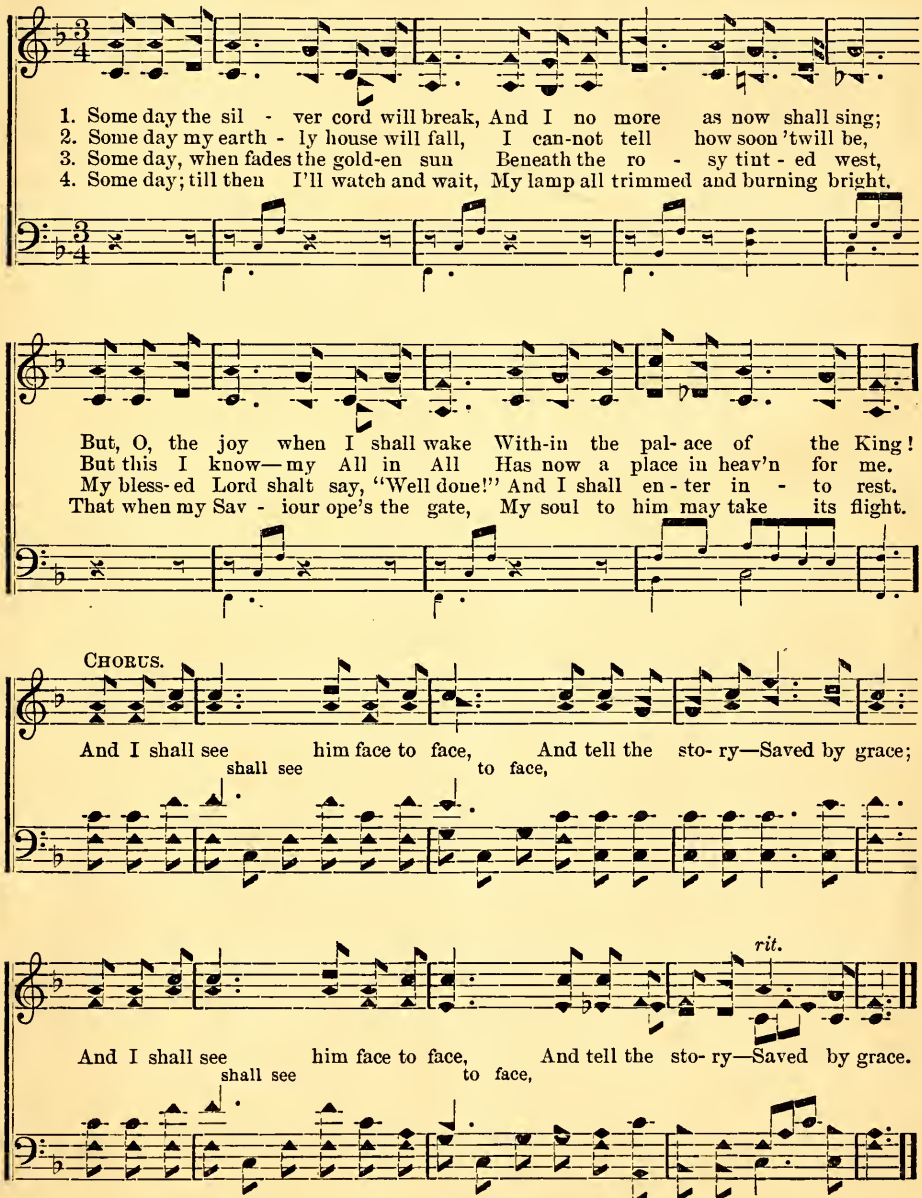

Then I rose, Then I rose, Then I rose; Then first hu -
man - i - ty tri - umph-ant passed the crys - tal ports of light, And
seized e - ter - nal youth. Man, all im- mor - tal, hail! Hail!
Heav - en, all lav - ish of strange gifts to man; Thine all the glo - ry,
Man's the boundless bliss; Thine all the glo - ry, Man's the boundless bliss.

494 Saved by Grace

"By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." EPH. 2: 8.

FANNY J. CROSBY
SOLO OR DUET.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the gold-en sun Beneath the ro - sy tint - ed west,
4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright.
But, O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal- ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My bless-ed Lord shalt say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav - iour ope's the gate, My soul to him may take its flight.
CHORUS.
And I shall see him face to face, And tell the sto- ry—Saved by grace;
shall see to face,
rit.
And I shall see him face to face, And tell the sto- ry—Saved by grace.
shall see to face,

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495 My Saviour First of All

FANNY J. CROSBY JNO. R. SWENEY

1. When my life work is end - ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Re-deem - er when I reach the oth - er side, And his smile will be the first to wel-come me.
2. Oh, the soul - thrill- ing rap - ture when I view his bless-ed face, And the lus - ter of his kind-ly beam-ing eye; How my full heart will praise him for the mer - cy, love and grace That pre-pared for me a man-sion in the sky.
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck- on me to come; And our part-ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E - den they will sing my wel-come home; But I long to see my Sav-iour first of all.
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spot-less white He will lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall min - gle with de- light; But I long to see my Sav-iour first of all.

REFRAIN.

I shall know him, I shall know him, And redeem'd by his side I shall stand,
I shall know him,
I shall know him, I shall know him By the prints of the nails in his hand.
I shall know him,

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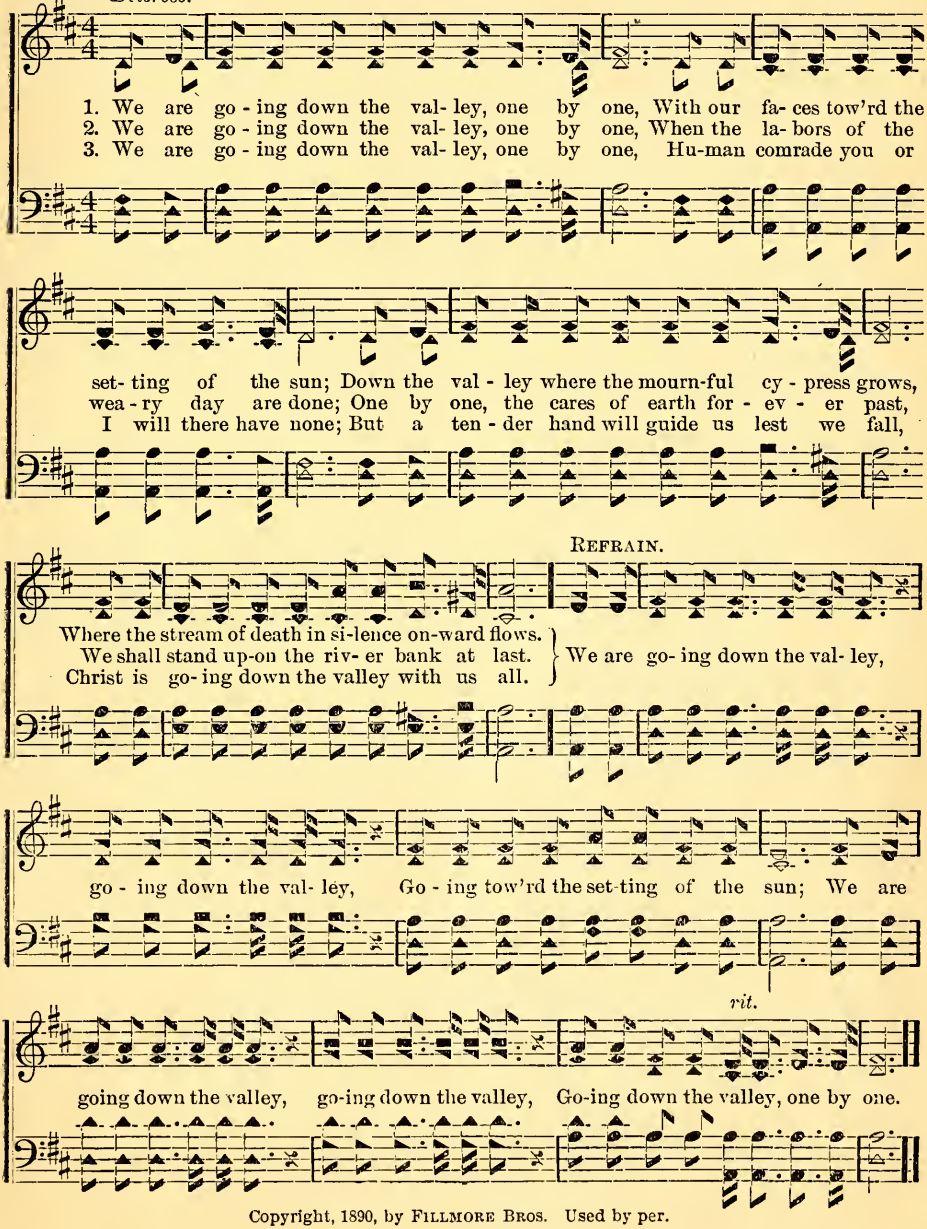
496 We Are Going Down the Valley

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." PSA. 23: 4.

JESSIE H. BROWN — J. H. FILLMORE

Doloroso.

1. We are go - ing down the val- ley, one by one, With our fa- ces tow'rd the
2. We are go - ing down the val- ley, one by one, When the la- bors of the
3. We are go - ing down the val- ley, one by one, Hu-man comrade you or
set- ting of the sun; Down the val - ley where the mourn-ful cy - press grows,
wea - ry day are done; One by one, the cares of earth for - ev - er past,
I will there have none; But a ten - der hand will guide us lest we fall,
REFRAIN.
Where the stream of death in si-lence on-ward flows.
We shall stand up-on the riv- er bank at last.
Christ is go- ing down the valley with us all.
We are go- ing down the val- ley,
go - ing down the val- ley, Go - ing tow'rd the set-ting of the sun; We are
rit.
going down the valley, go-ing down the valley, Go-ing down the valley, one by one.

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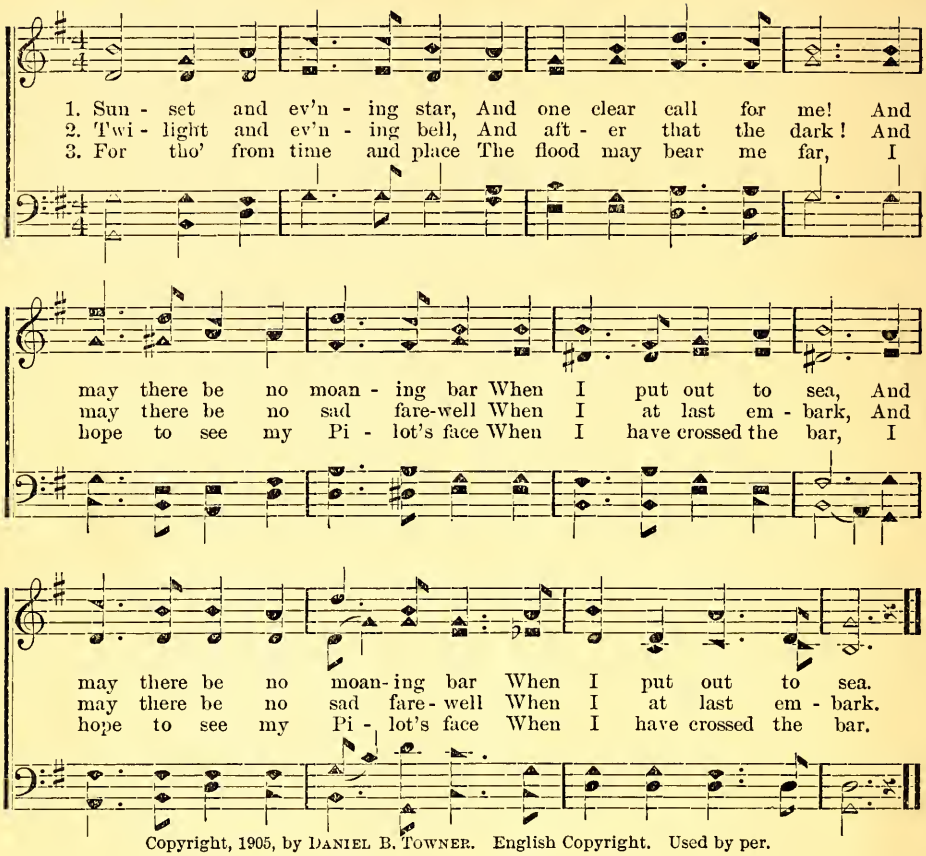
497 Crossing the Bar

ALFRED TENNYSON, arr. B. T. WORDEN

1. Sun - set and ev'n - ing star, And one clear call for me! And
2. Twi - light and ev'n - ing bell, And aft - er that the dark! And
3. For tho' from time and place The flood may bear me far, I
may there be no moan - ing bar When I put out to sea, And
may there be no sad fare-well When I at last em - bark, And
hope to see my Pi - lot's face When I have crossed the bar, I
may there be no moan-ing bar When I put out to sea.
may there be no sad fare-well When I at last em - bark.
hope to see my Pi - lot's face When I have crossed the bar.

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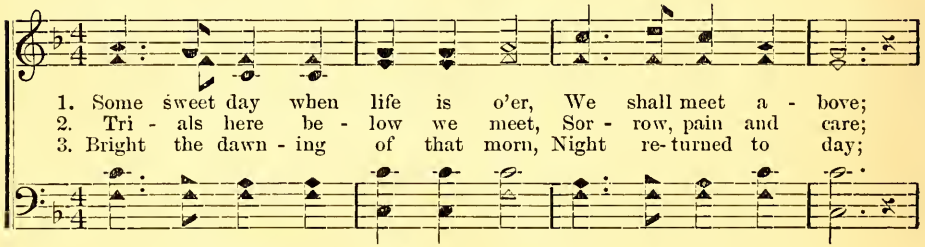
498 Some Sweet Day

'Sorrow and mourning shall flee away." ISAIAH 51: 11.

S. H. C. S. H. CHORD


1. Some sweet day when life is o'er, We shall meet a - bove;
2. Tri - als here be - low we meet, Sor - row, pain and care;
3. Bright the dawn - ing of that morn, Night re-turned to day;

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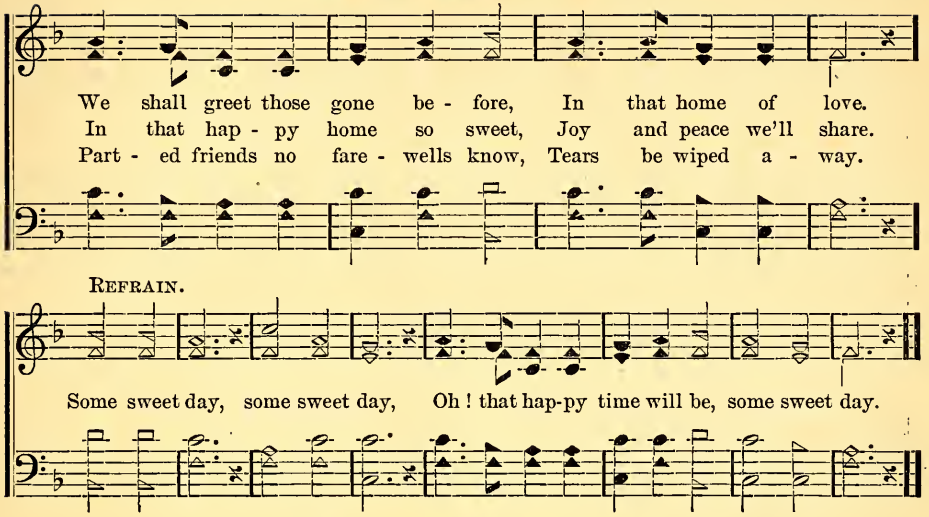
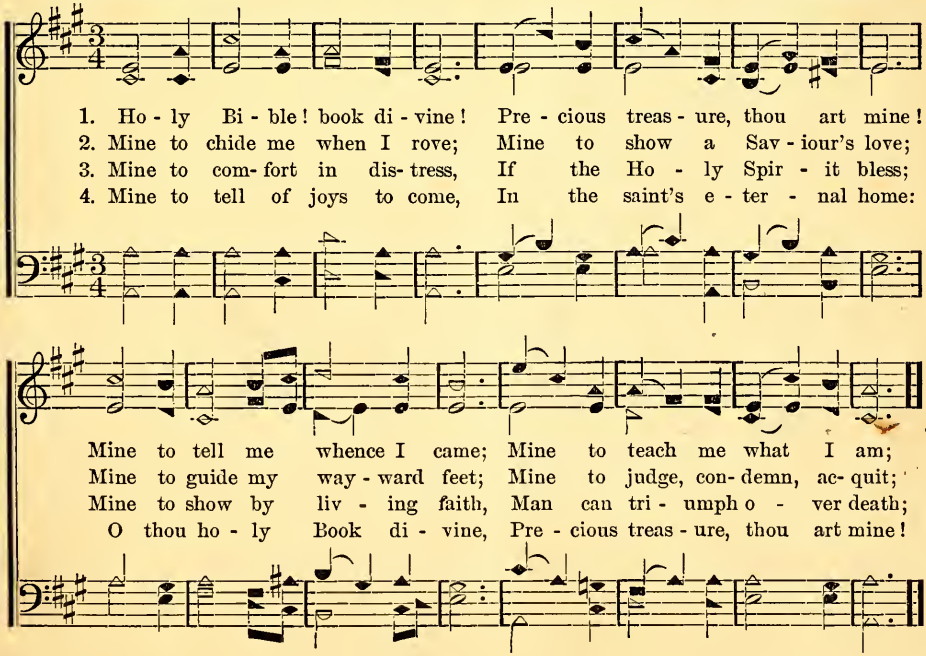
Some Sweet Day

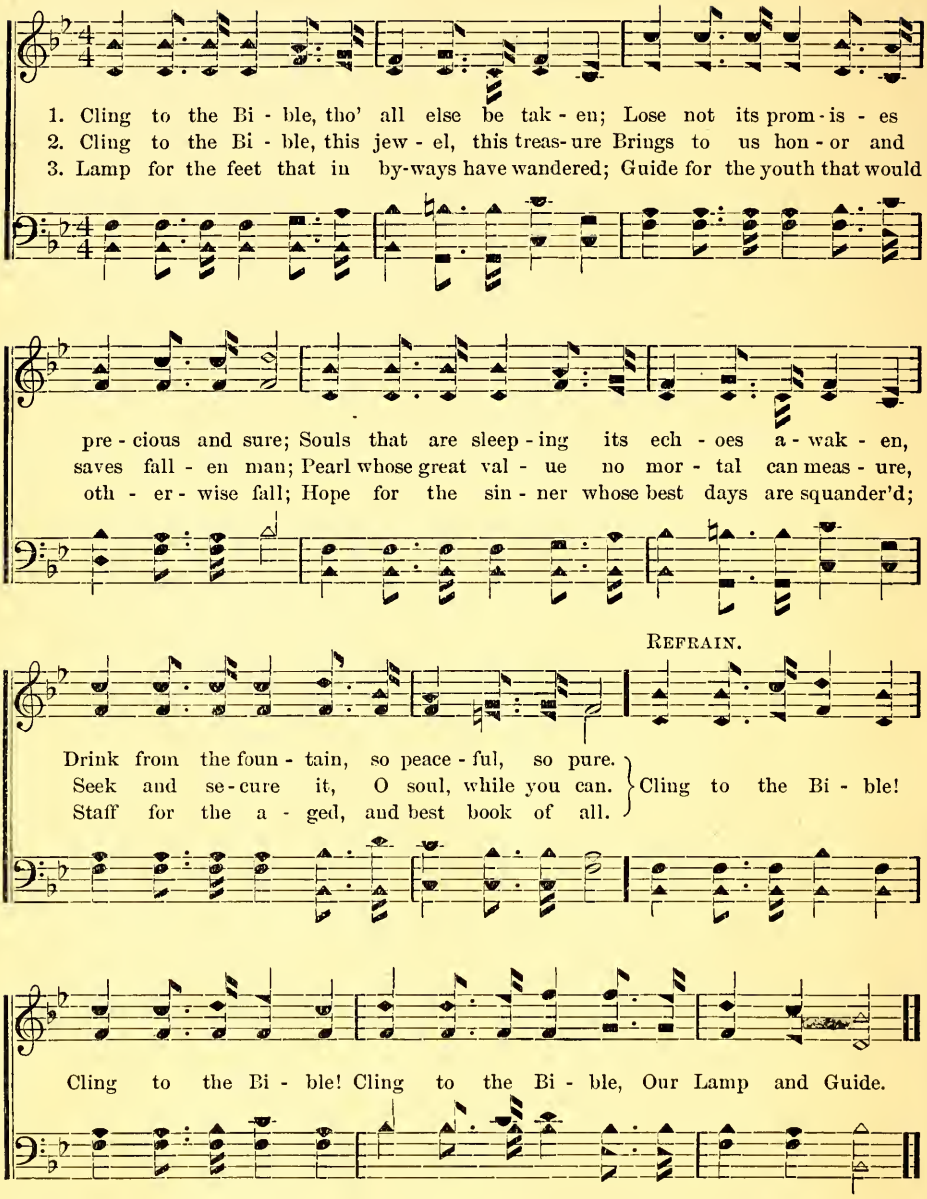

We shall greet those gone be - fore, In that home of love.
In that hap - py home so sweet, Joy and peace we'll share.
Part - ed friends no fare - wells know, Tears be wiped a - way.
Refrain.
Some sweet day, some sweet day, Oh! that hap-py time will be, some sweet day.

499 Book Divine

John Burton — Wartensee

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble! book di - vine! Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine!
2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Sav - iour's love;
3. Mine to com- fort in dis- tress, If the Ho - ly Spir - it bless;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, In the saint's e - ter - nal home:
Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to teach me what I am;
Mine to guide my way - ward feet; Mine to judge, con- demn, ac- quit;
Mine to show by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death;
O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine!

500 Cling to the Bible

Ps. 119 : 110.

M. J. Smith — J. R. Murray

1. Cling to the Bi - ble, tho' all else be tak - en; Lose not its prom - is - es
2. Cling to the Bi - ble, this jew - el, this treas - ure Brings to us hon - or and
3. Lamp for the feet that in by-ways have wandered; Guide for the youth that would
pre - cious and sure; Souls that are sleep - ing its ech - oes a - wak - en,
saves fall - en man; Pearl whose great val - ue no mor - tal can meas - ure,
oth - er - wise fall; Hope for the sin - ner whose best days are squander'd;
Refrain.
Drink from the foun - tain, so peace - ful, so pure.
Seek and se - cure it, O soul, while you can.
Staff for the a - ged, and best book of all.
Cling to the Bi - ble!
Cling to the Bi - ble! Cling to the Bi - ble, Our Lamp and Guide.

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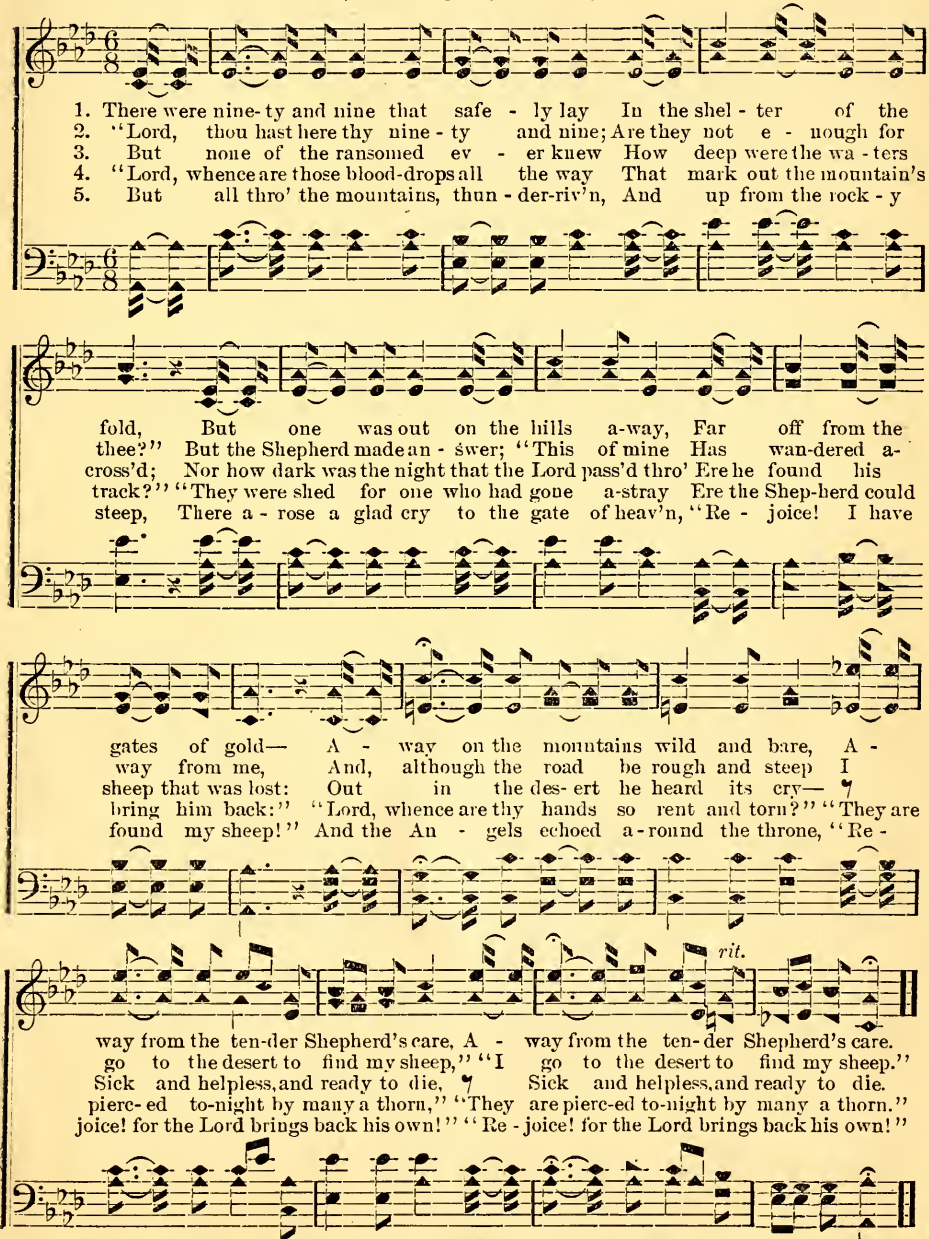
501 The Ninety and Nine

E. C. CLEPHANE (To be sung only as a Solo) IRA D. SANKEY


1. There were nine-ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold, But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of gold— A - way on the mountains wild and bare, A - way from the ten-der Shepherd's care, A - way from the ten-der Shepherd's care.
2. "Lord, thou hast here thy nine - ty and nine; Are they not e - nough for thee?" But the Shepherd made an - swer; "This of mine Has wan-dered a- way from me, And, although the road be rough and steep I go to the desert to find my sheep," "I go to the desert to find my sheep."
3. But none of the ransomed ev - er knew How deep were the wa - ters cross'd; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd thro' Ere he found his sheep that was lost: Out in the des- ert he heard its cry— Sick and helpless, and ready to die, Sick and helpless, and ready to die.
4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's track?" "They were shed for one who had gone a-stray Ere the Shep-herd could bring him back:" "Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierc-ed to-night by many a thorn," "They are pierc-ed to-night by many a thorn."
5. But all thro' the mountains, thun - der-riv'n, And up from the rock - y steep, There a - rose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n, "Re - joice! I have found my sheep!" And the An - gels echoed a-round the throne, "Re - joice! for the Lord brings back his own!" "Re - joice! for the Lord brings back his own!"
rit.

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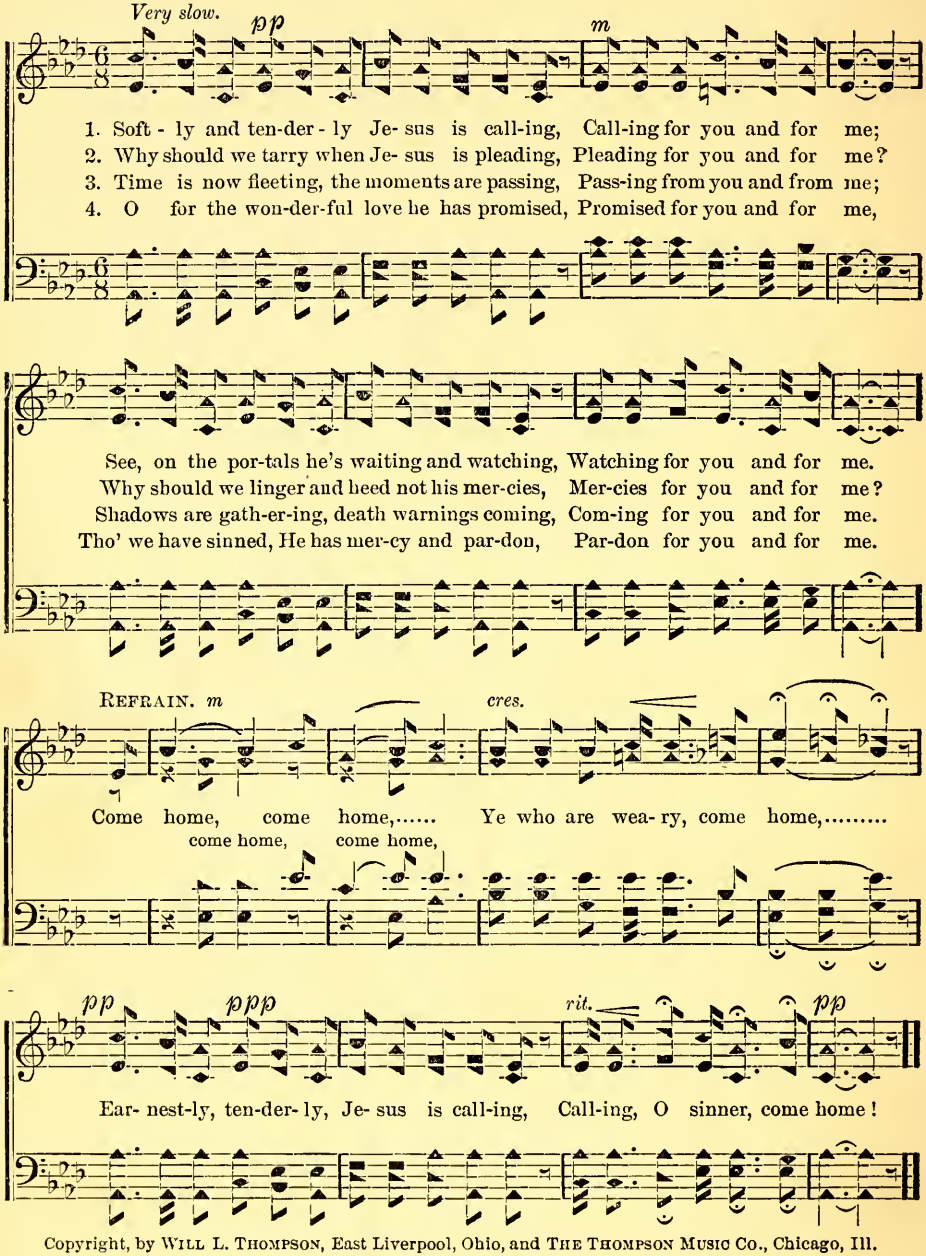
502 Softly and Tenderly

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON


Very slow.
pp
m
1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je- sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je- sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
4. O for the won-der-ful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me,
See, on the por-tals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mer-cies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death warnings coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.
REFRAIN. m
cres.
Come home, come home,..... Ye who are wea- ry, come home,.....
come home, come home,
pp
ppp
rit.
pp
Ear- nest-ly, ten-der- ly, Je- sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sinner, come home!

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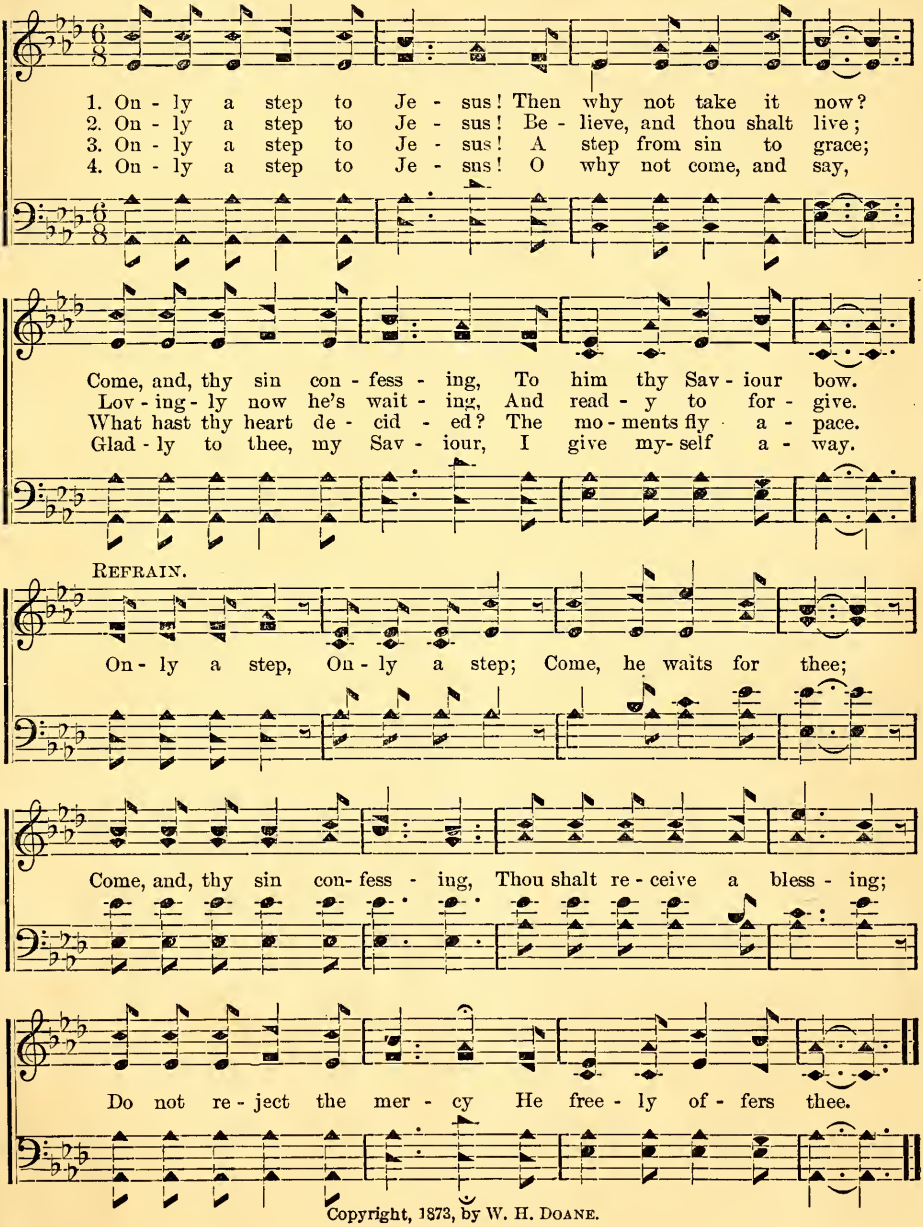
503 Only a Step to Jesus

"Then come thou, for there is peace." 1 Sam. 20 : 21.

Fanny J. Crosby — W. H. Doane, by per.

1. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Then why not take it now?
2. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Be - lieve, and thou shalt live;
3. On - ly a step to Je - sus! A step from sin to grace;
4. On - ly a step to Je - sus! O why not come, and say,
Come, and, thy sin con - fess - ing, To him thy Sav - iour bow.
Lov - ing - ly now he's wait - ing, And read - y to for - give.
What hast thy heart de - cid - ed? The mo - ments fly a - pace.
Glad - ly to thee, my Sav - iour, I give my- self a - way.
Refrain.
On - ly a step, On - ly a step; Come, he waits for thee;
Come, and, thy sin con- fess - ing, Thou shalt re - ceive a bless - ing;
Do not re - ject the mer - cy He free - ly of - fers thee.

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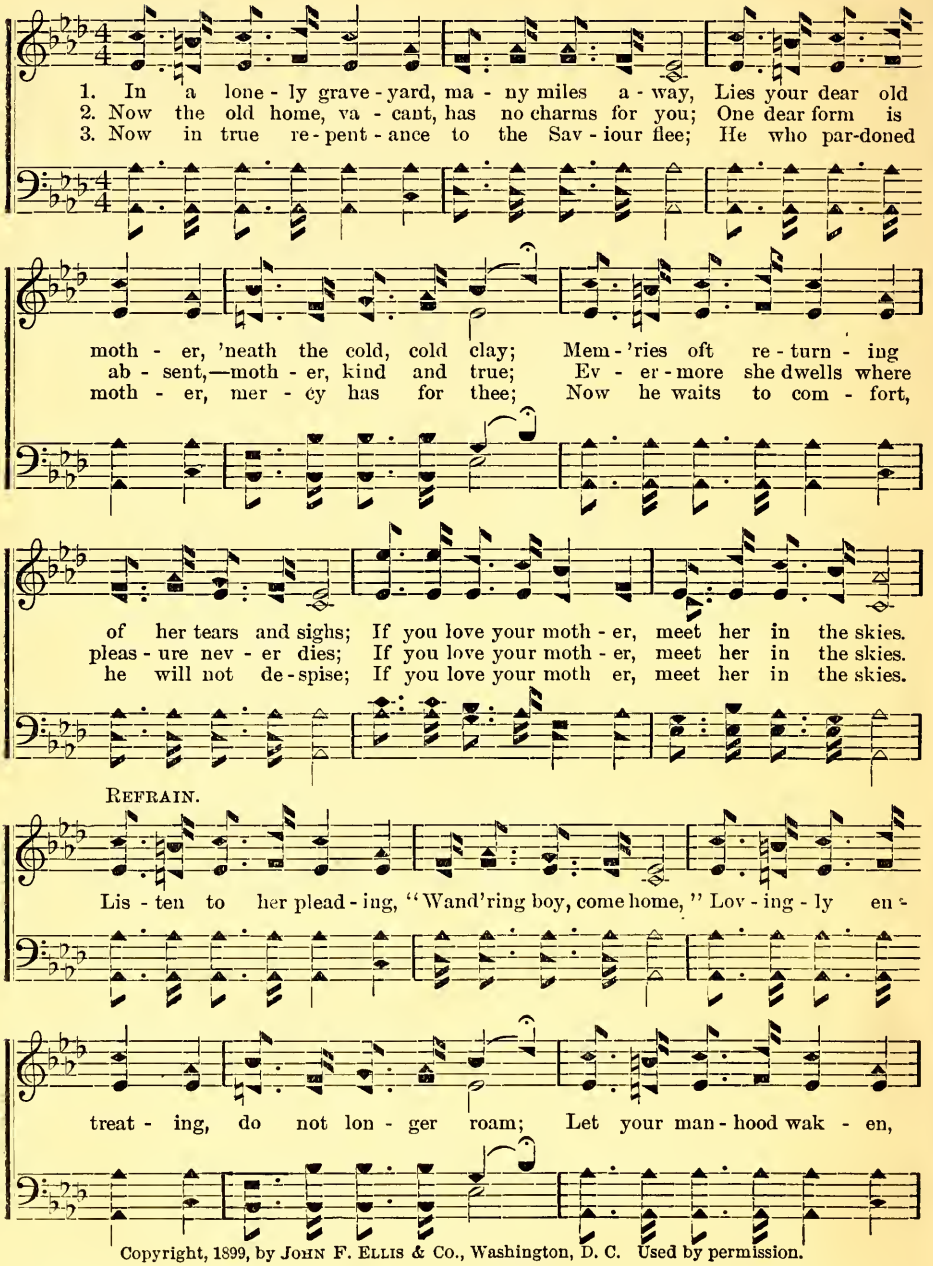
504 Meet Mother in the Skies

Arr. by W. S. NICKLE

1. In a lone - ly grave - yard, ma - ny miles a - way, Lies your dear old
2. Now the old home, va - cant, has no charms for you; One dear form is
3. Now in true re - pent - ance to the Sav - iour flee; He who par-doned
moth - er, 'neath the cold, cold clay; Mem - 'ries oft re - turn - ing
ab - sent,—moth - er, kind and true; Ev - er - more she dwells where
moth - er, mer - cy has for thee; Now he waits to com - fort,
of her tears and sighs; If you love your moth - er, meet her in the skies.
pleas - ure nev - er dies; If you love your moth - er, meet her in the skies.
he will not de - spise; If you love your moth er, meet her in the skies.
REFRAIN.
Lis - ten to her plead - ing, "Wand'ring boy, come home," Lov - ing - ly en -
treat - ing, do not lon - ger roam; Let your man - hood wak - en,

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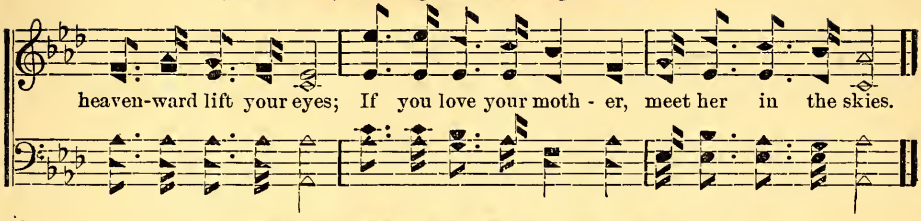
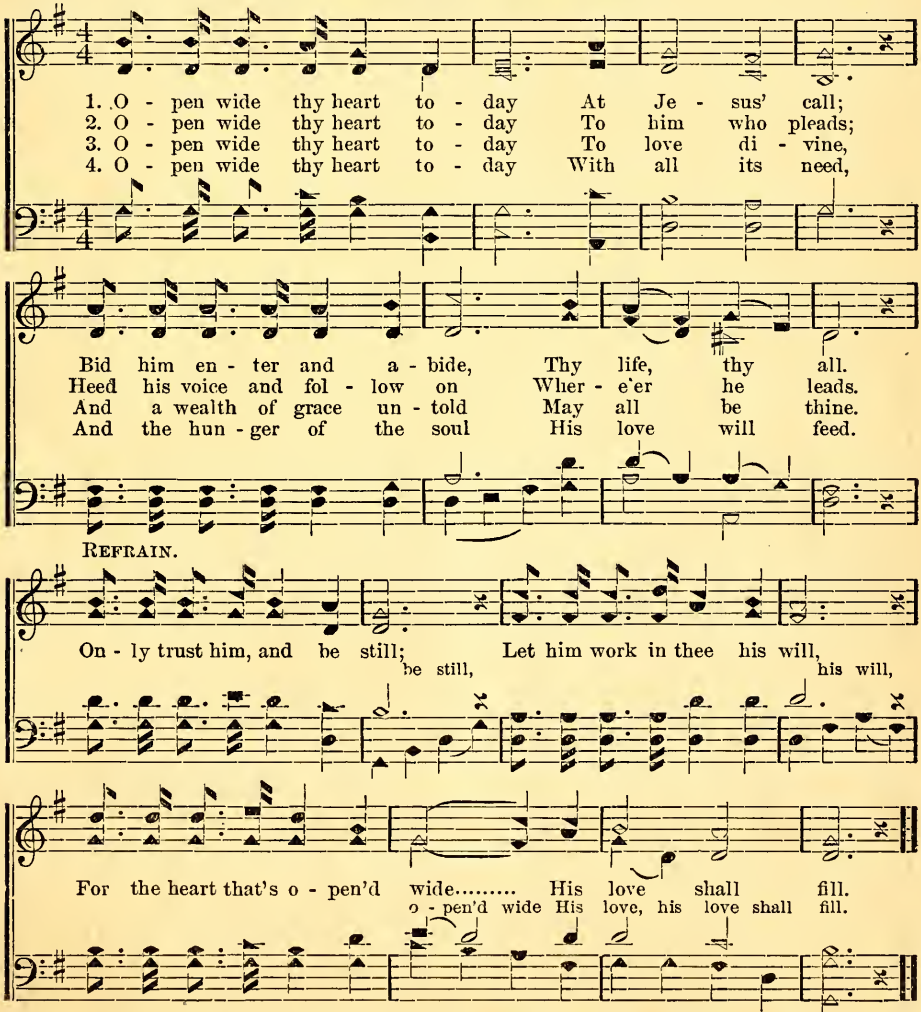
Meet Mother in the Skies



505 Open Wide Thy Heart

H. H. PIERSON R. T. OWEN


1. O - pen wide thy heart to - day At Je - sus' call;
2. O - pen wide thy heart to - day To him who pleads;
3. O - pen wide thy heart to - day To love di - vine,
4. O - pen wide thy heart to - day With all its need,
Bid him en - ter and a - bide, Thy life, thy all.
Heed his voice and fol - low on Wher - e'er he leads.
And a wealth of grace un - told May all be thine.
And the hun - ger of the soul His love will feed.
REFRAIN.
On - ly trust him, and be still; Let him work in thee his will,
be still, his will,
For the heart that's o - pen'd wide..... His love shall fill.
o - pen'd wide His love, his love shall fill.

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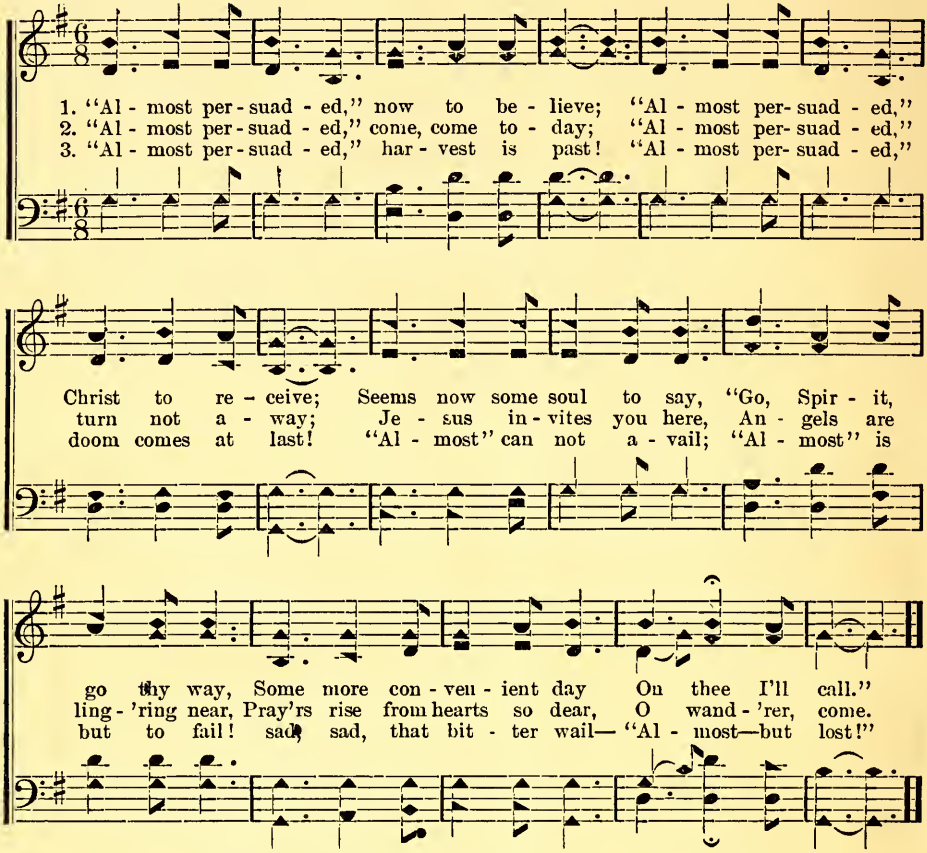
506 Almost Persuaded

P. P. Bliss P. P. Bliss

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can not a - vail; "Al - most" is
go thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On thee I'll call."
ling - 'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear, O wand - 'rer, come.
but to fail! sad, sad, that bit - ter wail— "Al - most—but lost!"

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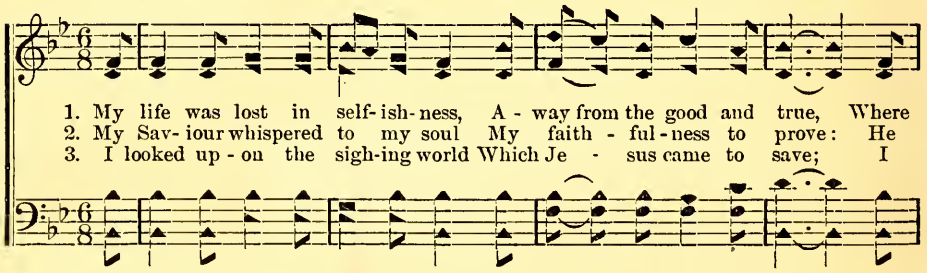
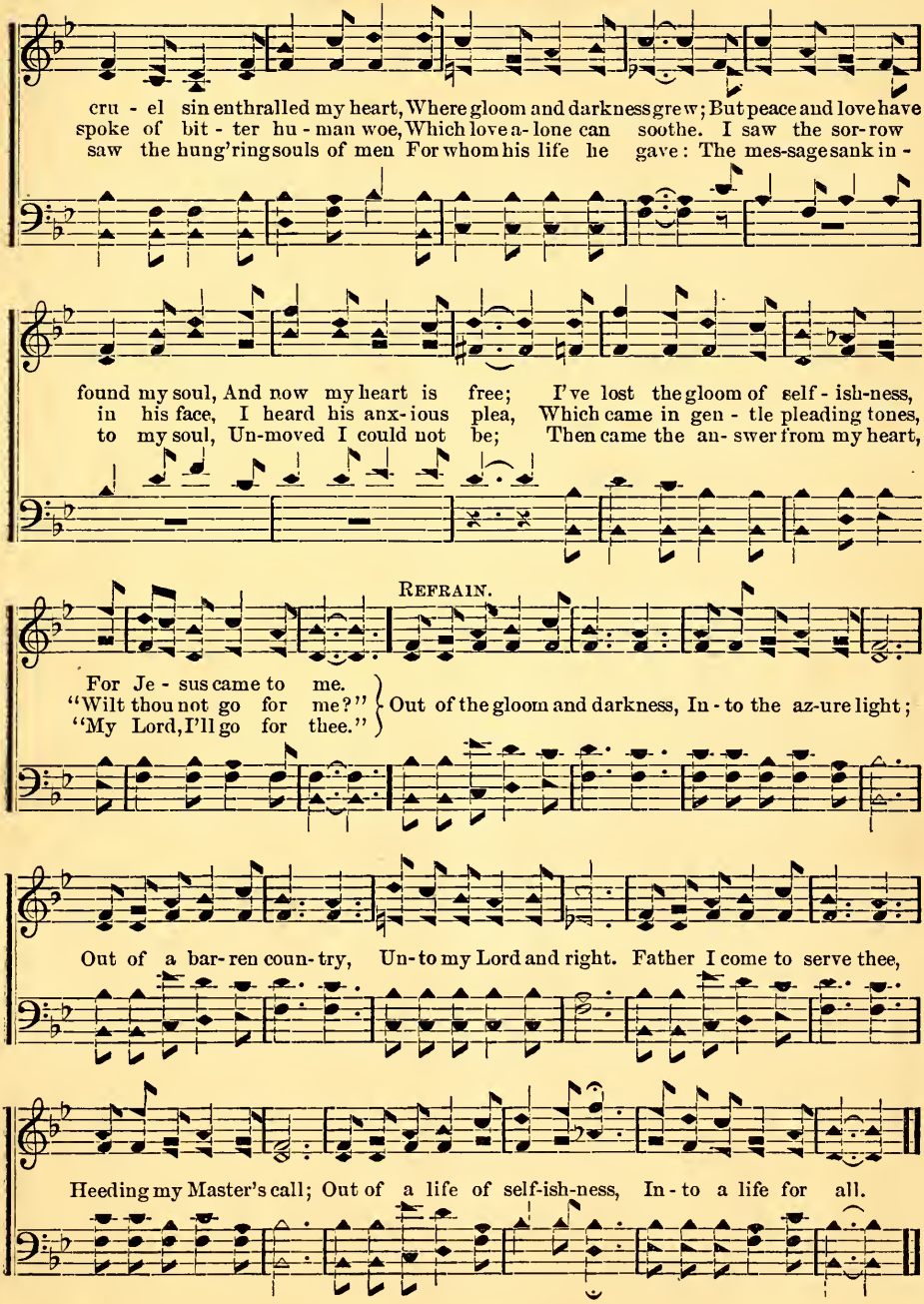
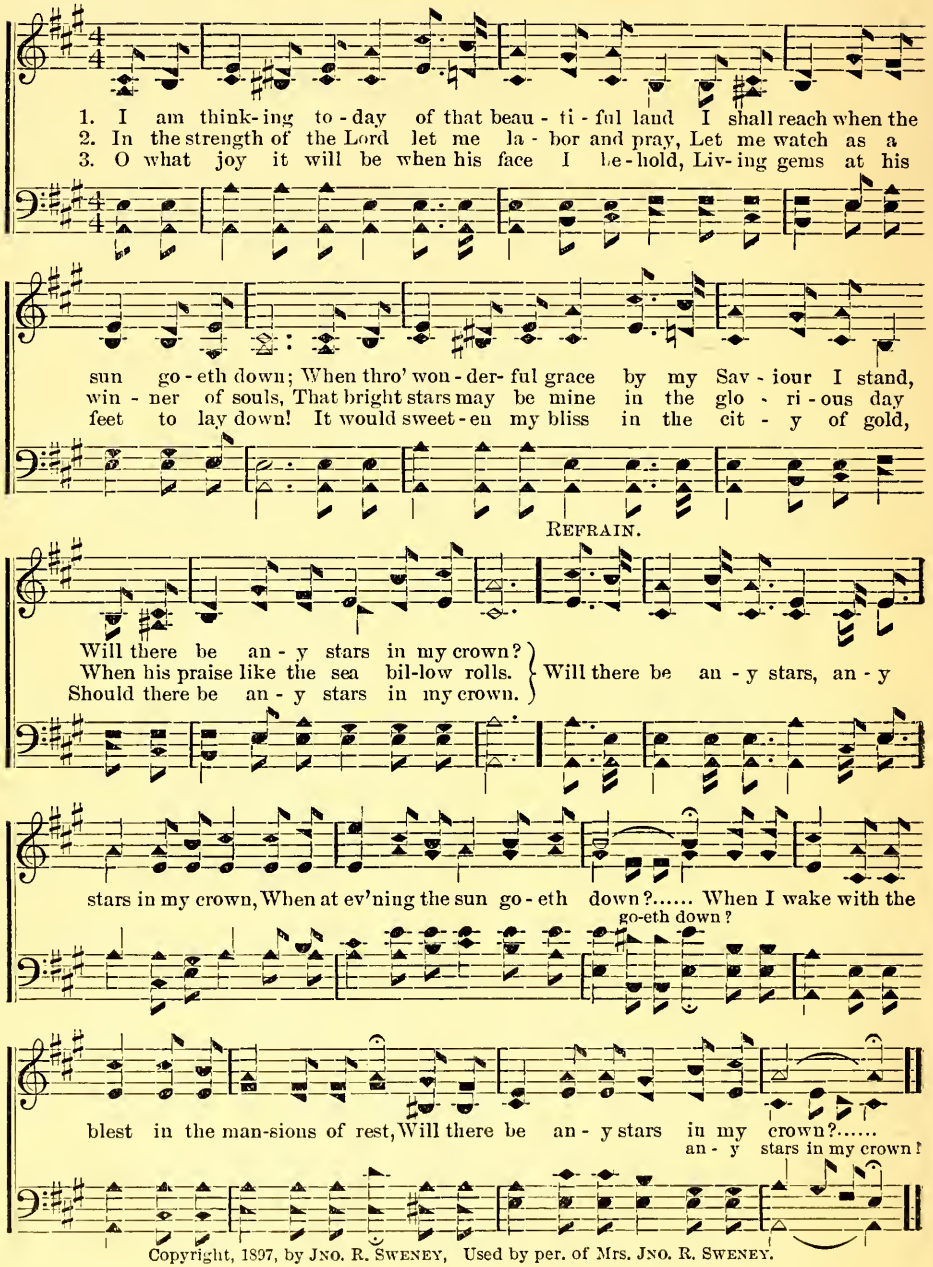
507 My Lord, I'll Go

J. W. Shank Olive Nafziger

1. My life was lost in self - ish - ness, A - way from the good and true, Where
2. My Sav - iour whispered to my soul My faith - ful - ness to prove: He
3. I looked up - on the sigh - ing world Which Je - sus came to save; I

My Lord, I'll Go

cru - el sin enthralled my heart, Where gloom and darkness grew; But peace and love have
spoke of bit - ter hu - man woe, Which love a - lone can soothe. I saw the sor - row
saw the hung'ring souls of men For whom his life he gave: The mes-sage sank in -
found my soul, And now my heart is free; I've lost the gloom of self - ish-ness,
in his face, I heard his anx-ious plea, Which came in gen - tle pleading tones,
to my soul, Un-moved I could not be; Then came the an- swer from my heart,
REFRAIN.
For Je - sus came to me.
"Wilt thou not go for me?"
"My Lord, I'll go for thee."
Out of the gloom and darkness, In - to the az-ure light;
Out of a bar-ren coun-try, Un-to my Lord and right. Father I come to serve thee,
Heeding my Master's call; Out of a life of self-ish-ness, In - to a life for all.

508 Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt — Jno. R. Sweney

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. O what joy it will be when his face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at his
sun go-eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav-iour I stand,
win-ner of souls, That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day
feet to lay down! It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit-y of gold,
Refrain.
Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
When his praise like the sea bil-low rolls.
Should there be an-y stars in my crown.
Will there be an-y stars, an-y
stars in my crown, When at ev'ning the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the
go-eth down?
blest in the man-sions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?.....
an-y stars in my crown?

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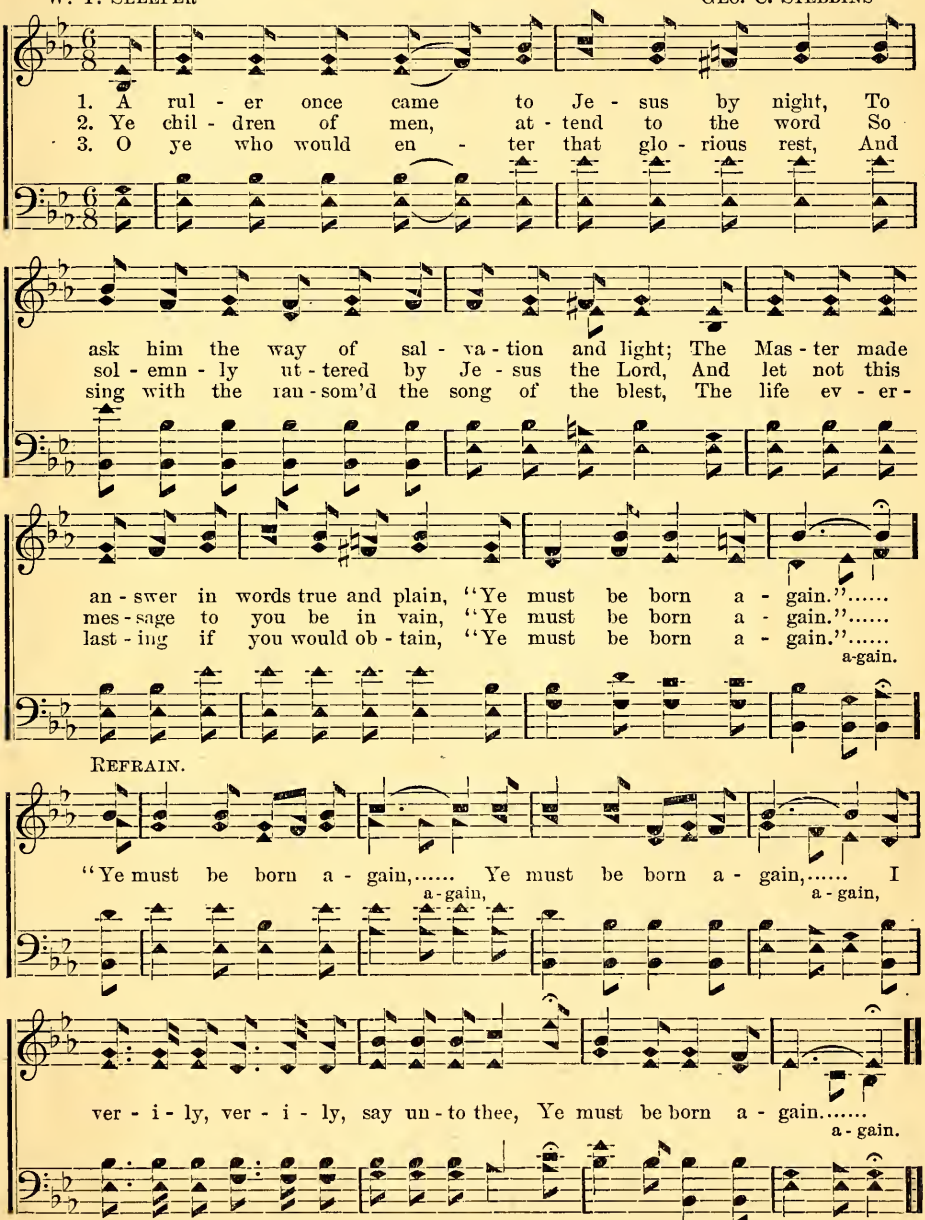
509 Ye Must be Born Again

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." JOHN 3 : 3.

W. T. SLEEPER — GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To
2. Ye chil - dren of men, at - tend to the word So
3. O ye who would en - ter that glo - rious rest, And
ask him the way of sal - va - tion and light; The Mas - ter made
sol - emn - ly ut - tered by Je - sus the Lord, And let not this
sing with the ran - som'd the song of the blest, The life ev - er -
an - swer in words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain."....
mes - sage to you be in vain, "Ye must be born a - gain."....
last - ing if you would ob - tain, "Ye must be born a - gain."....
a-gain.
REFRAIN.
"Ye must be born a - gain,..... Ye must be born a - gain,..... I
a - gain,
a - gain,
ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly, say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain.....
a - gain.

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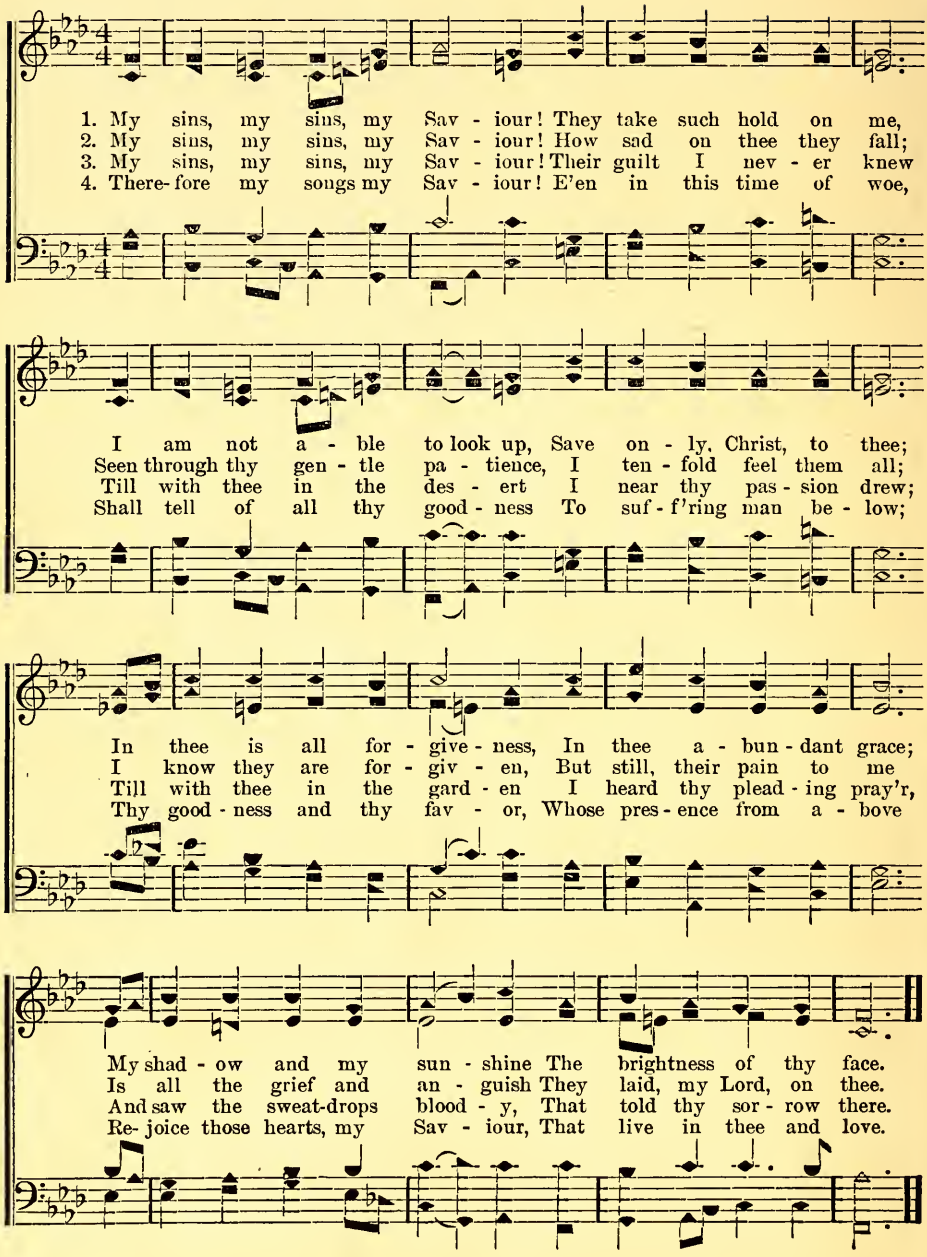
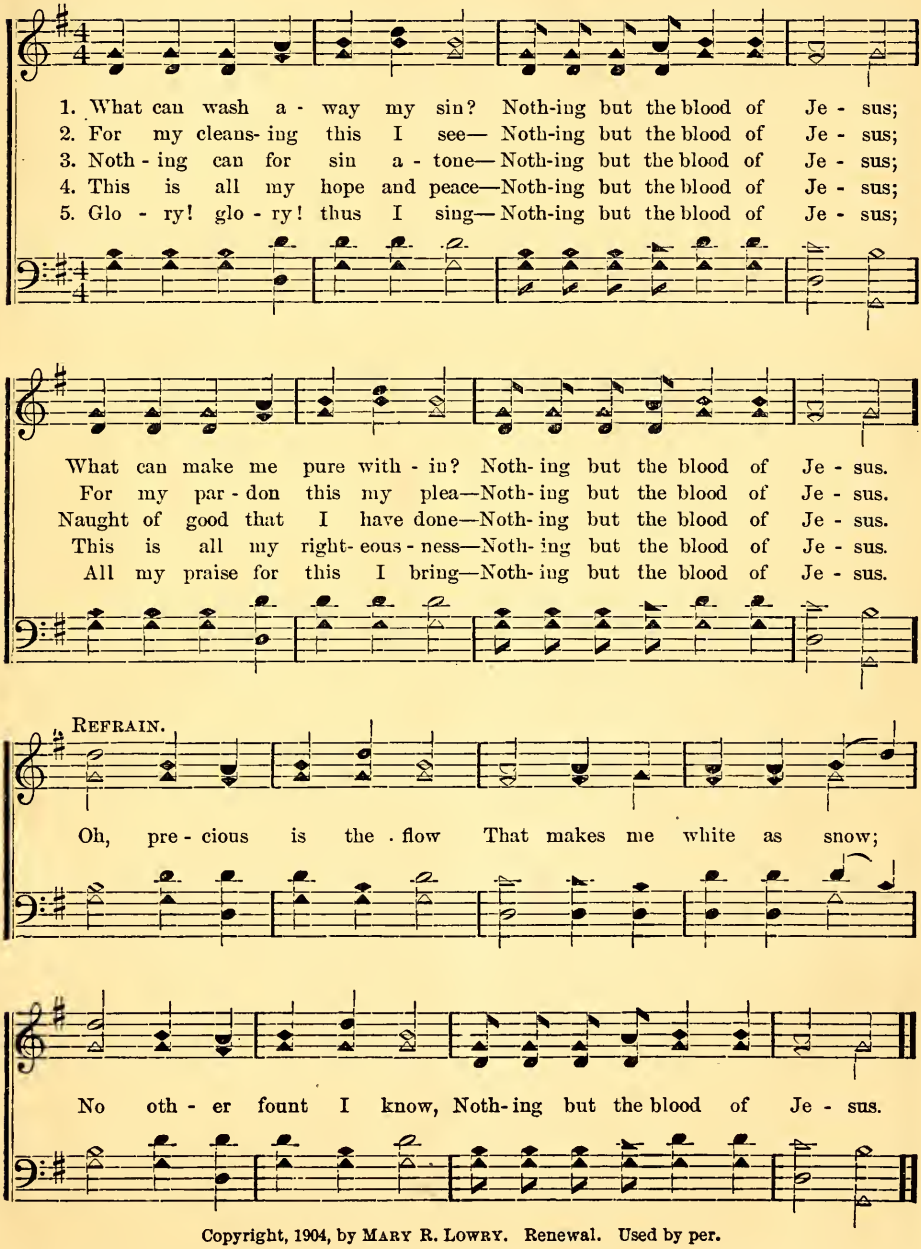
510 Monsell

John S. B. Monsell, 1863

1. My sins, my sins, my Sav - iour! They take such hold on me,
2. My sins, my sins, my Sav - iour! How sad on thee they fall;
3. My sins, my sins, my Sav - iour! Their guilt I nev - er knew
4. There-fore my songs my Sav - iour! E'en in this time of woe,
I am not a - ble to look up, Save on - ly, Christ, to thee;
Seen through thy gen - tle pa - tience, I ten - fold feel them all;
Till with thee in the des - ert I near thy pas - sion drew;
Shall tell of all thy good - ness To suf - f'ring man be - low;
In thee is all for - give - ness, In thee a - bun - dant grace;
I know they are for - giv - en, But still, their pain to me
Till with thee in the gard - en I heard thy plead - ing pray'r,
Thy good - ness and thy fav - or, Whose pres - ence from a - bove
My shad - ow and my sun - shine The brightness of thy face.
Is all the grief and an - guish They laid, my Lord, on thee.
And saw the sweat-drops blood - y, That told thy sor - row there.
Re- joice those hearts, my Sav - iour, That live in thee and love.

511 Nothing But the Blood

R. L. Rev. Robert Lowry

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my cleans- ing this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
5. Glo - ry! glo - ry! thus I sing— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
What can make me pure with - in? Noth- ing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my par - don this my plea—Noth- ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done—Noth- ing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my right- eous - ness—Noth- ing but the blood of Je - sus.
All my praise for this I bring—Noth- ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Refrain.
Oh, pre - cious is the . flow That makes me white as snow;
No oth - er fount I know, Noth- ing but the blood of Je - sus.

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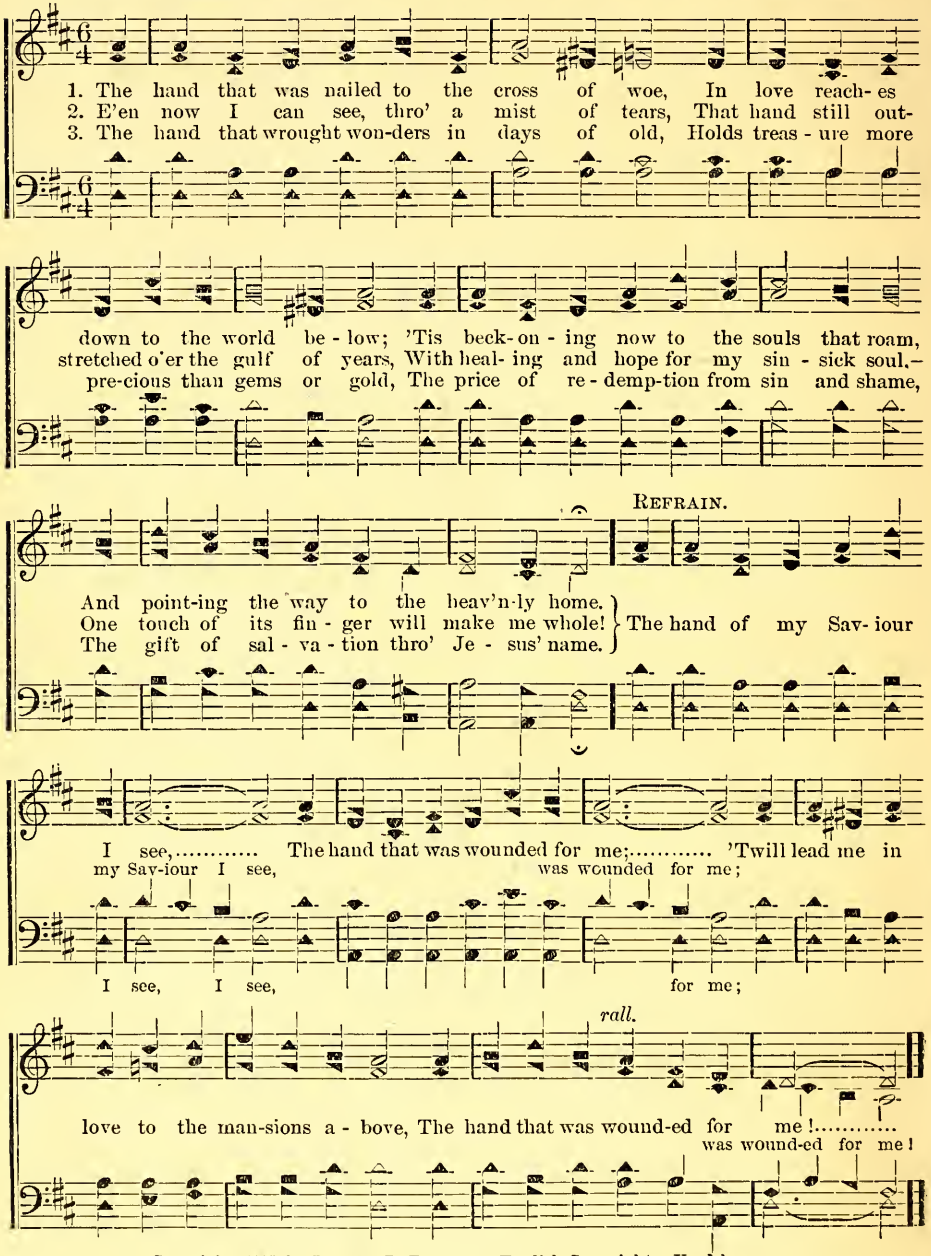
512 The Hand That was Wounded for Me

HATTIE H. PIERSON — D. B. TOWNER

1. The hand that was nailed to the cross of woe, In love reach- es
2. E'en now I can see, thro' a mist of tears, That hand still out-
3. The hand that wrought won-ders in days of old, Holds treas - ure more
down to the world be - low; 'Tis beck- on - ing now to the souls that roam,
stretched o'er the gulf of years, With heal- ing and hope for my sin - sick soul,-
pre-cious than gems or gold, The price of re - demp-tion from sin and shame,
REFRAIN.
And point-ing the way to the heav'n-ly home.
One touch of its fin - ger will make me whole!
The gift of sal - va - tion thro' Je - sus' name.
The hand of my Sav- iour
I see,..... The hand that was wounded for me;..... 'Twill lead me in
my Sav-iour I see, was wounded for me;
I see, I see, for me;
rall.
love to the man-sions a - bove, The hand that was wound-ed for me!.....
was wound-ed for me!

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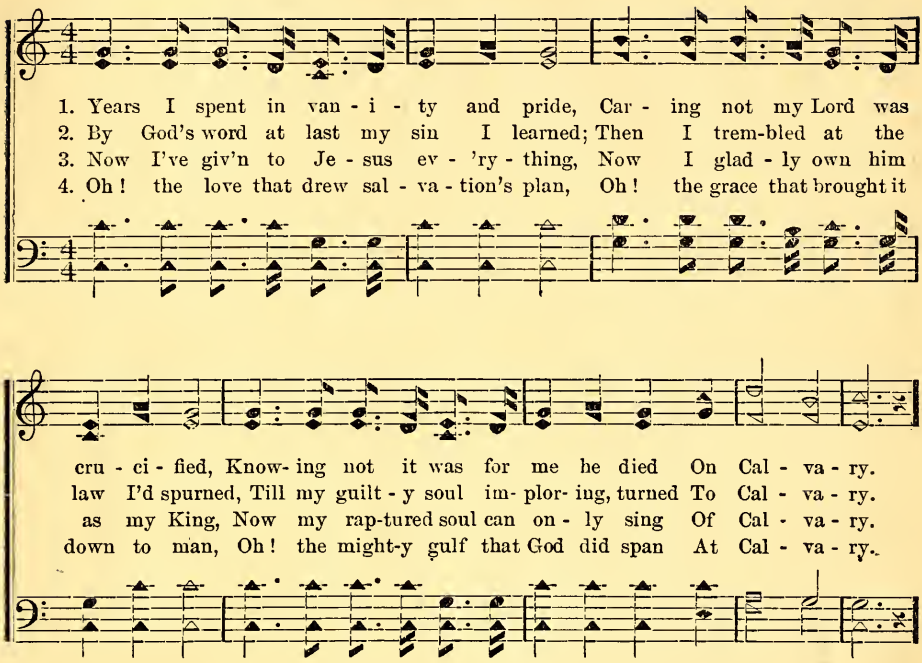
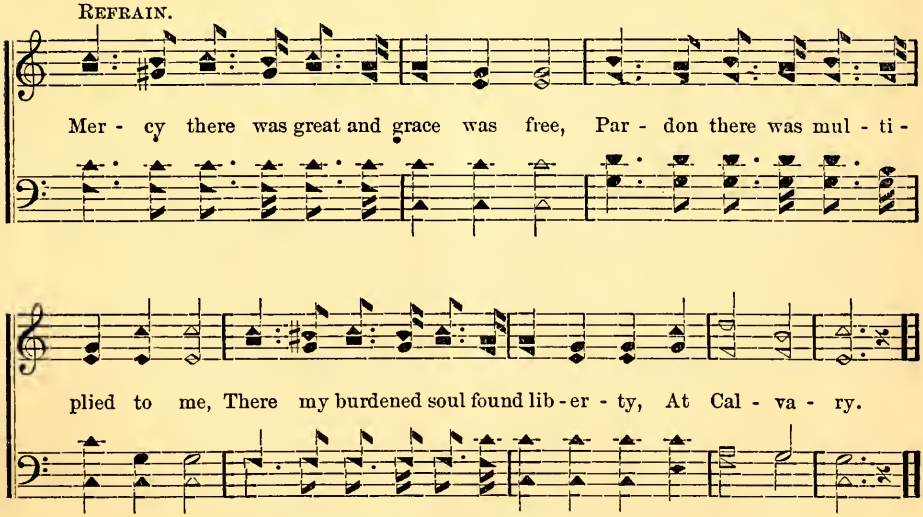
513 At Calvary

Wm. R. Newell — D. B. Towner


1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was cru - ci - fied, Know - ing not it was for me he died On Cal - va - ry.
2. By God's word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem-bled at the law I'd spurned, Till my guilt - y soul im - plor - ing, turned To Cal - va - ry.
3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry - thing, Now I glad - ly own him as my King, Now my rap-tured soul can on - ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.
4. Oh! the love that drew sal - va - tion's plan, Oh! the grace that brought it down to man, Oh! the might-y gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry.

Refrain.


Mer - cy there was great and grace was free, Par - don there was mul - ti - plied to me, There my burdened soul found lib - er - ty, At Cal - va - ry.

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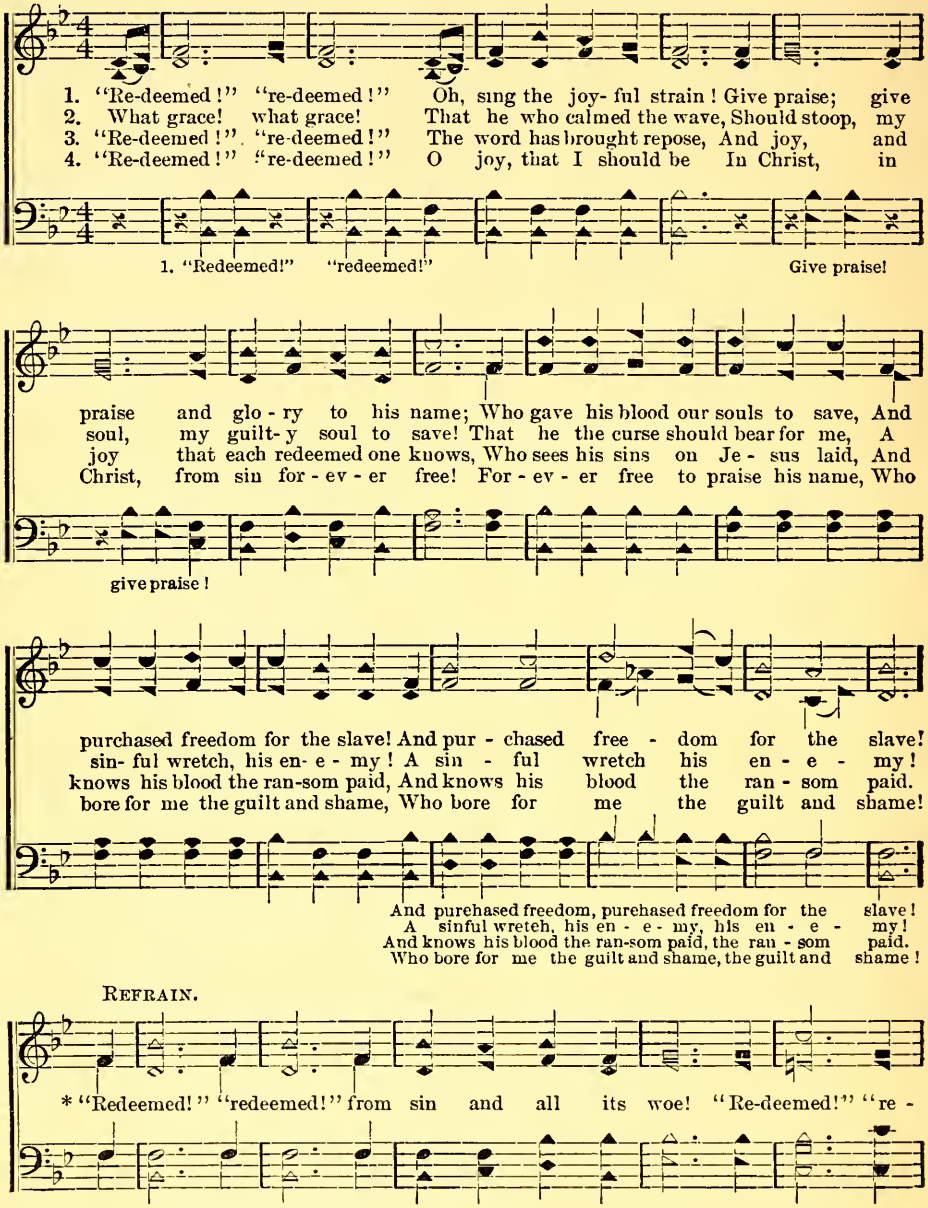
514 Redeemed

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so." Ps. 107 : 2.

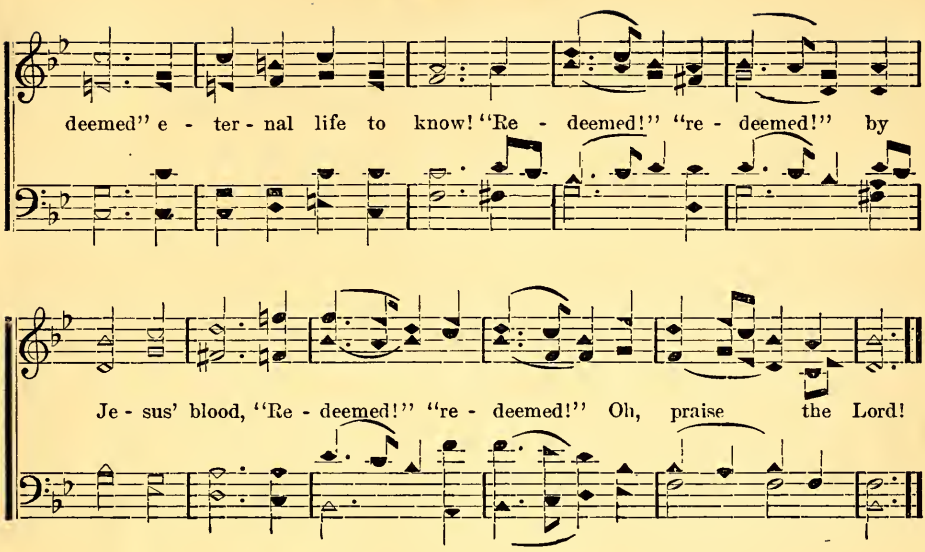
EL. NATHAN JAMES MCGRANAHAN


1. "Re-deemed!" "re-deemed!" Oh, sing the joy- ful strain! Give praise; give
2. What grace! what grace! That he who calmed the wave, Should stoop, my
3. "Re-deemed!" "re-deemed!" The word has brought repose, And joy, and
4. "Re-deemed!" "re-deemed!" O joy, that I should be In Christ, in
1. "Redeemed!" "redeemed!" Give praise!
praise and glo - ry to his name; Who gave his blood our souls to save, And
soul, my guilt- y soul to save! That he the curse should bear for me, A
joy that each redeemed one knows, Who sees his sins on Je - sus laid, And
Christ, from sin for - ev - er free! For - ev - er free to praise his name, Who
give praise!
purchased freedom for the slave! And pur - chased free - dom for the slave!
sin- ful wretch, his en- e - my! A sin - ful wretch his en - e - my!
knows his blood the ran-som paid, And knows his blood the ran - som paid.
bore for me the guilt and shame, Who bore for me the guilt and shame!
And purchased freedom, purchased freedom for the slave!
A sinful wretch, his en - e - my, his en - e - my!
And knows his blood the ran-som paid, the ran - som paid.
Who bore for me the guilt and shame, the guilt and shame!

REFRAIN.

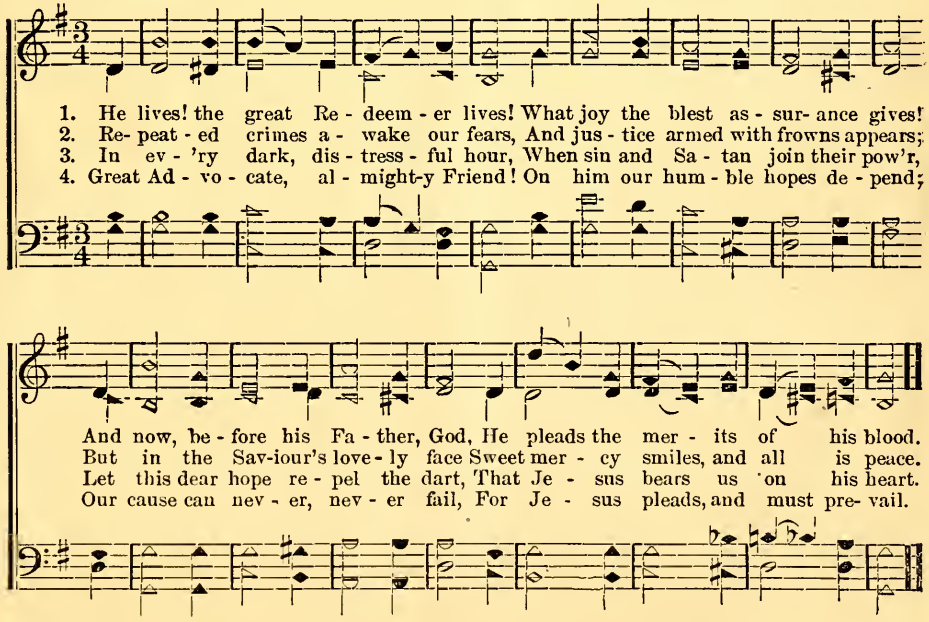
* The Refrain may be omitted if desired.

Redeemed

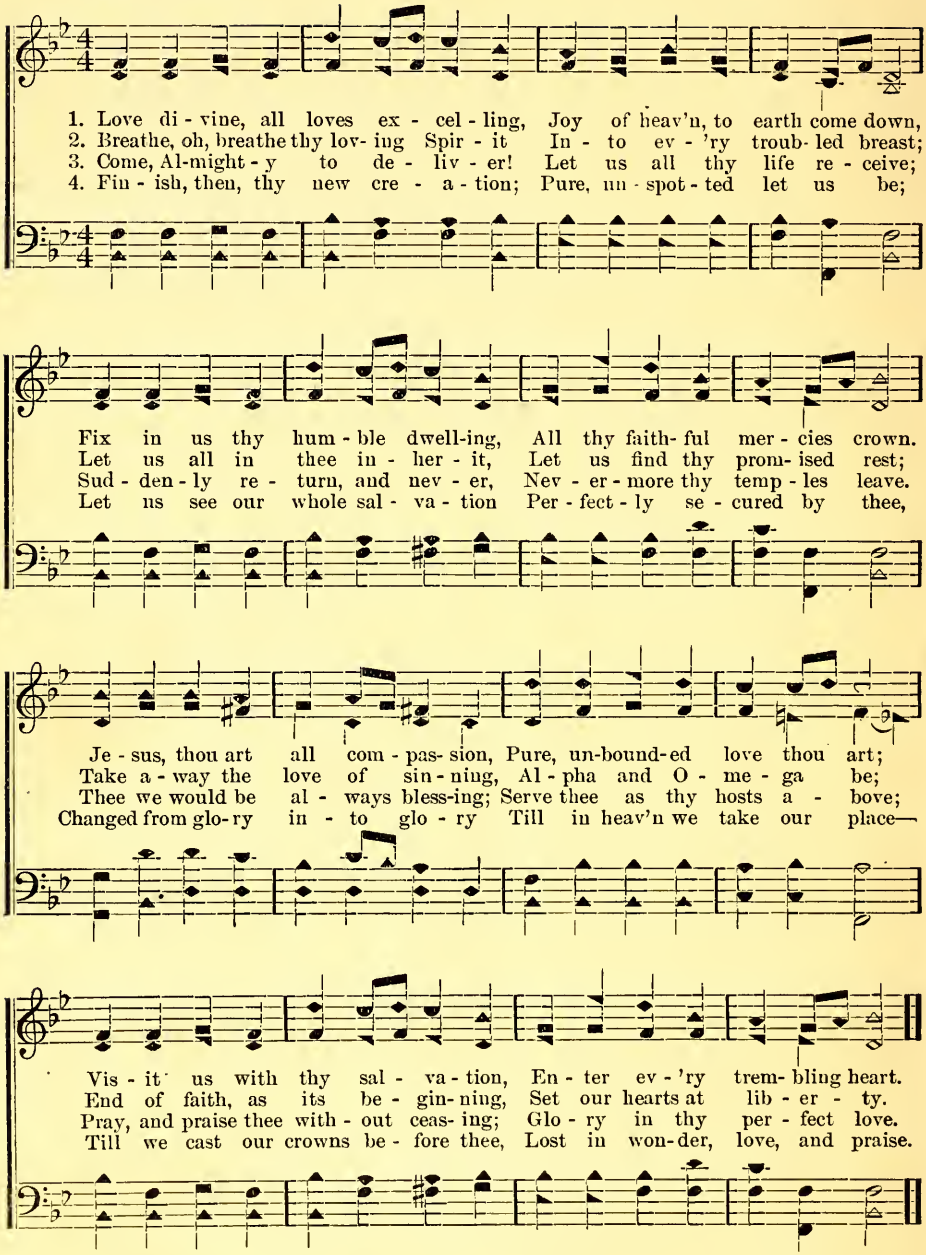


515 Brookfield L. M.

ANNE STEELE — T. B. SOUTHGATE, 1814, 1868

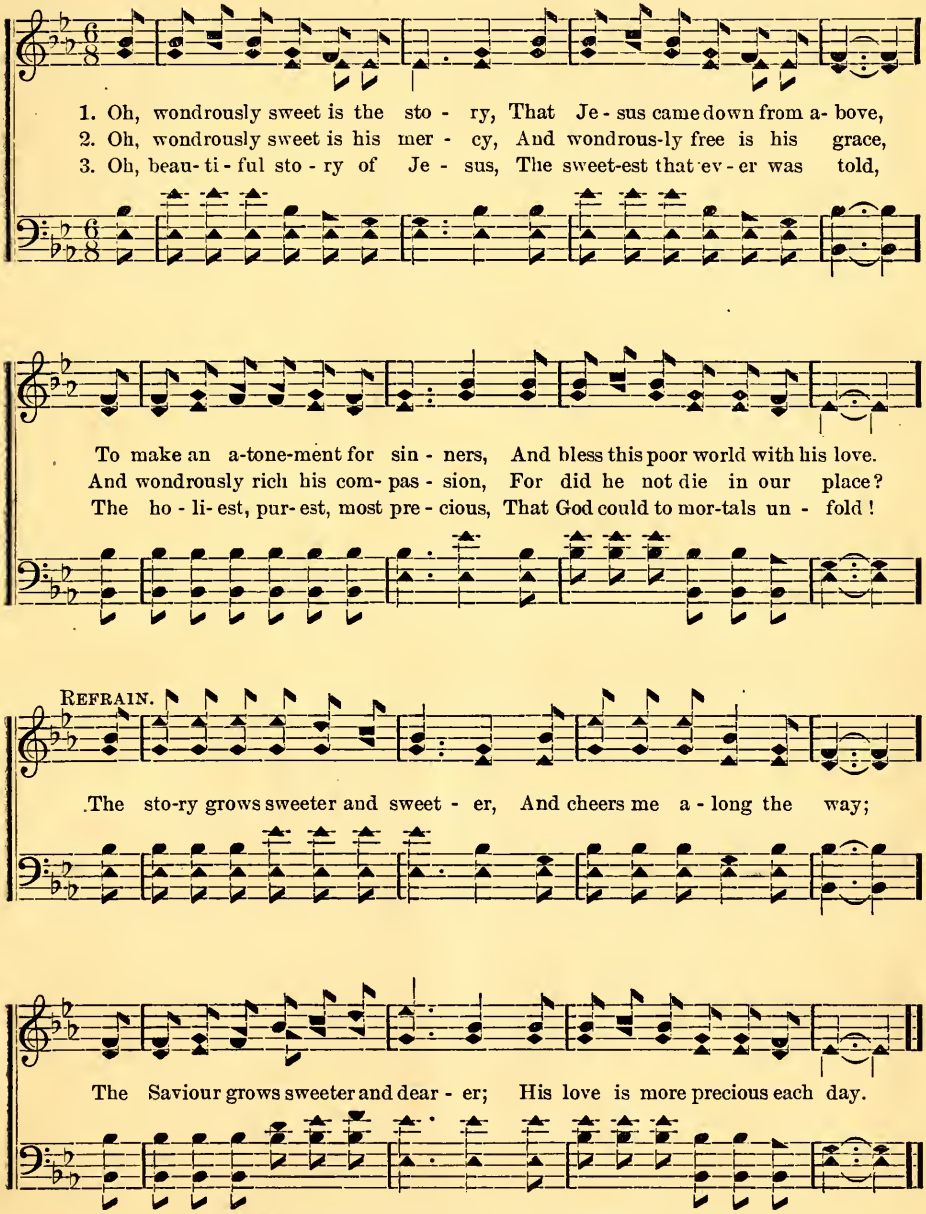

1. He lives! the great Re - deem - er lives! What joy the blest as - sur - ance gives!
2. Re - peat - ed crimes a - wake our fears, And jus - tice armed with frowns appears;
3. In ev - 'ry dark, dis - tress - ful hour, When sin and Sa - tan join their pow'r,
4. Great Ad - vo - cate, al - might-y Friend! On him our hum - ble hopes de - pend;
And now, be - fore his Fa - ther, God, He pleads the mer - its of his blood.
But in the Sav-iour's love - ly face Sweet mer - cy smiles, and all is peace.
Let this dear hope re - pel the dart, That Je - sus bears us on his heart.
Our cause can nev - er, nev - er fail, For Je - sus pleads, and must pre- vail.

516 Beecher

C. Wesley, 1741 — J. Zundel, 1870

1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down,
2. Breathe, oh, breathe thy lov- ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub- led breast;
3. Come, Al-might - y to de - liv - er! Let us all thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish, then, thy new cre - a - tion; Pure, un - spot - ted let us be;
Fix in us thy hum - ble dwell-ing, All thy faith- ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in thee in - her - it, Let us find thy prom- ised rest;
Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more thy temp - les leave.
Let us see our whole sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly se - cured by thee,
Je - sus, thou art all com - pas- sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love thou art;
Take a - way the love of sin - ning, Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al - ways bless-ing; Serve thee as thy hosts a - bove;
Changed from glo-ry in - to glo - ry Till in heav'n we take our place—
Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem- bling heart.
End of faith, as its be - gin- ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Pray, and praise thee with - out ceas- ing; Glo - ry in thy per - fect love.
Till we cast our crowns be - fore thee, Lost in won- der, love, and praise.

517 Sweet is the Story

Rev. E. A. Hoffman — W. T. Giffe


1. Oh, wondrously sweet is the sto - ry, That Je - sus came down from a- bove,
2. Oh, wondrously sweet is his mer - cy, And wondrous-ly free is his grace,
3. Oh, beau- ti - ful sto - ry of Je - sus, The sweet-est that ev - er was told,
To make an a-tone-ment for sin - ners, And bless this poor world with his love.
And wondrously rich his com- pas - sion, For did he not die in our place?
The ho - li- est, pur- est, most pre - cious, That God could to mor-tals un - fold!
Refrain.
The sto-ry grows sweeter and sweet - er, And cheers me a - long the way;
The Saviour grows sweeter and dear - er; His love is more precious each day.

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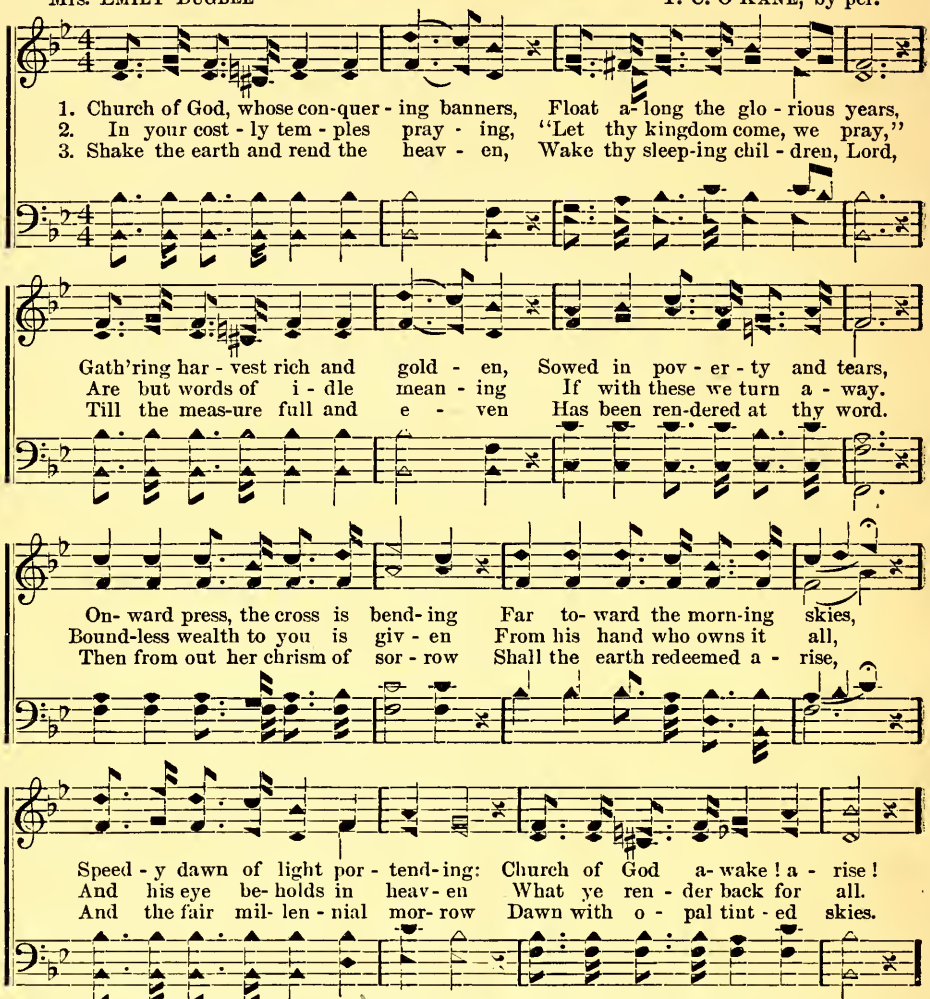
518 Church of God, Awake

Mrs. EMILY BUGBEE — T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. Church of God, whose con-quer - ing banners, Float a-long the glo - rious years,
2. In your cost - ly tem - ples pray - ing, "Let thy kingdom come, we pray,"
3. Shake the earth and rend the heav - en, Wake thy sleep-ing chil - dren, Lord,
Gath'ring har - vest rich and gold - en, Sowed in pov - er - ty and tears,
Are but words of i - dle mean - ing If with these we turn a - way.
Till the meas-ure full and e - ven Has been ren-dered at thy word.
On- ward press, the cross is bend- ing Far to- ward the morn-ing skies,
Bound-less wealth to you is giv - en From his hand who owns it all,
Then from out her chrism of sor - row Shall the earth redeemed a - rise,
Speed - y dawn of light por - tend-ing: Church of God a- wake! a - rise!
And his eye be- holds in heav- en What ye ren - der back for all.
And the fair mil- len - nial mor- row Dawn with o - pal tint - ed skies.
REFRAIN.
Church of God,..... a-wake! a- rise! Christ, your Head..... and Mas- ter,
Church of God, a - wake! a - rise! Christ, your Head and

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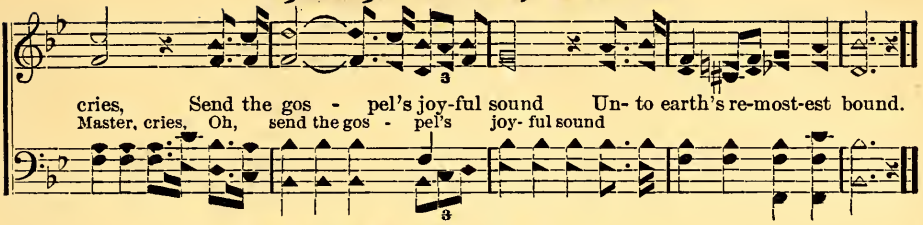
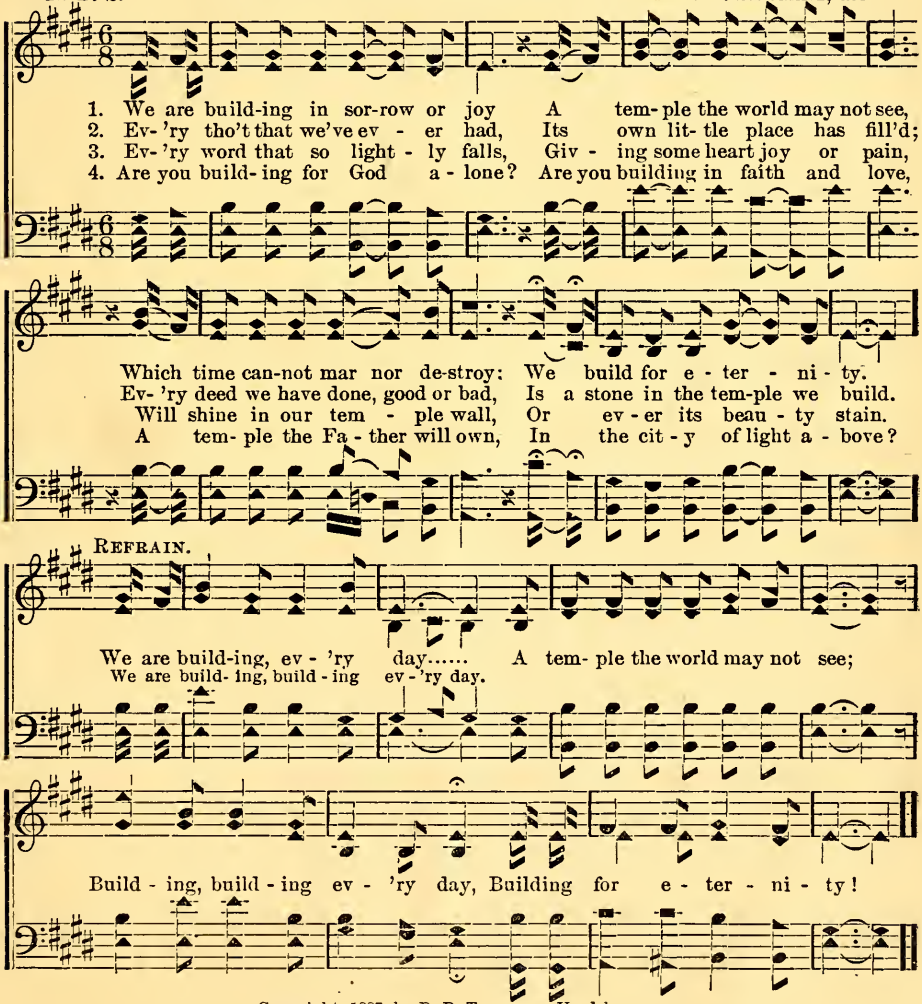
Church of God, Awake



519 Building for Eternity

"The fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is." COR. 3 : 13.

N. B. S. N. B. SARGENT, arr.

1. We are build-ing in sor-row or joy A tem- ple the world may not see,
2. Ev- 'ry tho't that we've ev - er had, Its own lit- tle place has fill'd;
3. Ev- 'ry word that so light - ly falls, Giv - ing some heart joy or pain,
4. Are you build- ing for God a - lone? Are you building in faith and love,
Which time can-not mar nor de-stroy: We build for e - ter - ni - ty.
Ev- 'ry deed we have done, good or bad, Is a stone in the tem-ple we build.
Will shine in our tem - ple wall, Or ev - er its beau - ty stain.
A tem- ple the Fa - ther will own, In the cit - y of light a - bove?
REFRAIN.
We are build-ing, ev - 'ry day..... A tem- ple the world may not see;
We are build- ing, build - ing ev - 'ry day.
Build - ing, build - ing ev - 'ry day, Building for e - ter - ni - ty!

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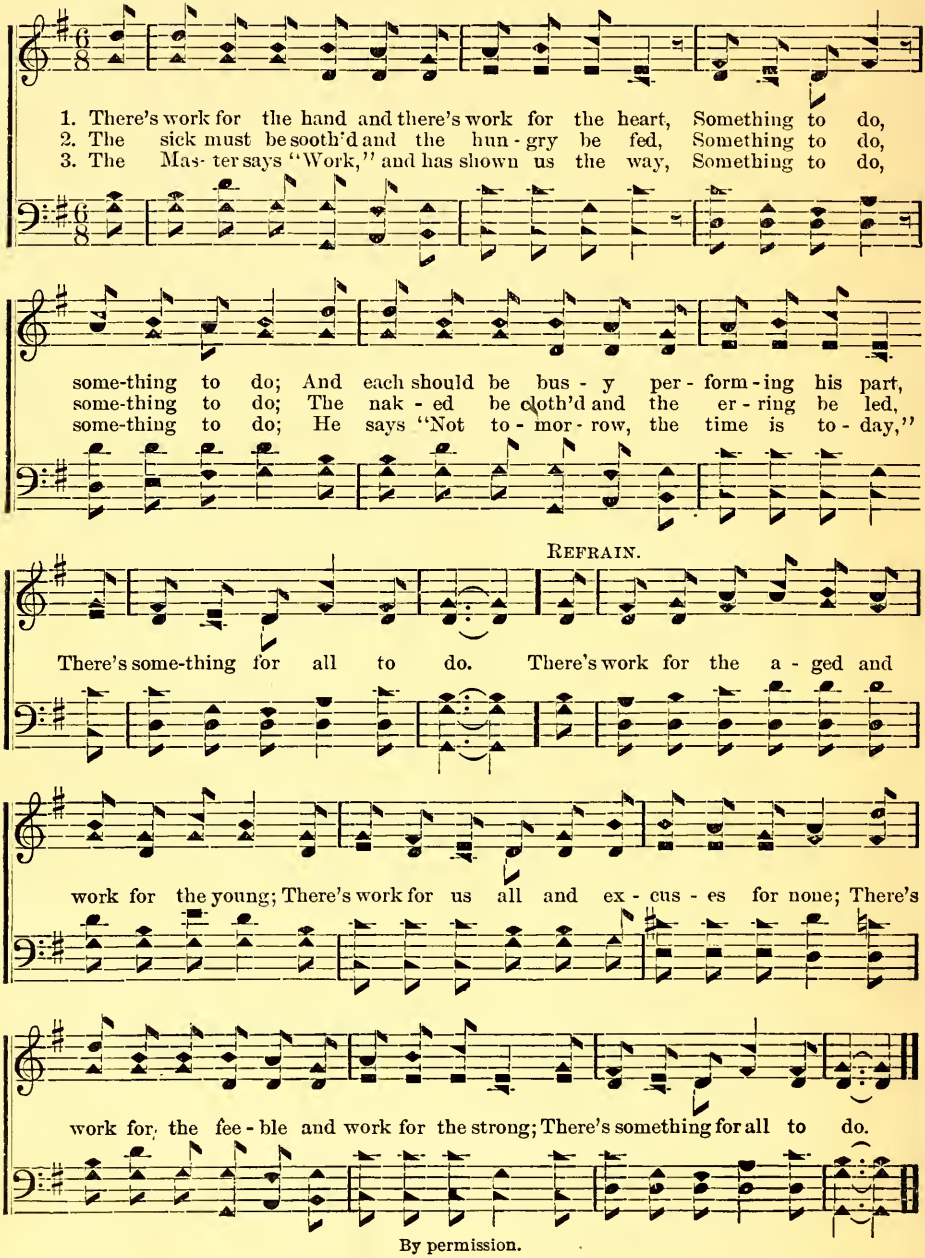
Something to Do

Words Arr. W. H. Ruebush

1. There's work for the hand and there's work for the heart, Something to do,
2. The sick must be sooth'd and the hun - gry be fed, Something to do,
3. The Mas- ter says "Work," and has shown us the way, Something to do,
some-thing to do; And each should be bus - y per - form - ing his part,
some-thing to do; The nak - ed be cloth'd and the er - ring be led,
some-thing to do; He says "Not to - mor - row, the time is to - day,"
Refrain.
There's some-thing for all to do. There's work for the a - ged and
work for the young; There's work for us all and ex - cus - es for none; There's
work for the fee - ble and work for the strong; There's something for all to do.

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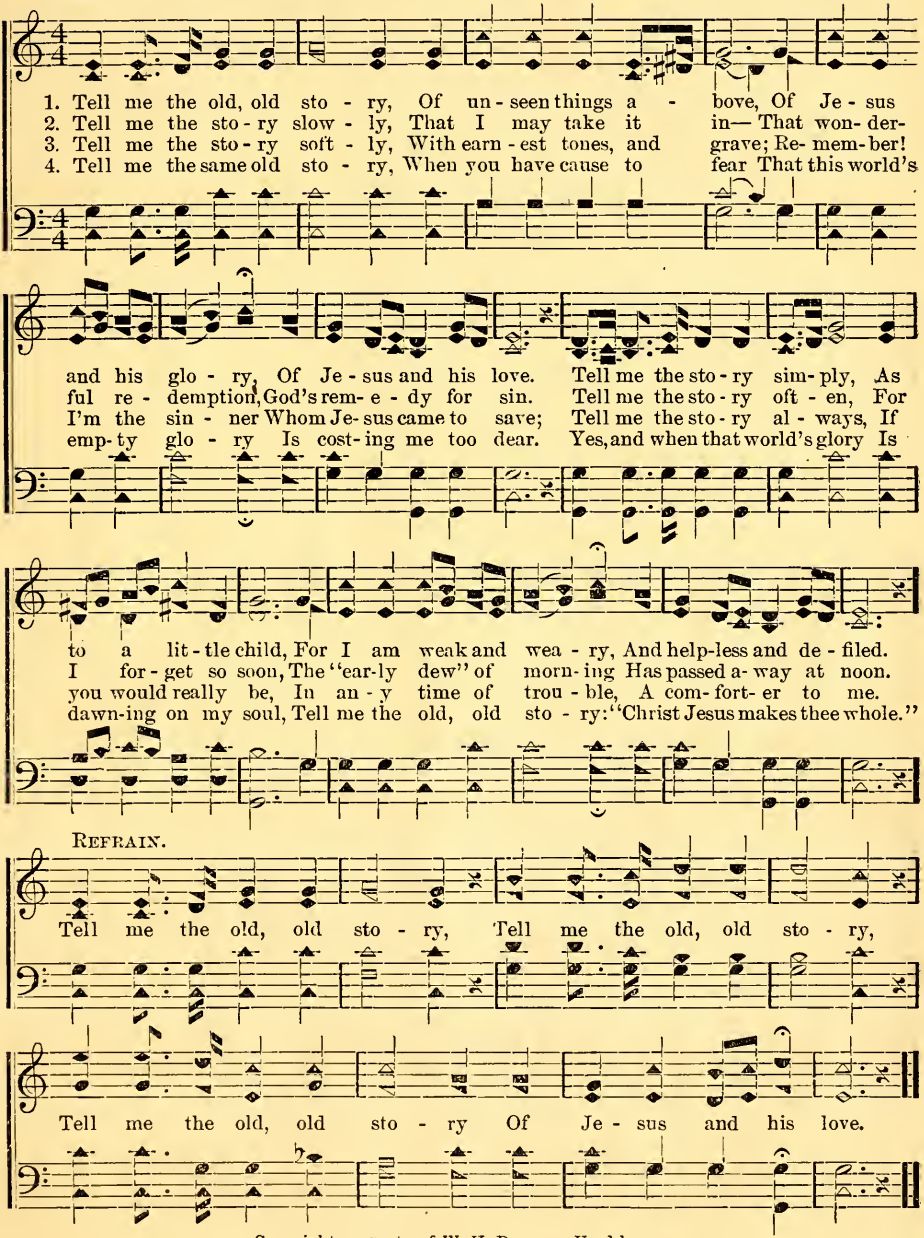
521 Tell Me the Old, Old Story

"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done." MARK. 5: 19.

Miss KATE HANKEY — W. H. DOANE

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That won - der-
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With earn - est tones, and grave; Re- mem - ber!
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's
and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As
ful re - demption, God's rem - e - dy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry oft - en, For
I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry al - ways, If
emp - ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's glory Is
to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed.
I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has passed a - way at noon.
you would really be, In an - y time of trou - ble, A com - fort - er to me.
dawn - ing on my soul, Tell me the old, old sto - ry: "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."
REFRAIN.
Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry,
Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

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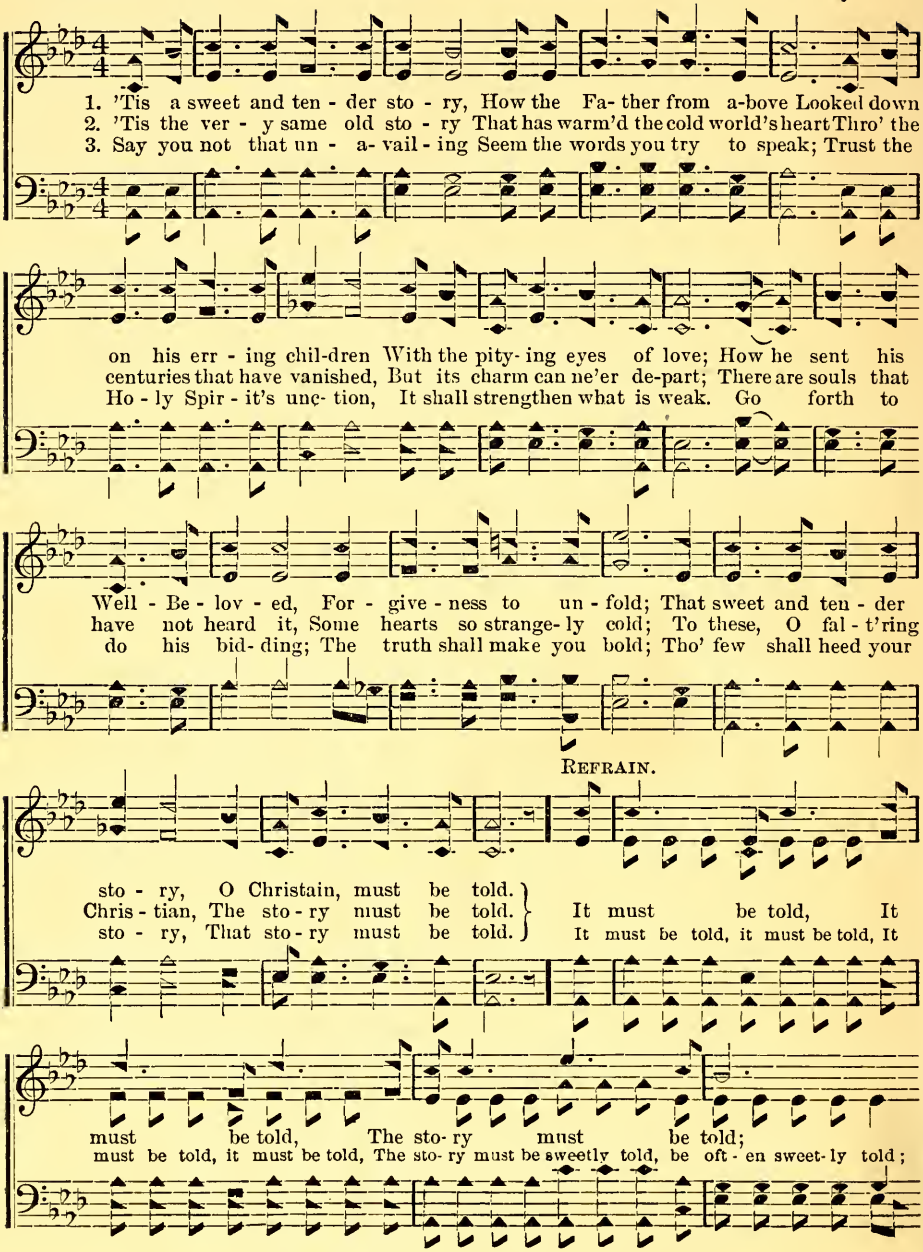
522

It Must be Told

ALMEDA E. WIGHT — ROBT. C. MARQUIS

1. 'Tis a sweet and ten - der sto - ry, How the Fa- ther from a-bove Looked down
2. 'Tis the ver - y same old sto - ry That has warm'd the cold world's heart Thro' the
3. Say you not that un - a- vail - ing Seem the words you try to speak; Trust the
on his err - ing chil-dren With the pity- ing eyes of love; How he sent his
centuries that have vanished, But its charm can ne'er de-part; There are souls that
Ho - ly Spir - it's unc- tion, It shall strengthen what is weak. Go forth to
Well - Be - lov - ed, For - give - ness to un - fold; That sweet and ten - der
have not heard it, Some hearts so strange- ly cold; To these, O fal - t'ring
do his bid- ding; The truth shall make you bold; Tho' few shall heed your
REFRAIN.
sto - ry, O Christain, must be told.
Chris - tian, The sto - ry must be told.
sto - ry, That sto - ry must be told.
It must be told, It must be told, it must be told, It
must be told, The sto- ry must be told;
must be told, it must be told, The sto- ry must be sweetly told, be oft - en sweet- ly told;

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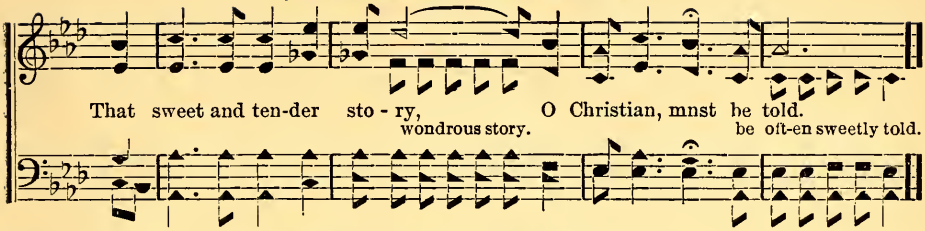
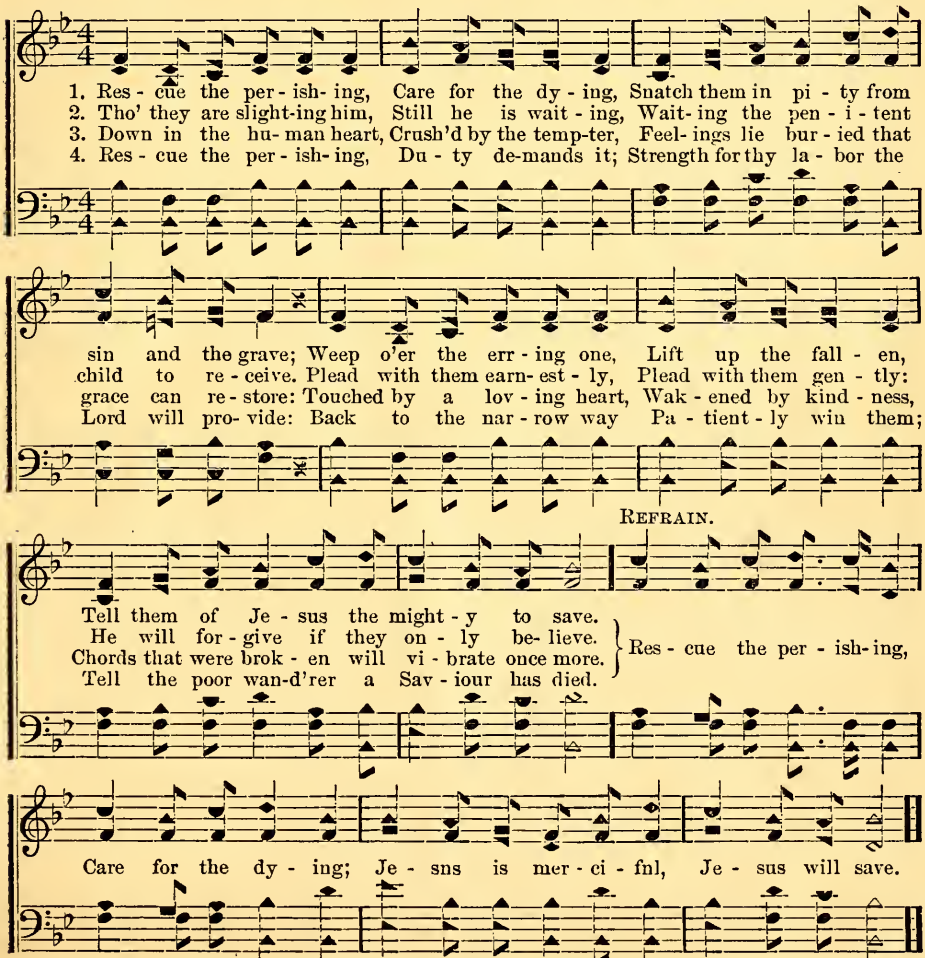
It Must Be Told

523 Rescue the Perishing

F. J. Crosby W. H. Doane

1. Res - cue the per - ish- ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pi - ty from
2. Tho' they are slight-ing him, Still he is wait - ing, Wait- ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu- man heart, Crush'd by the temp-ter, Feel- ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per - ish- ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive. Plead with them earn- est - ly, Plead with them gen - tly:
grace can re - store: Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro- vide: Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;
Refrain.
Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for - give if they on - ly be- lieve.
Chords that were brok - en will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - iour has died.
} Res - cue the per - ish- ing,
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sns is mer - ci - fnl, Je - sus will save.

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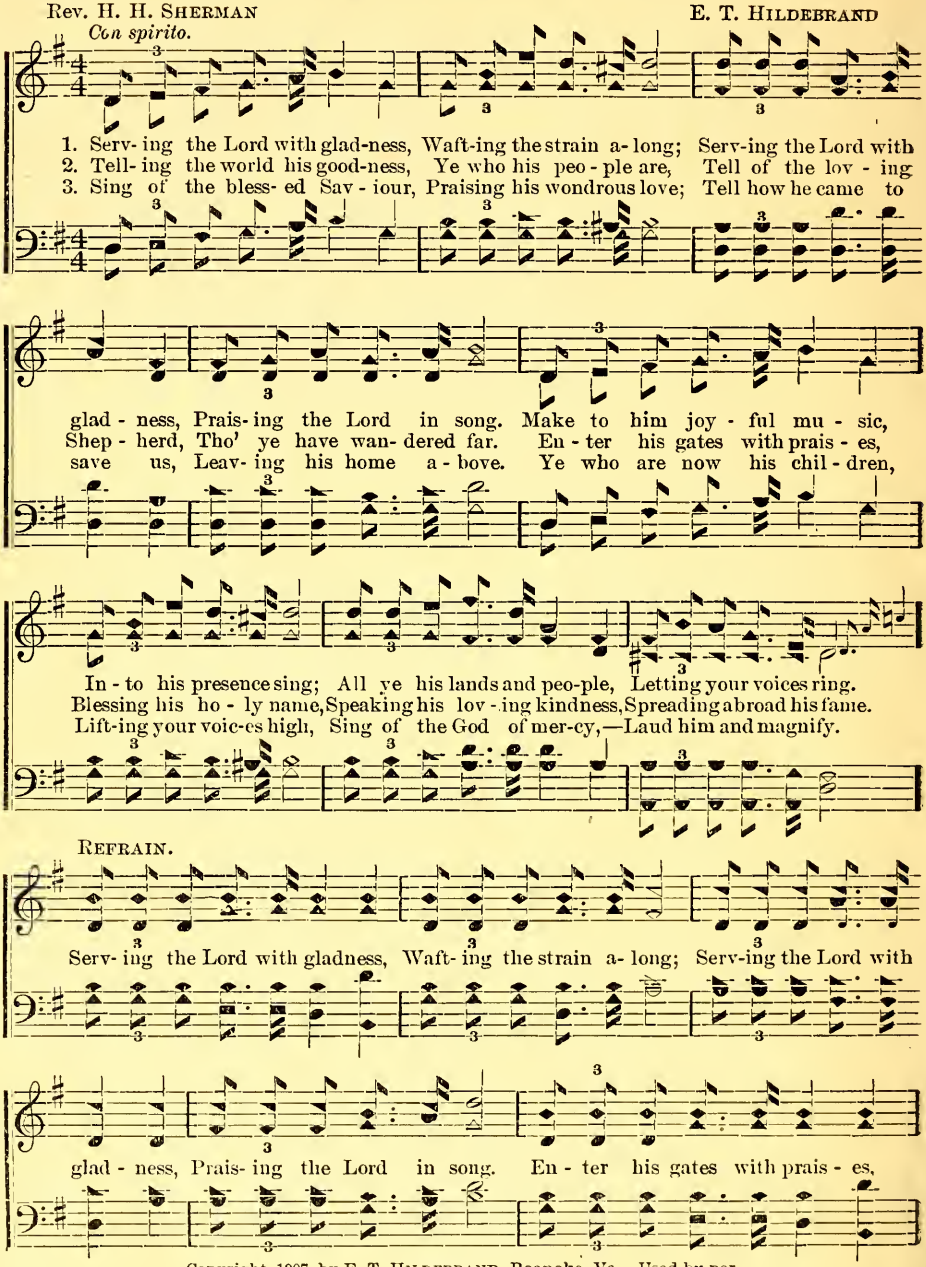
524 Serving the Lord in Song

Rev. H. H. SHERMAN — E. T. HILDEBRAND

Con spirito.

1. Serv- ing the Lord with glad-ness, Waft-ing the strain a- long; Serv-ing the Lord with
2. Tell- ing the world his good-ness, Ye who his peo - ple are, Tell of the lov - ing
3. Sing of the bless- ed Sav - iour, Praising his wondrous love; Tell how he came to
glad - ness, Prais- ing the Lord in song. Make to him joy - ful mu - sic,
Shep - herd, Tho' ye have wan- dered far. En - ter his gates with prais - es,
save us, Leav- ing his home a - bove. Ye who are now his chil - dren,
In - to his presence sing; All ye his lands and peo-ple, Letting your voices ring.
Blessing his ho - ly name, Speaking his lov - ing kindness, Spreading abroad his fame.
Lift-ing your voic-es high, Sing of the God of mer-cy,—Laud him and magnify.
REFRAIN.
Serv- ing the Lord with gladness, Waft- ing the strain a- long; Serv-ing the Lord with
glad - ness, Prais- ing the Lord in song. En - ter his gates with prais - es,

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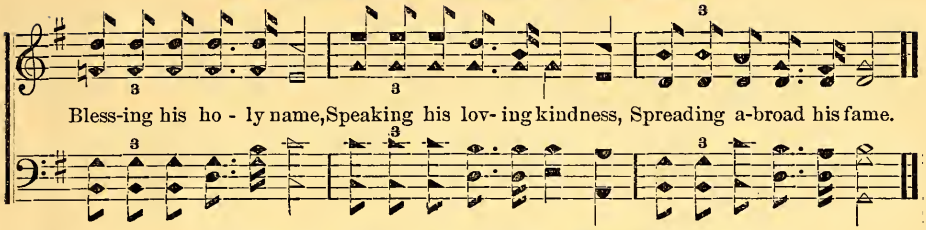
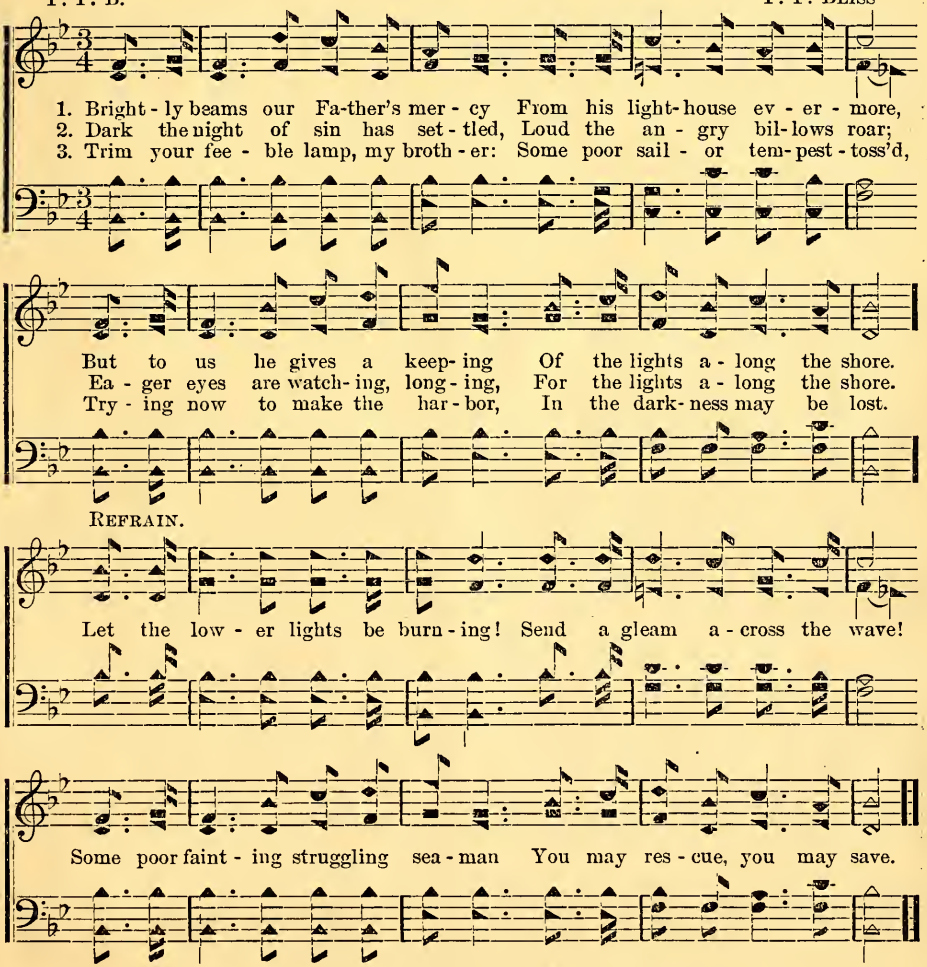

525 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss

1. Bright - ly beams our Fa-ther's mer - cy From his light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth - er: Some poor sail - or tem-pest - toss'd,
But to us he gives a keep- ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watch- ing, long - ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark- ness may be lost.
Refrain.
Let the low - er lights be burn - ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!
Some poor faint - ing struggling sea - man You may res - cue, you may save.

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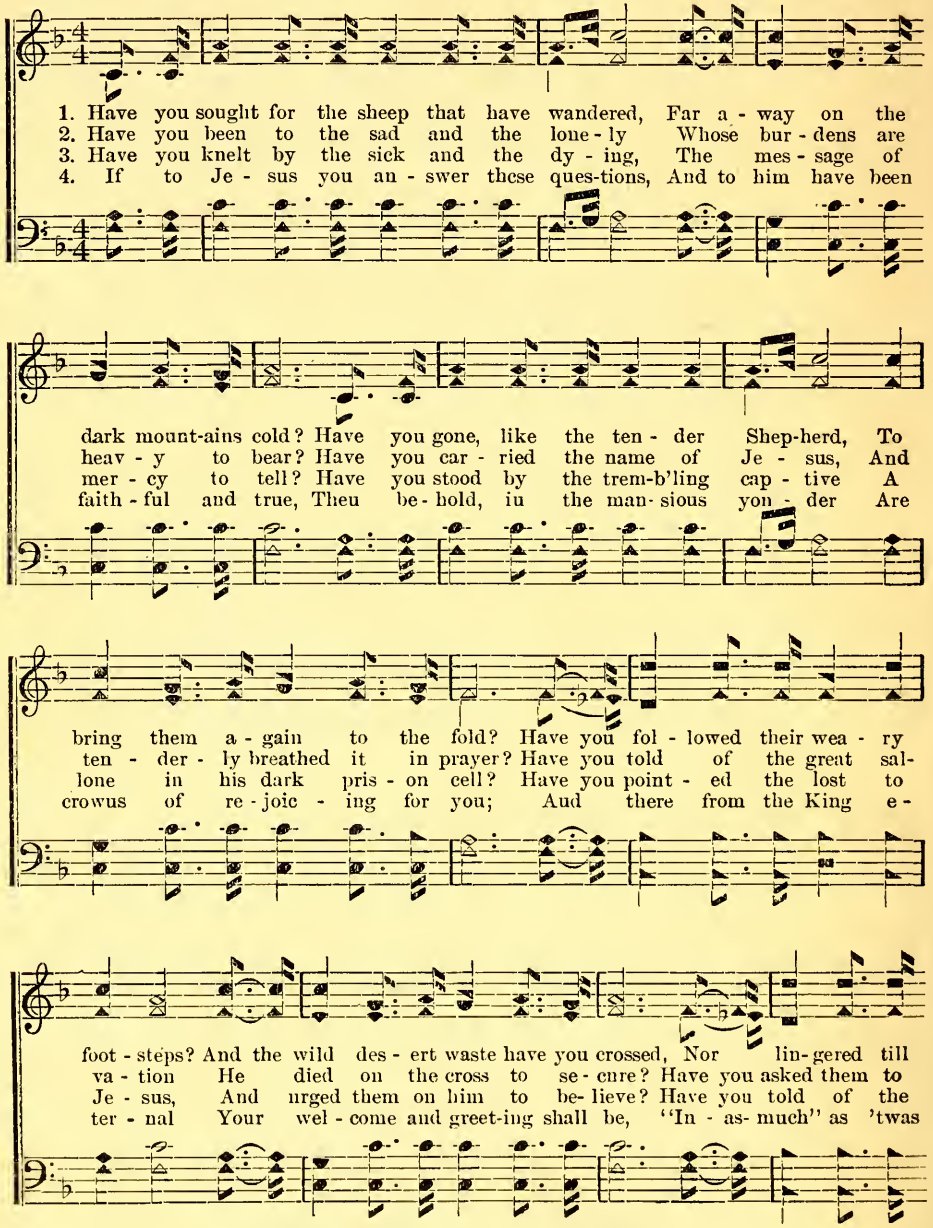
526

Have You Sought

"My sheep wandered through all the mountains. EZE. 34 : 6.

F. J. C. IRA D. SANKEY

1. Have you sought for the sheep that have wandered, Far a - way on the
2. Have you been to the sad and the lone - ly Whose bur - dens are
3. Have you knelt by the sick and the dy - ing, The mes - sage of
4. If to Je - sus you an - swer these ques-tions, And to him have been
dark mount-ains cold? Have you gone, like the ten - der Shep-herd, To
heav - y to bear? Have you car - ried the name of Je - sus, And
mer - cy to tell? Have you stood by the trem-b'ling cap - tive A
faith - ful and true, Then be - hold, in the man- sious yon - der Are
bring them a - gain to the fold? Have you fol - lowed their wea - ry
ten - der - ly breathed it in prayer? Have you told of the great sal-
lone in his dark pris - on cell? Have you point - ed the lost to
crowns of re - joic - ing for you; And there from the King e -
foot - steps? And the wild des - ert waste have you crossed, Nor lin-gered till
va - tion He died on the cross to se - cure? Have you asked them to
Je - sus, And urged them on him to be- lieve? Have you told of the
ter - nal Your wel - come and greet-ing shall be, "In - as- much" as 'twas

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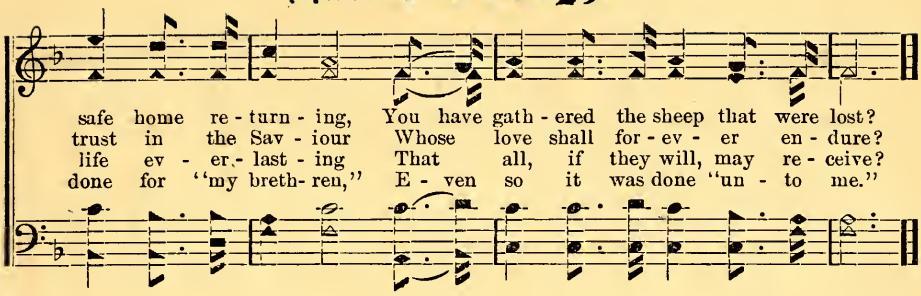
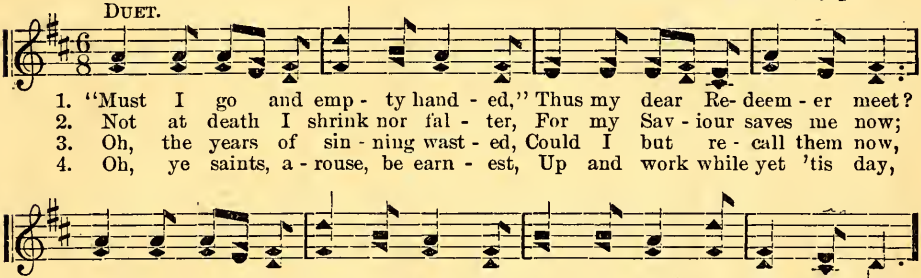
Have You Sought?

safe home re - turn - ing, You have gath - ered the sheep that were lost?
trust in the Sav - iour Whose love shall for - ev - er en - dure?
life ev - er - last - ing That all, if they will, may re - ceive?
done for "my breth - ren," E - ven so it was done "un - to me."

527 Must I Go and Empty Handed?

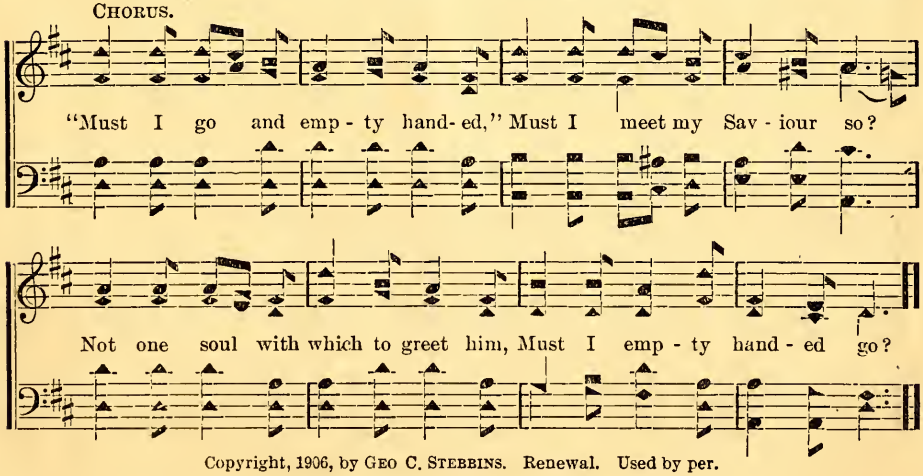
After a month only of Christian life, nearly all of it upon a sick bed, a young man of nearly thirty years lay dying. Suddenly a look of sadness crossed his face, and to the query of a friend he exclaimed: "No, I am not afraid, Jesus saves me now; but oh, *must I go and empty handed?*"

C. C. LUTHER DAN. 12: 3 GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

DUET.


1. "Must I go and emp - ty hand - ed," Thus my dear Re - deem - er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal - ter, For my Sav - iour saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sin - ning wast - ed, Could I but re - call them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a - rouse, be earn - est, Up and work while yet 'tis day,
Not one day of ser - vice give him, Lay no tro - phy at his feet.
But to meet him emp - ty hand - ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.
I would give them to my Sav - iour, To his will I'd glad - ly bow.
Ere the night of death o'er-takes thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

CHORUS.



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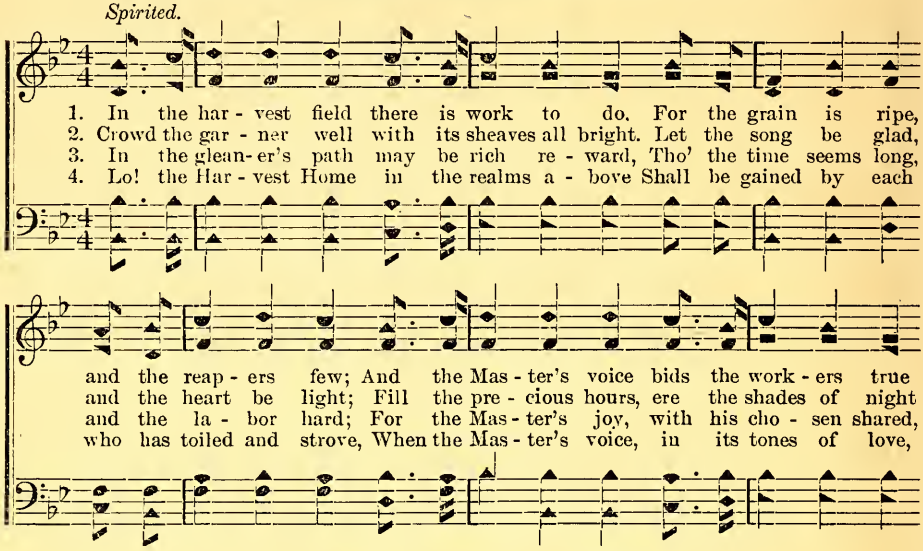
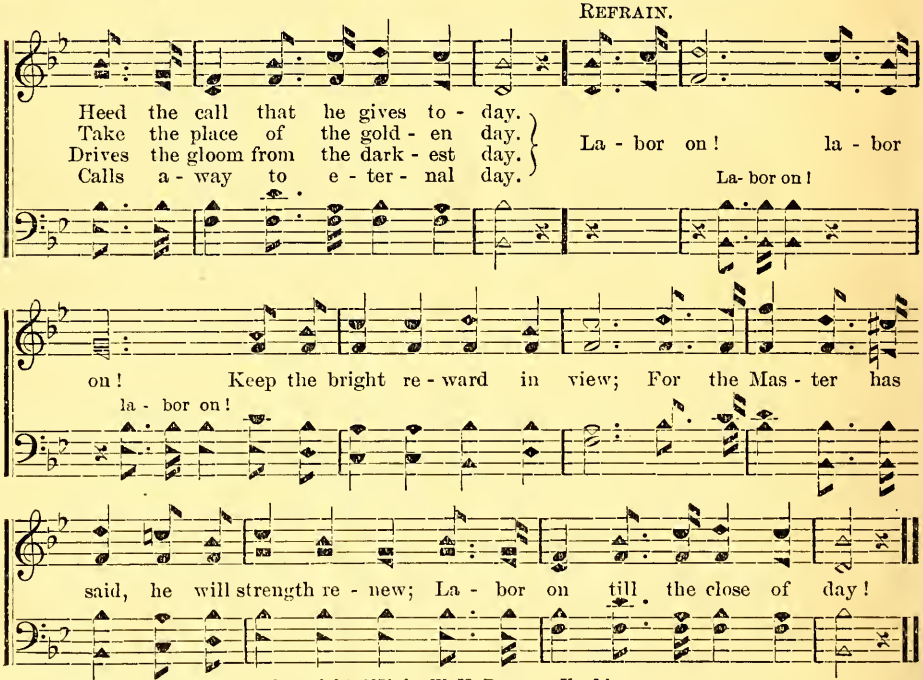
528

Labor On

"The harvest truly is plenteous; but the laborers are few." MATT. 9: 37.

C. R. BLACKALL — W. H. DOANE

Spirited.

1. In the har - vest field there is work to do. For the grain is ripe,
2. Crowd the gar - ner well with its sheaves all bright. Let the song be glad,
3. In the glean-er's path may be rich re - ward, Tho' the time seems long,
4. Lo! the Har - vest Home in the realms a - bove Shall be gained by each
and the reap - ers few; And the Mas - ter's voice bids the work - ers true
and the heart be light; Fill the pre - cious hours, ere the shades of night
and the la - bor hard; For the Mas - ter's joy, with his cho - sen shared,
who has toiled and strove, When the Mas - ter's voice, in its tones of love,

REFRAIN.

Heed the call that he gives to - day.
Take the place of the gold - en day.
Drives the gloom from the dark - est day.
Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day.
La - bor on! la - bor
La- bor on!
on! Keep the bright re - ward in view; For the Mas - ter has
la - bor on!
said, he will strength re - new; La - bor on till the close of day!

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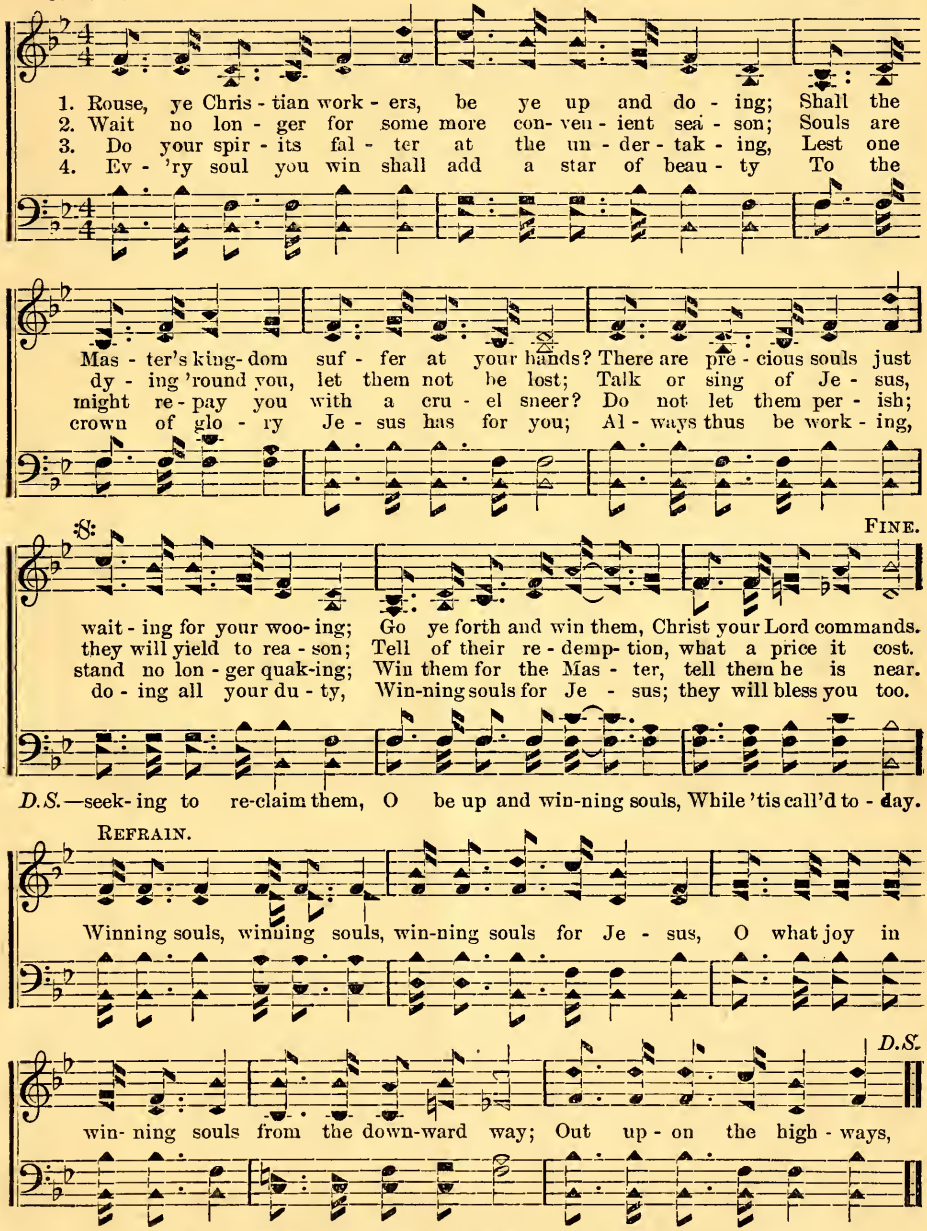
529 Winning Souls for Jesus

"He that winneth souls is wise." PR. 11 : 30.

J. B. M. J. B. MACKAY

1. Rouse, ye Chris - tian work - ers, be ye up and do - ing; Shall the
2. Wait no lon - ger for some more con- ven - ient sea - son; Souls are
3. Do your spir - its fal - ter at the un - der - tak - ing, Lest one
4. Ev - 'ry soul you win shall add a star of beau - ty To the
Mas - ter's king- dom suf - fer at your hands? There are pre - cious souls just
dy - ing 'round you, let them not be lost; Talk or sing of Je - sus,
might re - pay you with a cru - el sneer? Do not let them per - ish;
crown of glo - ry Je - sus has for you; Al - ways thus be work - ing,
wait - ing for your woo- ing; Go ye forth and win them, Christ your Lord commands.
they will yield to rea - son; Tell of their re - demp- tion, what a price it cost.
stand no lon - ger quak-ing; Win them for the Mas - ter, tell them he is near.
do - ing all your du - ty, Win-ning souls for Je - sus; they will bless you too.
D.S.—seek- ing to re-claim them, O be up and win-ning souls, While 'tis call'd to - day.
REFRAIN.
Winning souls, winning souls, win-ning souls for Je - sus, O what joy in
win- ning souls from the down-ward way; Out up - on the high - ways,

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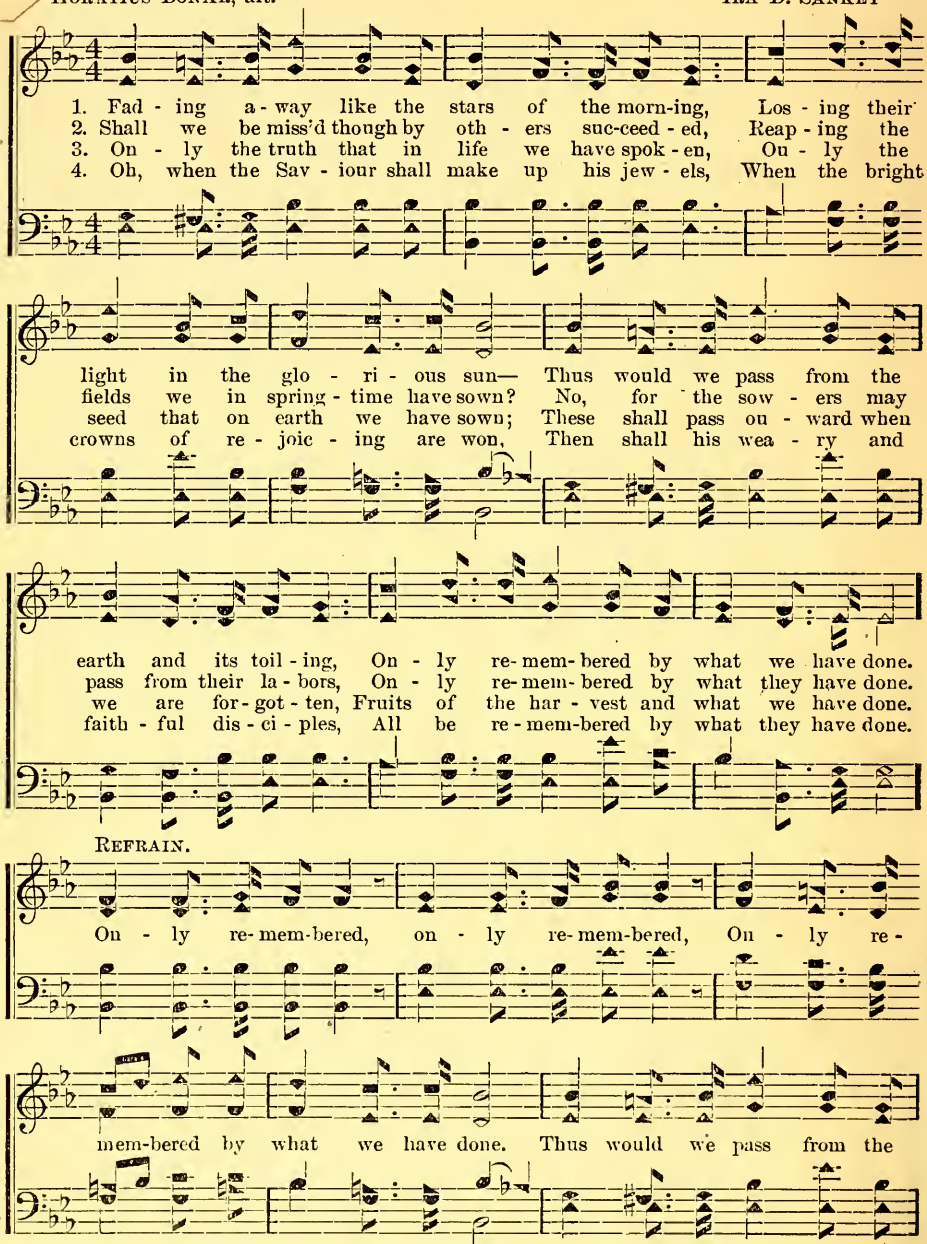
Only Remembered

HORATIUS BONAR, alt. IRA D. SANKEY

1. Fad - ing a - way like the stars of the morn-ing, Los - ing their
2. Shall we be miss'd though by oth - ers suc-ceed - ed, Reap - ing the
3. On - ly the truth that in life we have spok - en, On - ly the
4. Oh, when the Sav - iour shall make up his jew - els, When the bright
light in the glo - ri - ous sun— Thus would we pass from the
fields we in spring - time have sown? No, for the sow - ers may
seed that on earth we have sown; These shall pass on - ward when
crowns of re - joic - ing are won, Then shall his wea - ry and
earth and its toil - ing, On - ly re-mem-bered by what we have done.
pass from their la - bors, On - ly re-mem-bered by what they have done.
we are for - got - ten, Fruits of the har - vest and what we have done.
faith - ful dis - ci - ples, All be re - mem-bered by what they have done.
REFRAIN.
On - ly re-mem-bered, on - ly re-mem-bered, On - ly re -
mem-bered by what we have done. Thus would we pass from the

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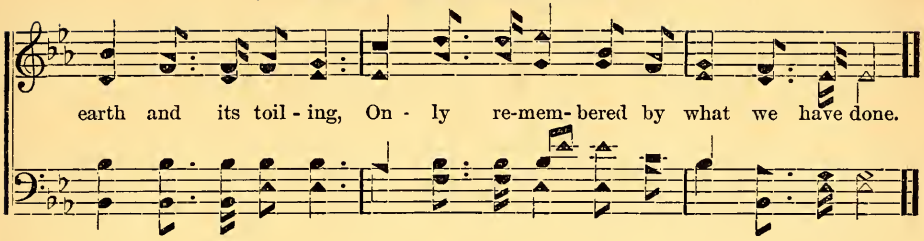
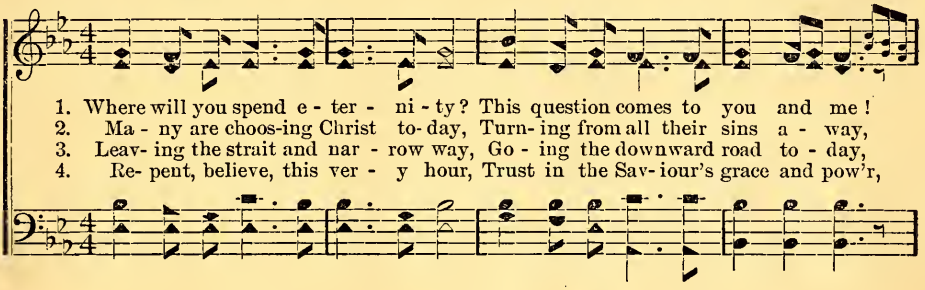
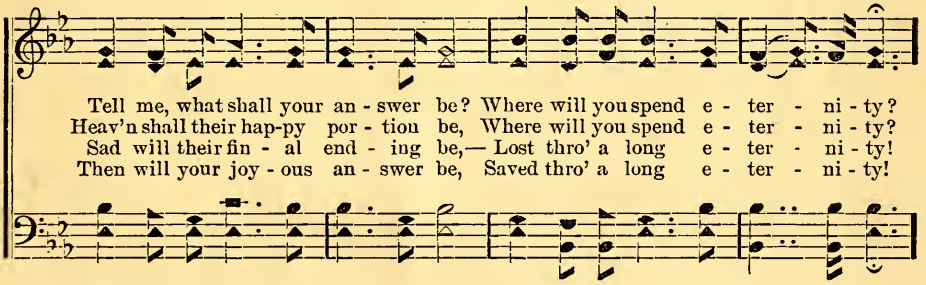
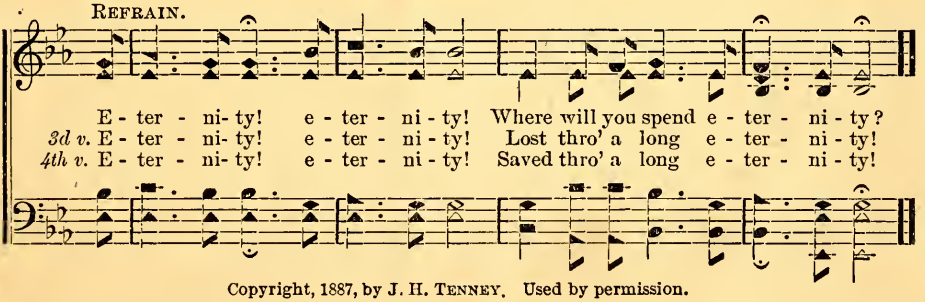
Only Remembered

531 Where Will You Spend Eternity?

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN J. H. TENNEY


1. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? This question comes to you and me!
2. Ma - ny are choos-ing Christ to-day, Turn- ing from all their sins a - way,
3. Leav- ing the strait and nar - row way, Go - ing the downward road to - day,
4. Re- pent, believe, this ver - y hour, Trust in the Sav- iour's grace and pow'r,


Tell me, what shall your an - swer be? Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Heav'n shall their hap-py por - tion be, Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Sad will their fin - al end - ing be,— Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
Then will your joy - ous an - swer be, Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

REFRAIN.


E - ter - ni- ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
3d v. E - ter - ni- ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
4th v. E - ter - ni- ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

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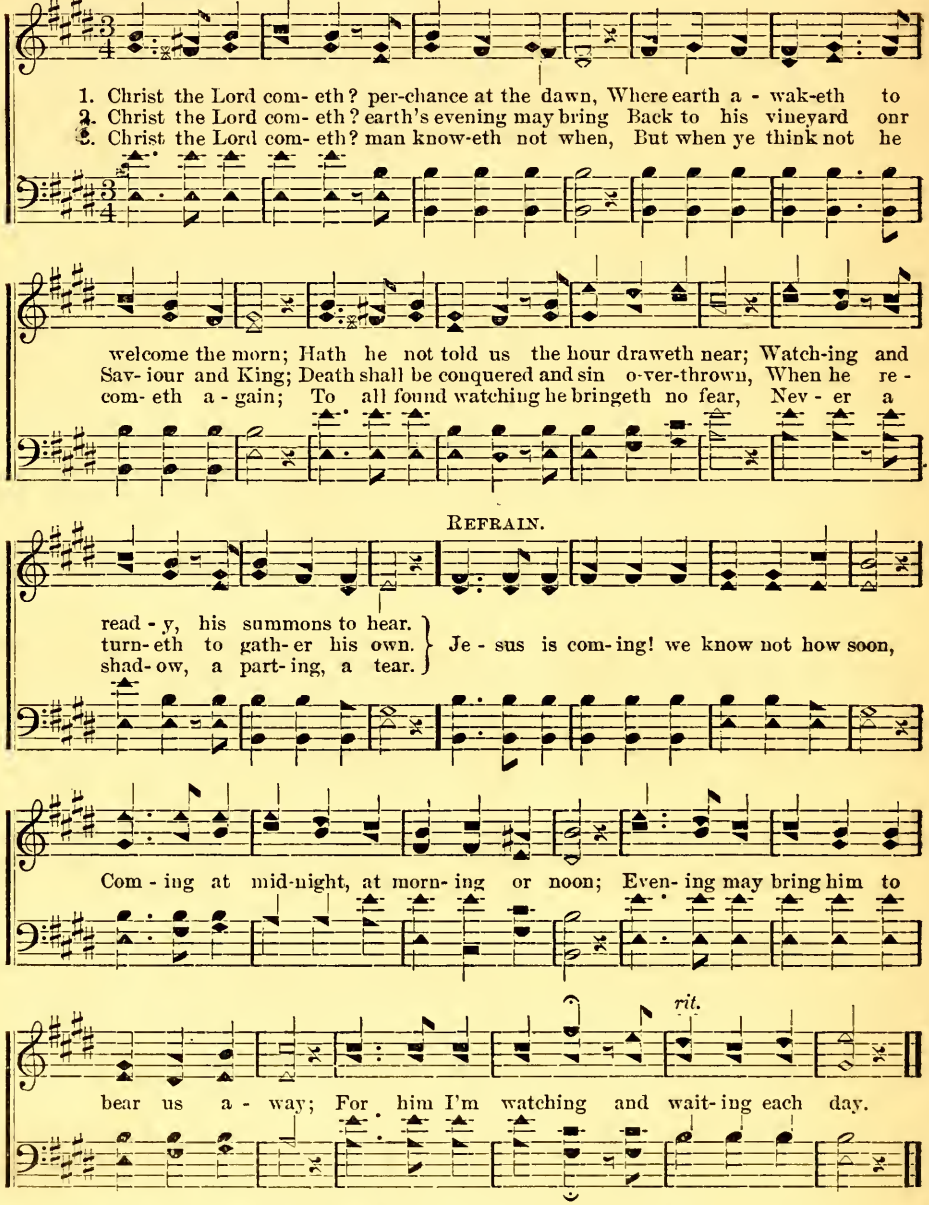
Christ the Lord Cometh?

"The coming of the Lord draweth nigh" JAMES 5: 8.

Rev. E. G. WESLEY — WILLIAM W. BENTLEY

With vigor.


1. Christ the Lord com- eth? per-chance at the dawn, Where earth a - wak-eth to
2. Christ the Lord com- eth? earth's evening may bring Back to his vineyard our
3. Christ the Lord com- eth? man know-eth not when, But when ye think not he
welcome the morn; Hath he not told us the hour draweth near; Watch-ing and
Sav- iour and King; Death shall be conquered and sin o-ver-thrown, When he re -
com- eth a - gain; To all found watching he bringeth no fear, Nev - er a
REFRAIN.
read - y, his summons to hear.
turn- eth to gath- er his own.
shad- ow, a part- ing, a tear.
Je - sus is com- ing! we know not how soon,
Com - ing at mid-night, at morn- ing or noon; Even- ing may bring him to
rit.
bear us a - way; For him I'm watching and wait- ing each day.

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